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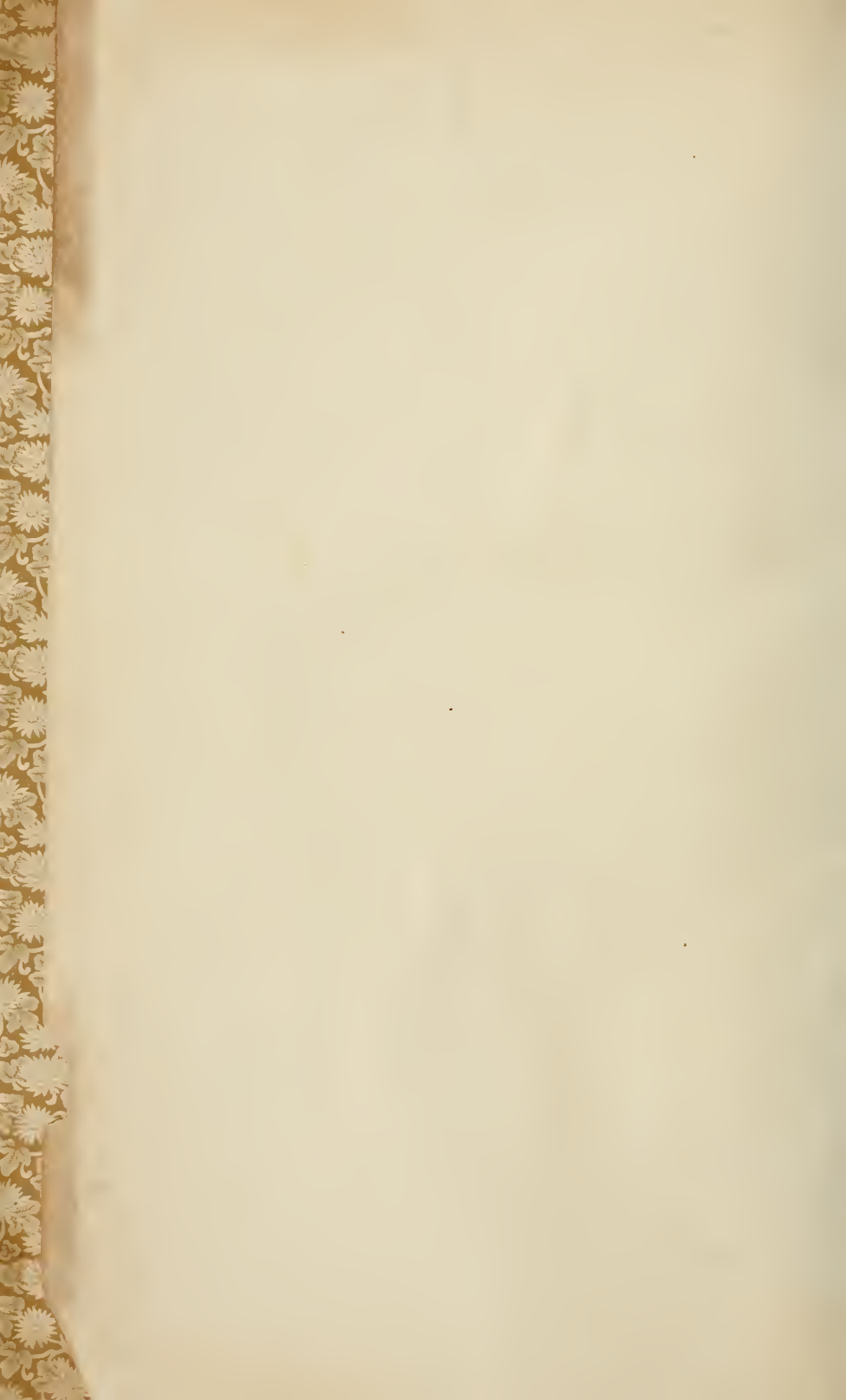
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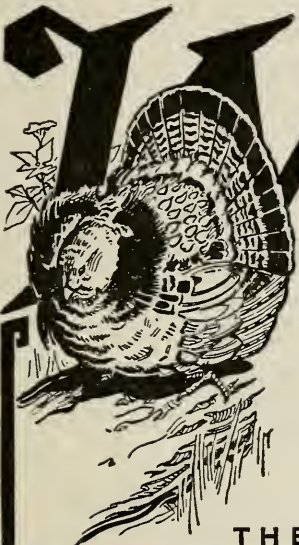
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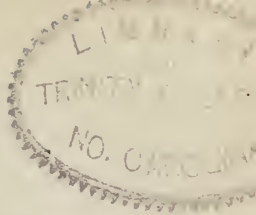
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The Trinity Archive



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MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

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This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *alma mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., October, 1910

The Dreamer

N. I. WHITE.

The skies seem to him to be brighter;
The clouds but illusions, unreal;
And the dim vague future gleams lighter
With hopes that his visions reveal.

He reads what is blank to plain mortals,
(Earth's limits cage never a dream.)
To him the skies open their portals,
He peoples the planet's red gleam.

His fellow men all are his brothers,
And share in his vision's wide scope;
He dreams for himself less than others,
The world's greatest good is his hope.

And the squalor and filth of existence
And the dirt and dust of sin,
Are foiled by his placid resistance,
Unconscious of clamor or din.

He smiles at our petty dissensions,
Now strives for a future that's dim,
His deeds are but noble intentions,
But his dreams are a heaven to him.

The Inheritance of the Spirit

J. N. AIKEN.

Upstairs in the great white chamber the Great Man was dying; a life that had been spent in the interests of humanity, was slowly ebbing away. Physicians came and went noiselessly along the hushed halls; at intervals the pure white of a nurse's gown gleamed, as its wearer hurried softly on some office of helpfulness. Every effort was being made to save, but there was no hope.

The loss would be a peculiar one. The great man was dying just at the time when the results of his long years of toil, were about to be published to the world in five massive volumes which were to bear his name. For a month, now, the heaps of manuscripts had lain untouched on the study tables, and the fine old library was darkened. Only once a day did Morris, the Great Man's secretary, draw aside the curtains and then it was only to attend to the most pressing matters of correspondence, and give some satisfaction to the reporters from the distant city.

At such times, there came a sort of hungry look over the face of the Great Man's only son, Meredith. For all was not at peace in the household of the Great Man. When young he had committed the mistake so common to those of his nature, of marrying a woman whose plane of life and culture were far inferior to his own. Too late he realized his mistake when he saw developing in his girl and boy, these mental characteristics which he recognized as inherited from the mother of the children.

It had been the dearest wish of the Great Man's heart to have his son take up the burden of his work where he should lay it down—for some mystical voice from within, told him that he could never complete the great task he had taken un-

to himself. But all the effort of the Great Man's genius could not make of his son what he wished him to be and the hope, once strong, had vanished, leaving only a sort of philosophical resignation.

This hope had taken its last stand when Meredith had gone away to study in the famous university. "Surely," said the Great Man, "my son will be affected by associating with those free minds and far-reaching souls, that labor only in the interests of the world." And his hope ran high again. The boy returned. It is true that he had obtained a smattering in the noble subject which was his father's field, and that he confidently expected to attain honors by his work, but of high purpose, and of love—there was none, and it was with growing bitterness that the Great Man saw the outcome.

The Great Man's wife had high ambitions for her son. Her poorly trained intellect detected no difference in the qualities that distinguished the great man and his son, and she thought that the latter ought immediately to enter upon the work upon which his father was engaged. The Great Man said "Not yet," knowing full well the reason for his answer, and still not wishing to express his thought.

Again the next year the request had been renewed—not again by Meredith; Meredith was too proud, and too offended at not receiving recognition from his father to ask for favor—but by his mother. This time the Great Man's answer had been clear and firm "No, never." His wife knew that it must be so.

So Morris was still the secretary of the Great Man. But his position in the house was not enviable. After the refusal on the part of the Great Man to turn away his helper and receive his son into the place, a coldness had grown up on the part of the remainder of the family toward the one whom they regarded as an intruder. To such an extent had this feeling grown, that Morris had no dealings with the three save at the hours of lunch and dinner and then only formal

conversation. It was only love for the Man and love for the work that kept him in his place.

All this the Great Man saw, and grimly resolved within himself that he must labor all the more to complete his work before death should overtake him. It was with a feeling of despair that he felt his powers to be weakening, and at last had surrendered to the demands of his physicians.

[For a month he had lingered. Now, he could not live through the night, said the doctor from the city.

Until the Great Man's mind had become so feeble as not to recognize anyone, his wife had remained by his side, night and day. Morris knew that mixed with love for her husband, the woman wished to keep him from talking with his secretary. The Great Man's once imperious will was not able to overcome her scheming. Now, it was too late; his great spirit was never again to communicate with that kindred one which burned in the breast of his secretary.

But the key to the library was in Morris' pocket, and it was going to stay there, if the Great Man's instructions to his secretary were carried out. Morris knew that unless there should be a will, a contest would occur and his heart steeled itself for the coming conflict.

That night the spirit of the Great Man passed out into eternity. For a time the grief of the stricken ones overshadowed the great question of their minds.

The second day following they buried him. The music was sweet and low and tender; the words of the high-browed minister were words of help and consolation. Among the listeners were other great men, come from afar to do silent honor to one of their number who was dead. Little knew the assembled men and women the struggle that was going on in the hearts of those they looked upon as sharers of a great sorrow.

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The morning of the day after the funeral dawned gray and dreary on the winter landscape. After a restless night, Morris felt, as he saw the light appearing in the east, that life must be begun again now, without the overshadowing influence of the Great Man's leadership about him. He felt too, that he owed a duty to his leader, and that this day was to be a portentous one in the performance of that duty.

"What right have these, his family, to interfere," his spirit cried. "Has not a Great Man the right to fix upon his own successor? Is there not a closer relation in the unity of purpose and of intellect than in the bonds of blood?"

The new worker felt that his policy must be a waiting one. For the first time in years he appeared at breakfast with the remainder of the family. Cold formality pervaded the breakfast room and the meal passed in silence, save for a few sentences spoken by the Great Man's daughter.

As the four persons were leaving the room the Great Man's wife asked Morris if he knew of any will. On his replying that he did not, she asked that he now turn over to her son the key to the Great Man's study and let him, the heir, undertake the task of completing the work begun by his father.

Morris felt that this moment was a crisis, that definite action must be taken, but a servant entered bearing the morning mail and the tension was broken. There was only one letter, a large legal envelope bearing the name of an eminent lawyer in the distant city, and addressed to Morris. His face underwent a change of expression as he read. "Yes, there was a will," he told the others; the attorney in whose possession it was would arrive in the early afternoon, and he requested that they all meet in the library at two o'clock to hear the reading of the will. Until that time,

said Morris, he would take no definite action. Then he retired to his room and waited.

It was about three o'clock when a knock on Morris' door apprised him of the fact that it was time to go down. He had eaten no lunch, so his brain was clear. He knew that he might need all his brain power before the afternoon was over.

The grave attorney was waiting in the hall-way and Morris greeted him with as much cordiality as he could muster, then he opened the library door and ushered the old gentleman into the darkened room. By this time the other members of the family had come in and all were waiting with a sense of depression for the final words of the Great Man on the subject of his successor.

Morris' fingers trembled as he drew aside the curtains, letting the cold gray light into the room. This only showed up more clearly the disorder into which it had fallen, and revealed the dust upon the books and manuscripts.

The figure of the old attorney as he stood with his back to the window, carefully adjusting his spectacles, and the light casting a sort of halo over his grey head, seemed like that of some prophet of the olden times about to give a last admonition to his people.

Drawing a paper from his pocket, he began to speak, nervously turning over the document he held in his hand.

"I am come from the city, to do a last service for the man we all loved. From my humble station I admired the Great Man and he in his kindness counted me among his friends. When he at last felt that his powers were not sufficient to finish the work he had begun, it became his wish to choose as his successor, some one absolutely in sympathy with his own designs. And in this will, short though it is, he has shown clearly what was his desire."

At this moment the grey eyes of the old man grew brighter, his breath came in quick gasps. Tearing at his collar, he cried, "My-thro-throat."

All four jumped to aid him—Meredith went for some water. The old man sank heavily to the floor. In the confusion the will fluttered down unnoticed. After the old man became quiet the first thought of the company was for the document. Together they turned to look for it.

The paper was gone.



An Autumn Idyl

MARY LOOMIS SMITH

The phantom of the summer haunts the wood
And 'wakens memoirs of glories past—
Fair mem'ries faintly to the senses borne
For Autumn has o'er all her dream-mist cast;
The wind steals softly through the listless leaves
That rustle weakly with complaining sigh,
As deeply crimsoned in their own heart's blood,
They sadly droop and 'wait their time to die.

Wildly the phantom shrieks into the hills
(That stand aloft—wide tall and grim;
Of all the voices he has known and loved,
Only a startled echo answers him,
Which, fleeing through the darksome native dells,
Trembles in fear among the shadows dim.
The phantom brushes off a lin'gring tear
That glistens with the radiance of youth
And memory of all life's vainest dreams,
And then he turns and looks upon the truth—
Before him slender threads of pathway wind
Through vast untrodden vistas of distress,
And at the end there glimmers through the dusk
The tranquil dawn of gray forgetfulness. ;

At a Molasses Boiling

W. E. ELLER

A number of the neighbors had gathered around Dan Black's molasses furnace to help with the boiling. Among them I recognized Slicky Ike, Polly Poe, Chickapoo Miller, Jane Stone, Charity Black, who was Dan's wife, and Dan himself, with a few others too young to mention.

Polly was humped up on a large rock near the chimney of the furnace and at times could not be seen on account of the smoke which came out and enveloped her. Slicky Ike occupied a similiar position at the other side of the furnace, and he and Polly were skimming off the foam from the top of the boiling juice. Dan was stretched out near the mouth of the furnace, and after a while I noticed that it was his business to renew the fire whenever it was necessary to do so. Chickapoo was hugging his knees in front of the furnace, and Jane and Charity were sitting near Polly, but they occupied an inferior position, having taken their places on the ground in order to show their regard for their aged and, therefore, wise neighbor. The young folks were scattered around from place to place, one pair—a boy and girl—having taken their seat on the sweep of the same—only a few steps away. All, save these two, of the young people were whispering sometimes among themselves and sometimes listening to the older ones, of whom Polly and Slicky were the chief talkers. It was difficult to tell whether the two on the sweep were whispering or listening, and, as the light from the old time lantern which sat on the ground near Polly was only one candle power, I shall not say exactly what I suspected they were doing.

The boiling was well begun, and Polly and Slicky could no longer refrain from telling the stories which they had

stored up during their long lives, and some of which were stories of their own strange experiences. The time, the place, and the crowd were all suitable for such tales, and, after a few had been told the young people became afraid and chose seats near the furnace.

At this time Polly was saying, "They's one thing certain and two things shore: you'll never hear tell of Polly Poe a bein' at John Roten's no more, without some of 'em gits mighty sick and sends fur her, or one of 'em happens to die."

"Why so, Polly?" said Slicky with an inquiring look about him. "You shorely hain't afeared, are ye! W'y I wouldn't be afeared to stay all night thar right by my lone self, ef I knowed thar wuzn't nobody in ten miles o' thar."

"Aah, but Slicky," Polly answered, "when you've seed what Folly's seed, you'll change your mind."

"Well," inquired Slicky, "what have you seed, Polly?"

"I've seed sumpen I don't never want to see agin," said Polly with emphasis. "You ricollect when the old man that 'uz John's daddy died, I reckon?"

"Ye-ah," answered Slicky.

"Well," said Polly, "I 'uz up thar that night, and sot up, and thar wuz Pop Rash and Noll Riddle, and Nance Riddle and Shad Stanley that sot up too. Along about midnight, we all wanted some coffee to sauter wake us up, but nobody was anxious to go to the kitchen to make it. - 'Well,' says I finally, 'I'll go in the kitchen and make some, if anybody 'll go wi' me.' Nance Riddle said she'd go, and we went. But thar wuzn't no water in thar, and we had to go to the spring to git some. We didn't much like to, but we went anyhow, and got our water and started back to the house, when both uv us seed sumpen that like to a scared us to death. And we seed it too, fur the moon wuz a shinin' and it was as light as day almost. Right up thar, under that old apple tree that stands thar above the house, sot that ole man that lay a corpse in the house, and he wuz a-holdin' his ole Bible

jest as I've seed him set thar and do a many a time. Now ef you don't b'lieve that, you ax Nancy Riddle nex' time you see her, and she'll tell ye the same tale, word for word.

"But I tell ye we uz scared mighty nigh to death, and thar wuzn't no way to git back to the house, but to go right by that tree, fur them high palms below the path wuz too high fur us to climb. 'Well,' says I, 'Nance, I've never done that old man no harm and I hain't afeard o' his sperit,' and Nance said she wuzn't nuther. Well, I don't know what caused it, but we both looked at one another fur a minute, and when we looked back at the tree, thar wuzn't no sign uv ole Roten. So we went on an' made our coffee, but we didn't tell the rest uv 'em what we'd seed, and we took pains not to get out o' the house no more that night."

By this time all the young people were close around the furnace, even the couple had come away from the sweep, for they all were a little afraid to sit very far away from the older members of the crowd. But, in the meantime, Slicky was ready to answer any story that Polly could tell, and he began by saying, "Well, I don't believe I'd be afeared to stay thar, ef I knowed I wouldn't see nothin, no wuss than old Roten's sperit, fur I stayed at a place once whar thar wuz awful things to be seed and heered."

"I tell ye," said Polly, shaking her fist, "thar is sich things as ghosts and hants to be seed, though they may not be fur ever'body to see. Well, what wuz it you seed, Slicky?"

"W'y, I wuz up here on Ben Bolin Creek a-huntin one time, and it 'uz a-gittin late, and thar wuzn't no place to stay only in a ole house whar nobody had lived fur a long time. I had hered about thar bein' things to be seed and heered thar, but I thought I'd ruther stay thar than out o' doors, or to try comin' down that creek after dark, so I went in and built me a fire. When I got my fire built, I went out to clean my squirrels at a little branch that wuz in front

o' the door. Then I took 'em back and briled 'em on a stick, and eat 'em.

"I felt sorter juberous about stayin' thar, but I wuz tired and sleepy; so I layed down on the floor right in front uv the fire. I had allus heered it said that, ef you seed a hant and would ax it what it wanted in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, it 'ud tell ye, and I 'uz determined that, ef one came that night, I'd ax it that way. Well, I'd purty nigh got to sleep when I all at once heered sumpin' begin to groan and struggle jest like somebody a-dying. I raised up right quick, but the fire had gone out and I couldn't see a thing. I couldn't hardly tell whar the noise wuz, fur it stopped as soon as I raised up.

"I layed back down and got nearly to sleep again, when the same fuss begun, only it wuz louder that time. Well, I jumped up agin, determined to find out what it wuz. But the fire was gone out; so I got out my flint and spunk, and finally got anuther fire started. But I couldn't hear nothin' about the house, inside and out, and couldn't find a thing, but a big bloody-looking splotch on the floor in the back end of the house. Well, when I seed that, I didn't know hardly what to think, it jest struk me that somebody had been murdered there, but I went back and layed down. I couldn't sleep this time, though, and I decided to set up thar by that fire all night, and not ax any questions, ef whatever that wuz would let me alone. Well, I sot thar tell day begun to break, and then I got out."

"Good lan!" said Polly, "I tell ye thar's sperits to be seed and heerd in this world, fur I'v seed 'em wi' my own eyes."

The molasses was ready to be taken up by this time. Dan and Chickapoo lifted the boiler off the furnance, and the molasses was cooled and put in a wooden keg. Dan then carried the keg to the smokehouse, for the boiling was over for that night. Everyone was begged to "stay all night," but none, save Polly, accepted the invitation.

Longing

M. Y. W.

What is the message the waves would tell,
What would they say as they onward roll?
Do they wish to whisper that all is well—
Do they wail a dirge for a passing soul?

Are they singing the songs the sirens sang
On the sunlit rocks as the ships passed by—
Or is it the groan of the shattered bark
And the disillusioned sailor's cry?

Why do they moan as they touch the shore,
Why such a cadence of pain and grief—
A call for something theirs no more
A sigh for that which brings relief.

Waves of the sea with your longing cry,
O unattained in the heart of man,
'Tis thus as ever the years roll by
'Twas ever thus since the world began.

Weariness

W.

Let us rest, let us rest, let us rest,
 O winds that forever upstart,—
 Let us sleep on the old Sea's breast,
 Let us die on the old Sea's heart.

In twilight and dusk and morn
 And the ceaseless change of the tide,
 We are over by Vandals winds unborn
 [To be hurled on the grey shore side.
 We are weary of tempest and shock,—
 Let us rest; let us die; let us sleep,"
 So sang the waves of Hatteras rock
 To the winds of the open deep.

ever?

up-borne?

The Non-Dramatic Poems of Schiller

JACOB LONDON

As a lasting contribution to the literature of the world the dramas of Friedrich Schiller are of sufficient value to place him among the great artists of modern times. Those who are in the least acquainted with any of his plays have felt themselves swept irresistibly into a new world, the atmosphere of which is filled with ideal conceptions, great forces, the highly wrought temperaments of wonderful men and women. Only a dramatist of unusual breadth of imagination and depth of soul can enter into the recesses of the past to emerge with such sympathetic knowledge: say of a Joan of Arc.

That Schiller, after a hundred years of vast changes in thought and social organization should be hailed with ever increasing admiration and love by art loving men, bespeaks a quality in his work that assures permanence.

There is a phase, however, of Schiller's poetic activity which, though not as fruitful in products of such heroic proportion as "Wallenstein" and "Wilhelm Tell" reveals traits that we must study if we would form a just opinion of his worth to German literature; just as we must appreciate the lyric poetry of Shakespeare to arrive at a complete understanding of our greatest poet. To throw some light on the non-dramatic poems of Schiller with the purpose of seeing him as a man with decided ideas and temperaments, is the object of this writing.

In the poems of his early career, when he was producing the stormy pessimistic plays, we note as we would expect the strain of egotism—the egotism that magnifies the suffering, the passion of one's self, with the tendency toward sentimentality. Here then is a declaration of eternal love

not extinguishable by Lethe. Hear the tragic note of a young lover separated by hard fate from his Amalia "whose kisses—like the tones of a harp, play to the full harmony of Heaven"—there is a description of the joyous sunrise in contrast to the wretched state of the poet, there a bitter protest that Rousseau who sought to make Christians men; should have fallen at the hands of Christians. Full of life he rebels against a moralist who has forgotten how rapidly the pulse of youth beats. "No—no longer will I fight this giant battle of duty." When Minna becomes faithless he calls out that the leaves of her beauty's rose will tomorrow fall apart. Yet though Minna should prove faithless, the poet, true to his higher self, sings that love conceives nature, darkness, the gods making Heaven more heavenly and transforming the earth to the kingdom of Heaven. He becomes now a philosopher, scorning fortune. Sorrow has softened his passion as we see in "Die Erwartung," beautiful, sad and subdued, and in the "Elegy on the Death of a Youth," which is entirely free from any feeling of despair.

Schiller is intensely ideal as he is always dreaming of ideal men, and of a time when human life will be beautiful. Often the perfect is indefinable, a goal to which a restless yearning in his soul impels him but which, like the land of the pilgrim, he can never reach. And because men who feel intensely ideal characters and beautiful lives must be saddened when the great diversity between actuality and ideal-ity is apparent, Schiller's is the sweet sadness of all dreamers. "Every beautiful gift seems fleeting as the gleam of the lightning." With tear strained eyes he stands before a picture he himself has drawn of the god-age of Greece, the time of dryads and satyrs, when the sun was a golden chariot, when love tied a beautiful bond between men, gods and heroes,

"Damals war nichts heilig als das schöne,
Schöne Welt, wo bist du, kehre wieder
Holdes Blüthen—alter des Natur."

For this is a soulless age.

To wring one's hands at the absence of the beautiful or merely to dream of a perfect state, indicates a great soul, an individual whose lofty aspirations should place him in the esteem of his fellowmen. Truly great is he alone, however, who translates his dreams into an actual, working ideal toward which the world should aim. And Schiller's ideal is the worship of the beautiful, surrendering one's self to the poetry of life; to dare to dream, and to spread this doctrine; is the mission of the poet.

“Kein Dach ist so niedrig, keine Hütte is so klein
Er führet einen Himmel voll Götter hinein.”

The springs of song, though unknown, subdue the heart, rock it between earnestness and play, silences everything earthly, recalls the innocence and joyfulness of youth. When men hearkened to the voice of the singer, the poetic inspiration suffused their lives, making their thoughts, their very acts nobler. After all it is not hard science that makes geniuses, but an inherent knowledge, a child-like faith and dreaminess.

“Wer es glaubt, dem ist das Heilige nah
Wage du zu irron and zu traumen,
Höher Sinn liegt oft in kindschen Spiel.”

To be a part of the beautiful one must feel beautifully.

“Der allein besitz die Musen
Der sie trägt in warmen Busen
Dem Vandalen sind sie Stein.”

Thus, since greatness is a condition of the soul, there is no need of envying the fortunate or undervaluing the worth of great men merely because they are fortunate.

“Weil er der glückliche ist, kannst du der Selige sein.”

Proud man; standing at the entrance of a new century thinks only of increasing national territory and commerce when real freedom is only in the kingdom of dreams and the beautiful blooms only in song. Let him recall the horrible

state of mankind in the days of savages and learn what art, creative art, proportion and harmony have done to exalt its character.

“And the majestic, noble stranger thought
From out the wandering train sprang boldly now
Man in his glory stood upright
And showed the stars his kingly face.”

Such a doctrine will not work: the doctrine of extreme individualism that believes in the worship of the strong, the proud, the man who can. Usefulness and friendship, though all other ideals vanish, remain as guiding stars to ideal living,

“Todte gruppen sind wir, wenn wir hassen,
Götter wenn wir bebend uns umfassen.”

and to the individualistic philosopher he replies:

“Und du lästerst die grosse Natur die bald Kind bald Mutter,
Jetzt empfängt, jetzt geht, nur durch Bedürfnis besteht;
Willst du armer stehen allein und durch dich selber
Wenn durch der Kräfte Tausch selbst das unendliche steht?”

Whatever be his theme, the lasting thought expressed is always in harmony with the temperament we have tried to characterize above. In that striking, almost epic “Song of the Bell,” where the life of the individual is portrayed by the singing workmen, we have a strong condemnation of that revolutionary spirit of the nineteenth century—the spirit that transforms men into a howling, irreverent mob, crying “Liberty.”

“Gefährlich ist es den Leu zu wecken
Verderblich ist des Tigers zahn
Jedoch der schrecklichste der Schrecken
Das ist der Mensch in seinem Wahn.”

To many a man who confuses sober and serious thinking with dark pessimism, Schiller would seem entirely incapable of being a joyous, happy being. Yet he could turn the “Punch Song” or sing the joy of joys—but with him, after all, joy is not the mirth that springs from coarse surrender

to animal delight but the happiness that springs from being generous, loving, friendly, firm, and full of faith.

So far as we have seen Schiller is passionately devoted to the idea, to the development of a thought. This fact, I think, explains to a certain degree, his failure, when contrasted with Goethe's success, with the ballad—a purely objective form of writing. While Scott, who as Gilbert Chesterton has informed us, loved the sound of a drum, merely as the sound of a drum, and paid so much attention to armor in his poetry because, boyish as he is, he admires armor, Schiller is of a subjective nature. In the selection of subjects for ballads and narrative poems, those are best which are connected with an idea—as that of a youth, who seeking for knowledge, dies as he unveils a statue of truth, or that of the poet who comes complaining to Love after the earth has been divided, or that of Toggenburg, beautifully devoted to his love, or that of the knight, who risking his life to pick a glove which a proud lady has idly thrown among beasts to test his bravery, throws it in her face, or in his Greek subjects of “Kassandra,” “Hero and Leander,” “Damon and Pythias” or “Liesgest.” Here there are excellent examples of his power to penetrate into the life of people, or read the soul of an event. In “Spaziergang” he dreams of Greek civilization :

“Fortune wedded to Talent gives birth there to children immortal,
Suckled in Liberty's arms flourish the arts there of joy.

With the image of life the eyes of the Sculptor are ravished;

And by the chisel inspired speaks e'en in the sensitive stone;

Skies artificial repose on slender Ionian columns

And a Pantheon includes all that Olympus contains.

Light as the rainbow's spring through the air as the dart from the
bow string,

Leaps the yoke of the bridge over the boisterous streams.”

It is a pleasure to read Schiller's poetry without paying attention to the thought, so successful is he with his rhyme schemes. The rhythm seems always perfectly smooth and

spontaneous even in the difficult hexameter. The ease with which he constructs verses is comparable only to the ease with which he constructs pithy epigrams, strikingly clever, as hundreds of the *Zenien* show.

If, as Goethe has remarked, the German requires a certain earnestness, a certain grandeur of thought, and a certain fullness of sentiment, Schiller can rest assured of immortality among the Germans, and all men of whose nature real genuine sentiment forms a part, will find a well-spring of pure feeling in the poetry of Friedrich Schiller.



“Bells”

“HEN”

I lay in the warm morning sunshine, on a soft bed of grass; thinking, dozing—yes, dreaming off my far off home and “Queen.” The dream I had was marvelous.

As I lay there I fancied I saw a large airship loom up over the hill-tops: it was headed homeward, and I was directly in its path. I watched it. The monster grew larger and more distinct as it grew nearer. “Oh!” I thought “if I could only get aboard and take a trip to the realm of my thoughts and longings!” Now! Look! Could it be true? Her anchor was dangling near the ground. Oh! if I could only catch hold of it!

I must! I must, for this place is so dreadfully lonesome. So, acting on the impulse, rather than on any good judgment, I swung aloft just as the great bird passed over me. I clambered up, threw myself astride, and securely fastened my belt around one end of the anchor. It was a new sensation: a new world dawned upon me.

We were soon speeding through the air at a terrific rate. Higher and higher we mounted, faster and faster, until we were out of sight of the earth, the earth I loved so well. The air was getting thinner, and I began to grow cold. I pulled my coat tight about me and tried to collect my thoughts. Where was I? Oh, if I could only be back on that dear old campus; just to see the old familiar buildings once more. No! I couldn't give up, I had gone too far. So I gave myself up to fate and the thought of *her*. Surely we would land sometime.

Time passed; we were still climbing higher. Where was the monster headed? Just then I heard a loud “Toot! toot!”

I turned about and saw a large indistinguishable orb just ahead. Again "Toot."

"Yes, yes, that must be the station blow," thought I.

The speed of "our" machine gave a sickening lurch and then slowed down.

"All out for Mars," a large hefty party howled, as we drew up along side a long projecting kind of dock affair. Then there was a scramble of people getting on and off, and the tumbling of trunks and packages.

Just then a mail pouch fairly flew past me on a downward chute. "Hey you lubber! Push off these with that emergency ship, there's a pouch overboard," burst out a voice from the captain, I thought. I saw a man dressed in a blue uniform dash past me in a miniature affair modeled much on the order of a Wright machine. Presently he passed me again on his upward journey. He threw the pouch aboard, folded the wings of his ship, attached it to the side of the "mama" ship and climbed on deck.

"All aboard for Mother Earth," called out the "main squeeze," and we were off with a whirl.

Now! did I hear him call Mother Earth? My! just to think of it, I would soon be on my way back to reality.

Gradually we lowered. The hills and rivers soon became visible, then the housetops. I began to feel more and more as if I were really *myself*. "Lo! do my eyes fail me? Can it be the old Catawba river?" Yes, there she was, slowly trailing her way through the valleys. I knew by the sight of her that I was only twelve miles from the home of my "Queen," the one for whom I had so foolishly taken this trip. We were still about a mile high, and going at a mile-a-minute clip. Could I in some way signal the men aboard and let them know of my plight? No, that would never do, as a "hobo" receives no consideration in a case like this. As such thoughts were coursing through my mind, I spied her

palace a few miles ahead; and could it be true? Was it she in the window below? Yes! and gazing at *me*. Oh! I must get down in some way. So I prepared myself for a speedy descent. I unfastened my belt, buttoned up my coat tight and made ready for the drop. As we hovered over *her* palace I let myself down and was holding her finger tips. Oh! Oh! What had I done? Oh, I was falling, tumbling,—— Bang, Bang. Oh, that awful noise! Bang! It was the sound of a bell. There was never, I thought, a louder tap—surely there was never a more cruel tap of any bell, for it was the last chapel warning.



What Was It?

Last spring on one of those cool days which make the sunshine look so good, and the inside of a house like a cold, gloomy cavern, I clambered from an upstairs window out on the warm shingles of a porch to take a nap.

I lay here for a long time with my eyes closed, enjoying the sunshine and the pleasant sounds of an ideal spring day; the distant grunt of a discontented pig; the "tweet tweet" of the "biddies" and a family of wrens a few feet below, and the lazy drone of some bees in a nearby "simmon" tree:—when suddenly one of those weird unreasonable impulses came to open my eyes—upon a sight "never before seen on land or sea." A sight unrivall'd by the myriad coloured gleams from the dazzling diamond heaps on the stony floor of Sinbad's isle of the "Rock." Unrivall'd by the eye-ravishing autumnal tints of the leaves "that strew the brooks of Vallambrosa." A sight of lights of every conceivable shade or tint; as if thousands of infinitesimal rainbows chased each other in a diamond's transparent depths; as if myriad's of fiery serpents sported in some ethereal quintessence of light. What is it? The blinding play of lights from some mammoth diamond stolen from the gloomy interior of some mysterious idol's temple in the sandy plains of sun-scorched Arabia? suspended before my eyes by the invisible hand of magic? Oh no!

Like the other illusions of life, this one too must fade; it was only the sun shining through a leafy lens of an overhanging elm on the end of my nose, and may be scientifically explained on the basis of interference of light.

The Lorelei of Today

EDWIN L. JONES

We all remember the story of the young fisherman, who, lured by the singing of a beautiful maiden high upon the banks, was dashed upon the rocks and dragged down beneath the waters of the Rhine. This ancient theme is a favorite one of the Germans, and they cherish it, embalmed in a plaintive, wild melody, that every German knows by heart. But the story is too out of date. I write of the modern Lorelei—one that is shiny with newness,—like the 1910 dollar. A lovely maiden is a lovely maiden, whether in the form and garb of a mermaid chewing a seaweed or whether garbed in a modern princess gown chewing a lump of gum,—and her music may have the same disastrous results.

Young George Brown was a devoted amateur aeronautist. His hobby was aeroplanes, and it can be truthfully said that he rode in his hobby every time his hobby would be ridden. The exhilarating effect of moving through the air like a bird, was compensation enough for many trying and anxious hours he spent coaxing it to rise or even to leave the ground. He loved his aeroplane just as he had loved his horse and it answered his touch to-day better than his horse had ever done. He had sailed over the hillsides and valleys, through the fleecy clouds, and sometimes right toward the glaring sun, playing with his aeroplane as he had never been able to play with it before. Playfully, he once swooped down over a merry girl in the field, snatched her sunbonnet off, and placing it on his head, he sailed away, waving back at her tauntingly.

But the country, with its same hills, same forests, same streams, same fields, same kind of houses, soon wearied him and he headed for the great city. He knew that there, wheth-

er in the fashionable section, the business part, the parks, or the crowded streets, he could find diversion enough. For a time, he contented himself with flying past the office windows and throwing kisses at the pretty stenographers. Then he sailed around learning secret after secret from hovels and palaces. As he was sailing around in this desultory manner, hovering over a tall apartment house, strains of music were borne to him by the gentle breeze. He flew down and at the seventh floor, through an open window, he saw lovely Gertrude, sitting at the piano. He grasped the iron railing on the balcony before her window and listened. George was a lover of music and was devoted to it, and next to his aeroplane he loved his music,—some said that he was a great musician.

But who can describe the music? The soul of the music-loving George was torn with anguish and his hands, one on the steering wheel and the other holding the railing, trembled with fury. Gertrude was the piano player in a vaudeville of a large cafe, where the music had to sound above the noise of the boisterous laughing, clinking of cups, promiscuous encoring, and sometimes above hooting and hissing. This was her practice hour, and with her sleeves rolled up to the elbows, her hair disarranged, her foot on the fortissimo pedal, she hammered out Mills and Sousa. Woefully out of tune, the old piano screamed as she wished; with every bang, poor Mills or Sousa were murdered or remurdered. It was work and Gertrude conscientiously worked. The "harmonious discord" was so excruciating that George was transfixed to the place. The propeller purred, the exhaust chunked-chunked, the huge wings flapped, but George did not stir.

Gertrude suddenly switched off and began playing some popular rag-music, with its monotonous sameness and fearful jag-time; she literally jerked it out. With one wild surge of fury, George opened the gasoline feed to its widest

extent, and soared swiftly upward. The music followed him like a magic spell. It drummed in his ears; discordant chord after discordant chord struck him like a blow. Faster and faster turned the propeller and with fearful speed he soared upward.

The propeller revolved so swiftly that it tore loose and in a moment had hurled itself from the aeroplane, tearing a large hole in the left wing. Instantly, the aeroplane turned over on one side, quivering all over and slowly began to go downward. Dazed, George scarcely knew what had happened, so stirred had he been. But the falling aeroplane fell faster and faster, turning over and over like a huge bird shot on the wing. It was falling straight down toward the tall apartment house, that it had left a few moments ago. George's great auto-cloak caught on the railing before Gertrude's window, and though a great slit was torn in it, he hung safely, and the aeroplane went crashing down upon the asphalt pavement below. But Gertrude could play, and now she was softly playing an *Etude* of Mendelssohn—a favorite of George. Dazed, bewildered by the accident, charmed by the music and the song she was humming to her accompaniment, George made no effort to extricate himself. In a few moments the cloak was ripped in two and he fell upon his aeroplane below and, with it, became part of the wreckage.

The Demagogue

(To T. R.)

N. J. WHITE

O smile and bow and lift your hat, and stand with out the
way,

For a man comes near, devoid of fear, and greater than
tongue can say.

He builds a lordly castle where Wren but built a shed;
He has ten thousand proverbs for each word that Plato
said;

He wins a splendid victory where Napoleon met defeat,—
The greatest man in all the world is passing through the
street.

Then bow anew; such men are few; a Samson is to pass,
Who works a million wonders—with the jaw-bone of an
ass.

Margaret Vernon

LUCILE GORHAM

The Vernons were an old Virginia family. Their ancestry could probably be traced back to the earliest settlers who came to Virginia. The present Mr. Vernon was greatly interested in the coal mines of West Virginia. He had found it necessary to move to one of the small mining camps, right in the heart of the mountains. His wife, with two of her daughters and her son remained in the city. They could not leave the society and gayety of city-life for the loneliness and roughness of the mountains. But Margaret Vernon, the youngest daughter, a girl of seventeen, refused to remain in the city. No, she would not live in ease and luxury while her father toiled day after day overseeing the work at his mines. She would at least go with him, make his life more pleasant, and make his hours at home less tiresome, and she would do it. No persuasion could turn her from her purpose. She had made up her mind, and that was enough.

For almost a year Margaret Vernon had lived with her father in the little mining camp among the mountains. She had aided him greatly in his work, not only by making him more comfortable, but by her kindness to the rough mountaineers and their families. In this way she had won their friendship for herself and her father. This meant more than we can imagine, for strikes were frequent and very serious. Often, however, the remembrance of some kind deed done by these two people, of another world, as it were, kept the miners from rising up, and causing a great deal of disturbance.

One evening about twilight, some one knocked on the Vernon's front door. Margaret opened it, and saw Mr. Fullman, her father's foremost and most efficient man. He

was greatly excited, and asked to see Mr. Vernon at once. They talked together in the little parlor until ten o'clock. Margaret could not prevail upon them to stay even long enough to eat their supper. She did not know what was wrong, but by the snatches of their conversation which came to her ears, she thought these two men feared that a strike was about to begin, and that at an early date. Her father had told her that his men had not been acting right lately; they had been ugly, and at times almost insulting.

That night when Margaret kissed her father good-night, she saw that he was troubled, his brow was wrinkled, and his eyes showed that trouble was brewing somewhere. She did not fall asleep for many hours that night. She was worried about her father and Jack, as she called Mr. Fullman. If a strike occurred, these two men were in danger, and they both meant so much to her.

Mr. Vernon did not linger around the house as usual the next morning—instead he hurried away to his office. After he left, Margaret saddled her horse, mounted, and rode off down the road. She would go to the country; then come back by her father's office, and see if affairs there had not been righted. She was half a mile down the street from Mr. Vernon's headquarters when she saw a crowd assembled in front of his office. A few shots were fired. She was sure now that the strike was on. Spurring her horse on, and going as fast as her horse could run, it took Margaret only a few minutes to reach the scene of confusion. As she rode up to the edge of the crowd, she saw her father come to the door of his office, and facing the crowd, she heard him say, "I raised your wages only last week. To-day your demands will not be granted. Do you under—?" But his sentence was never finished. One of the mountaineers, enraged at this refusal, and forgetting past kindnesses, rushed forward, and with knife in hand, stabbed him. He fell mortally wounded. Margaret reached him just as he sank to the

ground, and she heard him say with his last breath, "He tried to keep me from it, my darling." She did not understand then, but later.

Margaret Vernon raised herself to her full height. She was beautifully pale, her brown hair, blown by the winds, hung in ringlets about her face, and those steel-grey eyes, which were usually so tender and loving, burned with fierce hate. With her slender right arm raised toward heaven, standing there beside her dead father, she swore to her God to avenge his death. Jack Fullman saw her, and knew she meant what she said. Although the girl had caught only one glimpse of the murderer as he sprang at her father, she could tell his face among a thousand, and she would do it.

* * * * *

Margaret refused to live in the city after the death of her father. She resumed her life at the camp. Day after day she rode up and down the mountains, always with that unswerving purpose in mind, to take revenge, and always on the alert for *that face*, she had seen but once. In her bosom was concealed a knife with a sapphire in its handle, the thing that had caused her the greatest sorrow of her life. From a tender, loving girl, Margaret Vernon had changed into a strong revengeful woman.

[It was late one afternoon. Margaret had been riding since noon. She had lost her way, and seeing a hut in the distance, went there to ask guidance. To her surprise, she found three rough mountaineers gambling. The face of one of them startled her. Could it be possible that this was the man she was searching for. She would find out. An idea came to her,—she would join in the game, instead of money, she would place the knife, with the sapphire in the handle, on the table. She joined in the game light-heartedly. Soon she drew from her waist the knife. The eyes of the man in front of her turned almost glassy. Yes, she was right. This was he. The game was over. Margaret decided to ride

home, get her pistol, and return to do the deed she had sworn to commit. Off she went down the mountain, her blood boiling, and surging through her veins as never before. She secured her pistol, loaded it, and without a word to any one, not even to Jack Fullman, whom she had promised to marry if after avenging her father's death it were possible, she started back up the mountain.

To her surprise as she opened the door of the cabin, she saw two men struggling in one corner of the room, the other drunk, with his head bowed on the table. Then almost before she had time to comprehend affairs, there was a bloody fall. The man, who was owner of the knife that had killed her father, fell to the floor with a thud. His eyes glared at the tall girl standing in the doorway, weapon in hand. He understood,—that was all. With his own knife he had been killed by a mountaineer, who now reeled in one corner, too drunk to know what crime he had committed.

¶Margaret was saved from that dreadful act of revenge, yet she had seen her father's death avenged. She rode home, letting her horse walk all the way. She needed time to think. What had it all meant? Then the last words of her father came to her, and she understood. Mr. Fullman had tried to persuade him to yield this once to the cries of his men, and he had not done so. His death had been the result. She made up her mind, she would leave this country. She would not remain where every object recalled the sad memories of her father's death. She would go to the city, but not alone. Jack went with her.

Anecdotes of a Southern Trip

“HEN”

Beings as how so few of the many get to take a real live college baseball trip, we reckon the “deer peepul” of this community would relish a “dish out” of a few of the many humorous happenings that occurred on the last southern trip. Besides, we ’spose this will help wash down (or up) the heavy reading of the accompanying leaves and leave a good taste in the mouth.

As a word of forewarning: if there is any kick coming, please kick the editor, as I only weigh 126 pounds and am violently opposed to harsh treatment and cruelty to animals.

FIRST STAB.

“Red,” our pea-green Irish “sec-catch,” was usually the party at the wrong end of all the jokes. It was in Spartanburg, the first night’s contest. One o’clock was the hour. All were asleep after a long and hard trip.

“M-e-o-w! wow! wow!,” one of the most unearthly sounds mortal ever claimed to be the papa of rang out on the “stilly night air.”

“Red” waited for no further explanation, he lit right out his chamber door and bolted down the stairs into the lobby, with only his green pajamas protecting his anatomy from the eyesight of the amazed night-clerk.

With the aid of twelve hearty ball players, coach, manager, and a block and tackle, he was induced to return to his room.

Bundy was never “Red’s” roommate again. “Nuf Ced.”



BOLTED DOWN THE STAIRS INTO THE LOBBY

SECOND SLICE.

The next day the team journeyed over to Clemson for two games, and then back into the Spartan City.

That night a reception was given in honor of the team. All were going—yes, glad to go; but lo and behold, “Red’s” only pair of black socks had a hole in one of them that played peek-a-boo right above his right shoe-top! What could a

poor Irishman do? All the stores closed, and with not a chance of borrowing one from his sock-broken team-mates. What was to be done? "Red" had to go or the pleasure of the evening would be a sick lady. All the boys were ready and waiting—suggestions filled the air—how *could* "Red" get a sock?



FRESH LIFE

After a prolonged silence, a deep bass voice, well known as that of "Red's" broke the spell:

"A bottle of ink," he says in a commanding voice.

"A bottle of ink? What in the world are you dreaming of?"

"That don't make no never-mind, just thank me that there's a bottle of ink over there," says he in a nonchalant way.

I just hate to tell you unsuspecting folks how it all wound up, but here goes: "Red" pulled up his sock tight, marked the size of the hole on his ankle, took off the sock, painted the inscribed space with the above stated black ink, yanked on his footwear, daubed a handful of pink powder on his nasal extremity, adjusted his collar and tie, and marched out of the room whistling "Casey Jones," just as if nothing had happened.

THIRD STANZA.

It is a good one on Houston. "This "Bob" of ours hails from Wilmington where the buildings only grow one story high, so when "Bob" reached the third story of the "Georgian" in Athens, via elevator, he stretched his arms, yawned, and said, "This is certainly going some!"

"Its funny," said Red to Bob, who were to be room mates, "how dog-gone high elevator fare is in this hotel. Why that coon just stuck me for 15 cents for bringing us up."

Bob took the tip, and from then on when the team struck an "elevator hotel" Bob always politely excused himself from riding upon the elevator as "as the sensation makes me so sea sick"—to quote him.

LAST EFFORT.

Crawford, our "Senator" as well as illustrious manager, is one swell dresser.

On one occasion "Senator" was "axed" out to a full dress affair. He looked high and low, but to his detriment only one of his white gloves was to be found. "Senator" had to go, for to miss an affair of this nature was sure death to one of his calibre. As the time drew near "Senator" in desperation went to "Red" for advice.



AND PUT THE OTHER ARM IN A SLING

“Oh that’s easy,” says our official representative of the Emerald Isle, “wear one glove and put the other arm in a sling and tell all the fair ones you broke your funny bone throwing the ozzle ball.”

Editorial

THE GREATER TRINITY

When the final history of Trinity College is written, the year nineteen hundred and nine and ten shall be recorded as the most epochal in the annals of the institution: as the Year of Great Beginnings. Despite the fact that in it occurred the loss of a great and successful president, we believe that the above statement will stand. For in that year, a general enlarging of the college grounds was proposed; the actual work was begun on a new Main Building to replace the old and crumbling one; the college trustees and other officers began to look forward to the establishment at some time of a Woman's College, perhaps of a medical department and toward other improvements; in other words, to a new era in the life of Trinity College.

All this may be called the beginning of Greater Trinity; and so the student body felt it, for of their own accord they organized a Greater Trinity Club, for the purpose of making the membership keep pace with all the other strides of the institution. Thus was the Greater Trinity movement launched enthusiastically and confidently, in 1909-10,—the Year of Great Beginnings.

The movement has been successful. In enrollment, in teaching efficiency, in buildings, in grounds, in every material respect, this college is now, this moment, at her high water mark. The question before the high court of the college consideration now is: *What are you going to do with it all?*

Fine equipment no more makes a college than a number 14 biceps makes a man. Material advantages amount to

just so much mortar and brick, unless they add to the intellectual and moral supremacy of the institution. Fine buildings are but so many empty shells, waste fossils on life's shore, unless there be poured into them the spirit of work, of high endeavor, of broad and pure ideals, intellectual standards and lofty morality. People on the outside will stand off and say: You've got a fine *looking* school, but what can you do for my boy on the inside of his head. We are all from Missouri, and you've got to show us!"

Students of Trinity, what are you going to do with it all? You have the finest tools obtainable: Now use them!

THE GREATER ARCHIVE

The surest gauge of the cultural and intellectual standing of any college or high school is its magazine. There the students have free play for their imaginative and artistic faculties. The true college magazine represents the student body; is not under the domination of professorial judgment; and whatever life, whatever vitality, whatever value it has, must come from the students alone. You are judged abroad by the general appearance and readability of your college magazine. It is yours, not the editors', not the faculty's, but yours, *yours*, to make or mar. For the sake of your college; for the sake of always doing your best; out of the respect you bear yourself, and the desire to always show up well along side of other student bodies; write for the Archive—your magazine!

Young man, you who are spending your first year here, don't wait for the editors to solicit work from you. They don't know you; have no way of finding out what you can do. Perhaps you used to write for your school magazine; perhaps you were proud of that magazine, as we know you were, and are, proud of your old high school. Well, this ARCHIVE is your magazine now. Don't be ashamed to write for it: to

help make it a first-class magazine. Whenever you write anything you think is good, slip it into the box on the office door, or the English room door, or in the mail box, addressed to the ARCHIVE. If it is not accepted, no one but you will know it. And let me tell you, it is some sort of honor to "make" the ARCHIVE in your first year. It's worth trying for, anyway.

And you old student, you lazy but brilliant ink slinger, (and we happen to know a good many of that kind around here; and are almost tempted to mention some names) be a true sport, and lend the best flowers of your dynamic brain to adorn these pages. When you start kicking the ARCHIVE for its lack of good material, remember that you are partly to blame for that poorness. If you don't like the stories and articles and poems, see if you can do any better. Get in the game! You don't know what fun, what intellectual stimulus it is to write for the ARCHIVE.

At any rate, Trinity expects every man to do his duty, and subscribe to the ARCHIVE and the Chronicle.

Finally, what I say unto you I say unto all: write!

CHANGES IN THE ARCHIVE

Readers will take note of several changes and additions to the departments of the ARCHIVE. A change, for the better, we believe, has been made in the methods of the exchange section of the magazine, or the Editor's Table. A full account of the new system to be pursued will be found in that column, but in brief it consists in the substitution of a system of selection and somewhat fuller criticism and occasional quotation in place of the former cut and dried summarizing of the contents of our exchanges. A new department is begun with this issue, under the head of "Translations and Reprints." It is the purpose of that section to give to its readers the *creme de la creme* of all that has ever

appeared in print in past or present, in English or in whatsoever devilish lingo may be known to the editorial staff and the college faculty. In general, the selections of this department shall be, now, unknown to the majority of our readers, pertinent to college life, and for the most part amusing, interesting, thrilling. Read the editorial under that department.

Other slight changes have also been attempted in the general makeup of the magazine.



Translations and Reprints

THE OLD

I gazed with tender glance upon the old,
 Which Craven's matchless zeal had made to stand
 A shining beacon-light to all our land
 Whose lingering, healing rays we still behold.
 The names of many were here once enrolled,
 Who under this fond Mother's fostering care,
 Have learned to walk in Wisdom's ways so fair,
 And fill life's fleeting moments full of gold.
 The life that once did animate these walls
 Hath gone to other ground. But still a look
 Of grandeur stays, nor have these sacred walls
 Been by their wonted at all forsook,
 Thou monumental work of duties done
 A crown of lasting glory hast thou won.

A LECTURE ROOM BALLAD

When Plato taught the ancient Greek
 'E 'ad a string of yarns to tell
 'Bout one for ev'ry page he'd speak,
 The Greeks 'e 'eard and laughed like 'ell.

The Greek he knew them yarns was dead
 'And Plato knowed 'e knew, w'ats' wuss,
 But is examing o'er 's 'ead,
 And so 'e laughed,—the same as us.

So when "The Doctor" springs some tale,
 That's kicked about since Gawd knows when
 We do not yawn to show its stale,
 But laugh like 'ell—the same as then.

Trinity Archive, Jan. 1898 - quoted as Ep -

LOVE DIETH

~~N. J. WILSON.~~ *I never wrote this - wish I
 could have. Typographical
 error. - N. J. W.*

Come friend, and fill the glass again,
 The night is all before us;
 And redder wine than Bacchus drank
 Shall shed its influence o'er us.
 For thou and I have learned ere this
 To laugh at Cupid's favor;
 And scorn to bend before him when
 His fickle fancies waver.

What though gray hairs are coming now
 Where golden ones did glimmer;
 We'll drink to things of yesterday
 And let today grow dimmer;
 Our hearts are still as warm as when
 Its rim bound round with flowers,
 We tossed the cup of pleasure off
 Nor thought upon the morrows.

Back roll the portals of the past,
 The graveyard of tomorrow;
 The morning-star of love is now
 The evening-star of sorrow.
 So Love lies dead; and we'll waste no tears,
 The death kiss has been given;
 And 'twere a boaster's task to try
 To kiss it into living.

Then fill the glass again, for see
 How dark the night is turning;
 And we will drink to fair Love's death
 And keep our friendship burning.
 This wine shall be our Lethe's stream,
 The Past from memory blotting,
 For Love like all things else must live
 And die—and be forgotten.

Hampden-Sidney Magazine, Jan., 1898.

ELOPEMENT

I Reuben Warson, of Howard County, Mo., having with just cause and good provocation eloped from the bed and board of my wife, Rebecca Warson, do hereby forbid all persons from harboring, trusting or beating her on my account for I am resolved to pay no debts and to heal no wounds she may contract. Having for a good reason lived together in harmony and great good fellowship this severing of our conjugal bonds has cost me many a bitter tear and numberless soporific potations. But entertaining as I do a tender regard for the preservation of the rich covering which nature has clad her kindly throbbing pericranium and thoroughly convinced also of the inestimable value of my own pathetic eyeballs I have thought it most advisable that we should tear ourselves asunder. O! Rebecca, as Stearne said to the flie he released at his window, "Go, poor devil, go. There is room enough in the world for both thee and me,"—therefore, when thou redest this and set thy cap for another and more happy swain, while I roam through the world sipping honey from the bitter or sweet flowers that chances may strow in my path.

June 5th, 1824.

This is taken from the issue of the *Missouri Intelligencer* of the above date.

Wayside Wares

The gentle reader, if there is one, will readily see by glancing at the title that this is an introduction. But the gentle reader and the other bookworms will ask themselves, "What does it introduce?" Nothing. If it introduced anything I would turn it into an essay or a book. You have asked your question; now it is my turn, have you—I repeat—have you ever read an introduction which introduced anything? You are thinking. Very well, think. "No, I do not believe that I have." Of course not.

There was once a man. A man who wrote an introduction in every sense of the word—who wrote an introduction which actually had some connection with the subject of his book. That was several years ago. The poor fellow had a nervous breakdown shortly after. Since then no one has been so brazen as to attempt such a thankless task.

Nay, gentle reader, let not yourself be deceived. An introduction is intended merely for a writer to sympathize with himself. The public accords only praise or blame; and a man—aye, even an author—has feelings. Anything that is capable of feeling has moments when it feels the need of sympathy. And is not the publishing of a book the saddest moment in the life of an author. Yes, it may not be sad to the author, but it is sad. If the cold-blooded and hard hearted public, the mercenary public, expresses no sympathy; then let the author do it himself. The public will sympathize with itself later. Gentle reader, get you my drift.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—This is not a speech but a plea, and if you are a fair minded person you must at least hear all calls of distress whether you respond or no. This job of reeling off near-thoughts and original bon-mots, or if not original from so extremely elsewhere as not to be challenged as repeats- is an entirely new proposition to the present afflicted. Besides this department of our college magazine ought to be the clearing house for the humor, the little bits of human interest and the new ideas that are in constant circulation in a college community and every student ought to join with us in making it so. We are going to put a little box on the bulletin board and label it "Wayside Wares," and we want you, and this means you, to drop into it anything you have heard or thought of that bears the hallmark of originality. Now this does not mean that we are after old "that reminds mes" or clippings,—we want stufh you yourself can think up. We want it signed, if not with your name at least your nom de plume, and we wish to reserve the right of using what we want and doing what we please with the rest. That is all; we thank you.

THINK-O-GRAMS

Woman at first they say was only a side issue but at co-ed school she's the paramount issue.

A man is rich in the number of things he can look back upon and smile at—not grin at.

You couldn't say that a fellow who uses a jack has a pedestrian mind, now could you?

"Caste in society," says Elbert Hubbard, "is a result of uric acid in the egg;" and he might have added with equal truth that egotism is a sort of intellectual pip that sets in soon after the hatching.

A freshman with the swell head is to be pitied. Next to the man who has simultaneous attacks of the inflammatory rheumatism and the St. Vitus Dance or the sophomore with the swell head he is in the worst fix of anybody we know.

SOME DEFINITIONS

An optimist is a fellow who smiles when his land lady tells him that the steak didn't come and who assures her that prunes are better for an early morning diet anyway.

A SPORT: Large at the bottom,
 Little at the top
 Big-leg britches that go
 Flippity-Flop.

A class room: A place where the professors show off and the men show up.

A freshman: The ever present proof in a college community of the Darwinian Theory.

A professor: We refuse to express ourselves unless you specify which one.

Lovers of poetry will delight in the following little Japanese ode which we picked up the other day. To appreciate the real beauty of the poem it should be read aloud:

“O wata fu ly am
 O wata fu ly am
 A fu ly am.”

THE FRESHMAN RUBAIYAT

Hand me that collar, and with all your might
 Fling staid old Horace neath the bed from sight
 The show is here for but a one night's stand
 And this O Kaikobad, behold the night.
 And they who study as hard as ev'n they may,
 And they who loaf along the live long day
 Ev'n they at last to the self same prop. art come
 "A college education—does it pay?"

I saw them as she crossed the street
 Dainty, shapely, "Onyx" clad feet,
 Encased in shoes of bluest suede,
 (God bless the mud! she had to wade.)

The Glee Club will not meet to-night.
 A co-ed stole first base.

There will be a meeting of the Pressing Club this afternoon at 4:30.

The Line of Least Resistance is an all sleeper route.

President Taft in his policies of conservation seems to have forgotten the waist line altogether, which if not in actual danger of vanishing is getting very low to say the least.

No Pauline, they don't use check reins on the pony ballet.

When money talks we all kow-tow; but the ability to hear it whisper is the hall mark of plutocracy.

"A woman is only a woman but a good cigar is a good smoke," said Kipling, but surely the good man was sea sick. A cigar is only a good smoke but a woman God bless her! she is a woman.

Night Music

M. Y. W.

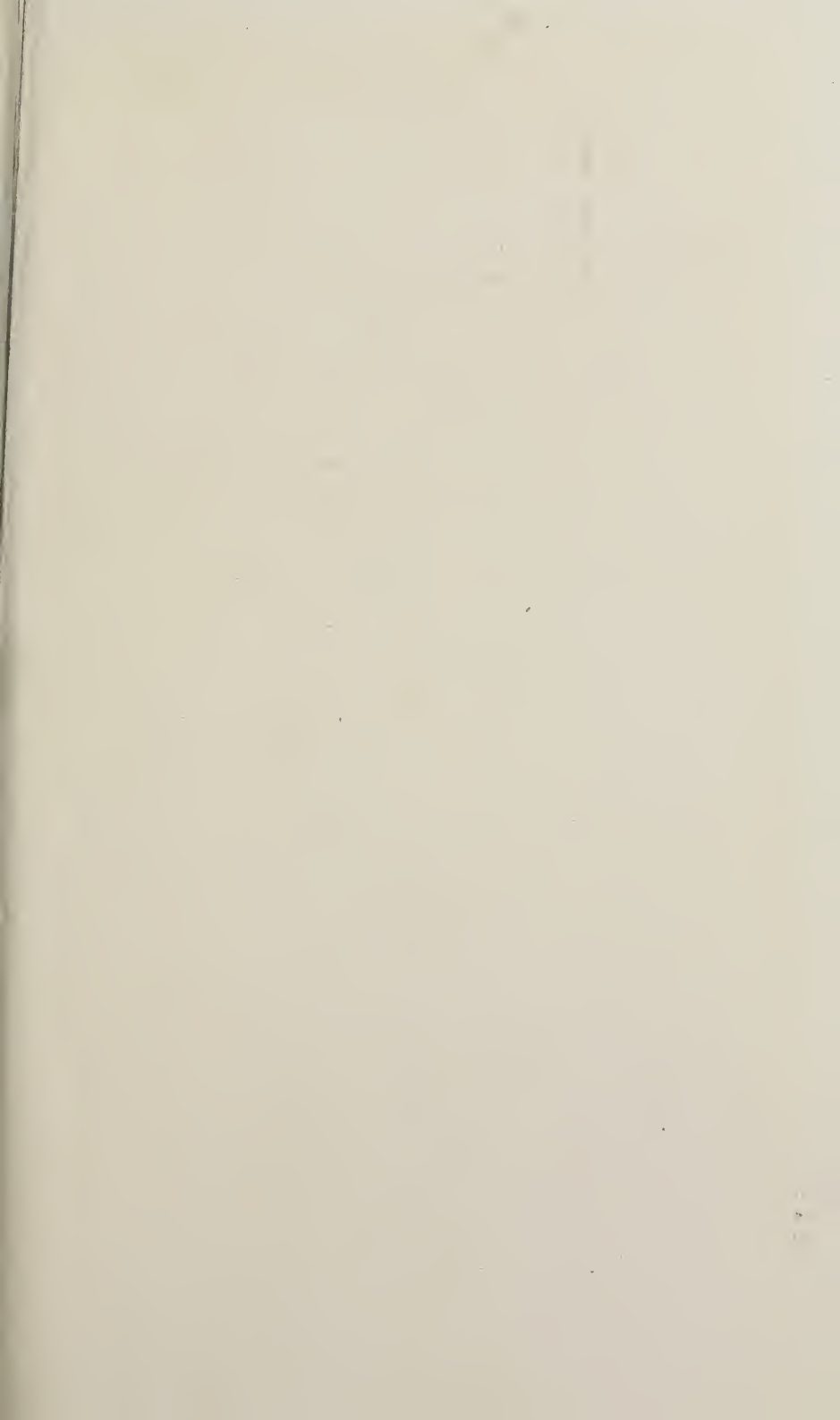
Oftimes at night I hear sweet fairy bands
Sing soft and low a tuneful melody
I stand to hear with tightly clasped hands,
They sing of thee, always, Dear One, of thee.

I think the stars shine brighter as I stand,
I think the breeze blows softer o'er the lea,
Each night I bless that unseen fairy band
Because of thee they sing, Dear One, of thee.

Editor's Table

This department of the *Archive* intends this year to inaugurate a radical change in the character of its literary criticisms. In case any of our esteemed contemporaries in the college magazine world should feel in any way slighted by a supposed neglect on the part of this column, we take this opportunity to deny any such intention. What we do intend to do is this: Every month all exchanges upon our table shall be read as carefully, critically, and with as keen an eye for "purple patches" and glorious bits of inspired writing as our gifted coterie of virtuosi can devote from their other multitudinous duties. Whenever anything of any merit whatsoever passes before our editorial eyeglasses, that article or story, or poem, or what-not, shall receive a more or less magnificent commendation upon these hallowed and influential pages. Not that we shall not be just: any minute defects shall be duly and conscientiously recorded, but the general tenor of our reviews shall be that of "we point with pride" rather than that of "we view with alarm;" rather that of critical selection out of the chaff of the average magazine than an attempt to cover all exchanges received in a sort of dry-as-dust cataloguing enumeration.

However this system may appear at first sight, it will really prove more tactful and sympathetic toward the failures of our friends. An article or a whole magazine which fails to make good according to the standards of collegiate literature, will be passed by with kindly silence, its faults concealed beneath the cloak of our benign taciturnity. Of course an occasional helpful suggestion may fall from the lips of our exchange editor's wisdom, but the general inten-



W. K. DOGERS
ARCHITECTS
CHARLOTTE, N. C.



W. K. DOGERS
ARCHITECTS
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

THE WASHINGTON DUKE BUILDINGS

The Trinity Archive



Volume XXIV

Number Two



MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

Subscription price, \$1.25 per scholastic year. Single copy, 15 cents.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *alma mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

EDITORIAL STAFF

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W. G. MATTON.....	Wayside Wares
FANNIE B. GLADSTEIN.....	Editors Table

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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., November, 1910

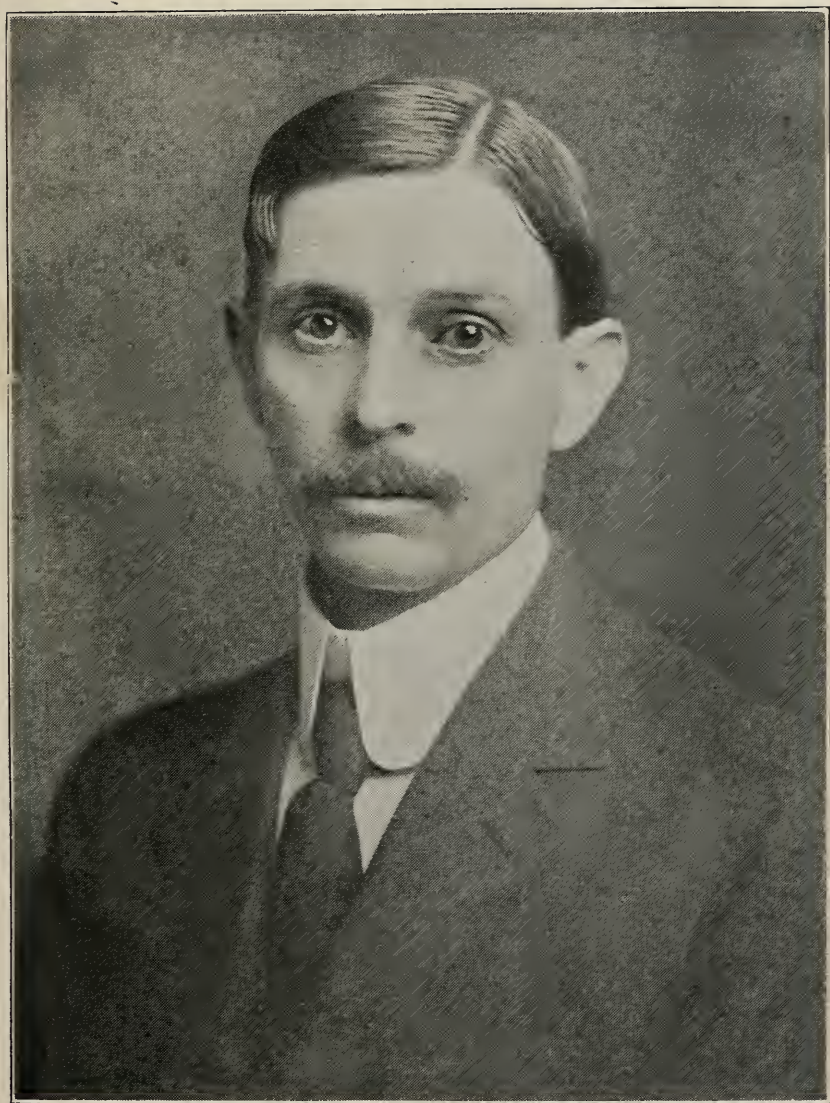
Hope: A Definition

A light on sleeping waters. In purple shadowed vales
Red Morning on the mountains,—seen afar.
Sudden fountains in the desert, ere the soul for thirsting
fails.
And: when all the sky is sorrowful:—a Star!

The Place of the College in Southern Development

It would seem to be appropriate for me, on an occasion like this, to give as clearly as I can my conception of the place of the college in southern development, and, coming closer home, to say plainly what I think Trinity College should undertake to do. This last is the easier for the fact that I have, during the past fourteen years, sustained intimate relations to the administration of the College, and with that administration I have been in complete accord. I find now that the way has been marked out by my predecessor and that the college has only to go on to the completion of the tasks it has already set before itself.

The structural break with the past caused by the Civil War and succeeding events has made difficult and important our political readjustment and the right mediation of the present between our past and our future. But apart from any considerations of history and without regard to any theory or school of politics it must be plain to us all that, in a democracy where everything is determined by majorities, every intelligent man should carefully enquire into the merits of all questions upon which he is to cast his ballot and should vote his matured convictions, rather than settle these questions as if they were matters of course, off-hand and in obedience to ancient sentiment. In the part of the South with which this College is immediately concerned, freedom of speech and freedom of action in politics is today complete. But here as everywhere else in the country we need to intensify the sense of responsibility that is imposed by the right to vote upon every thoughtful and upright man. And here perhaps more than elsewhere in America we need the courage and moral energy which compel a man to speak



DR. W. P. FEW
President of "The Greater Trinity"



the thoughts that are in him, and, when the time comes, to stand up and be counted, whether girt by friend or foe. Just as for many years it has been teaching, Trinity College will continue, both by precept and example, to teach this sort of resolute doing of one's public duties.

Upon the college in the South rests the further duty of mediation between the religious conservatism of this region and the great intellectual ferment of the age. Again the problem is to keep the good that has come to us out of the past and adjust it to the conditions and needs of the present. The influential place which the church holds in the South I should like to see, not only abide, but grow and extend; for it is the business of the church to guide the spiritual forces that control the world. The southern college, if it be wise enough to understand its opportunity, will work in hearty cooperation with the churches. It will not seek to make friends with the churches for the purpose of using them as bill-boards on which to advertise its wares; it will not court their good-will in order to rally its constituency; but in all sincerity it will labor with them just to the end of strengthening and sweetening human life. The aim of Trinity College is stated by the words on its seal, "Religion and Education;" not two but one and inseparable: religion that comprehends the whole of life and education that seeks to develop all the faculties of men.

One of our first tasks is the material uplifting of the section, the development of all kinds of business, the creation of wealth, and the building of vital forces of civilization. We are now in the midst of a great industrial awakening; even in the old business of agriculture a new day has arrived. In solving the problems of the new industrialism education has a part to play; and I am not now thinking of industrial education. While every individual ought to be trained with some reference to the kind of life he is going to live, yet I for one do not wish to see money-making set at the heart of the education of any considerable portion of south-

ern people. Greed is already perhaps our characteristic national vice, and it does not need the fostering of education. While southern people are poor and ought to be encouraged by every right method to get their share of the wealth and physical well-being that have been more widespread in other parts of America, yet to educate a race of mere money-makers would hurry in an era of sordid materialism that would be a more deadening blight to right and worthy living than ignorance and poverty have been. Let us have wealth and the training of wealth producers; but let us not give to industrial training an undue emphasis in the education of youth.

Of all the confusions and tragedies that followed the Civil War in the South, perhaps the most pathetic have been the chaotic educational conditions of the last half-century. There has been progress in the direction of a rational system of education, but we are not yet out of the wilderness. In all educational reform the college should furnish its full share of leadership. And this means that it must not be content to ride upon whatever may happen to be the popular wave, but it must resist fads and bad tendencies as well as encourage and direct right tendencies. Trinity College will always throw itself unreservedly into the doing of the supreme duty of the hour. A while ago it was at any cost to break the shackles of politics and traditionalism. Today it is to put within reach of every child the opportunities of the elementary school, the grammar-school, and the high school. This task is made extraordinarily difficult by the double system of education that must be maintained for the two races; and in this great task every bit of strength the State can command from all sources for the next ten years should be concentrated. To consolidate all the forces in the State for this purpose and to utilize them so that the largest and most beneficent results may follow is a proposal that should command the heart and hope of all enlightened men and women.

I believe that every college should give itself to the doing of the hard tasks of society, and that every educated man should do his full stint of work. Attention ought also to be paid to the gentler side of southern civilization. It was the graciousness, the hospitality, the beauty and purity of the social life that was the best characteristic of the old order. The grace and charm of our elders in their best estate have gone, and have been succeeded by much that is crude and raw in our life. But the right kind of education will nourish the poise and fineness of temper that form an essential part of every cultivated man.

These are some of the ways in which a college may promote the interests of society, if it is controlled by wide sympathies and a spirit of constructive helpfulness. It is not, however, among the direct aims of the college to educate publicists or ministers or skilled workmen or teachers, but to send out graduates who have been trained for efficiency and who are equipped with trustworthy character. The college that is doing most to produce these qualities of efficiency and character is rendering the largest service to the world. These are precisely the qualities that are needed in politics, in the church, in business, in education, and in society. Many lines of business and some other forms of endeavor in America have grown faster than men have been developed to manage them. And this failure of American civilization to develop an adequate supply of efficient and trustworthy men gives whatever of justification there may be for the belief held by a good many foreigners and others that our form of government is breaking down at some points.

There is a feeling rather widespread, though I am not sure it is just, that the college of today does not make as surely for efficiency and character as did the college of other days. The college has certainly in some ways gained, and perhaps in others it has lost, ground. The old curriculum with its fixed studies and severe disciplines has been liberal-

ized and enriched. American colleges have grown and have improved their facilities for education until, in the matter of educational opportunities, the best of them are perhaps unexcelled in the world. But it is becoming increasingly clear that it is not enough for the college to hold out rich opportunities to its students and then unconcernedly leave them to use or neglect the opportunities as they may see fit. Ways and means must be found to make education take effect. The educational appliances must somehow be brought into live connection with undergraduate callowness. There is a saying current in German universities that one-third fail, one-third go to the devil, but that the remaining third govern Europe. This survival represents too great a loss of human life. Freedom of opportunity must mean freedom to go to destruction, but in the case of college youth, freedom must be hedged about with restraints. The fine old phrase "cure of souls," if extended to include cure of minds and bodies, would define the function of the college.

The four years in college ought to be very happy years in every man's life—happy not because he spends them in idleness or luxury, but because they are years full of effort and achievement, of generous friendships and inspiring ideals, full of youth and hope. A normal man, if he once get a taste of it, enjoys vigorous work and wholesome living. The educational opportunities offered by the prosperous colleges of the East or the big state universities of the West, are unquestionably far superior to the opportunities that can be offered by the struggling colleges of the South. But there are evils of prosperity as well as evils of adversity. And, despite all our limitations, it is probably no more difficult for us than for them to secure vigorous intellectual work and wholesome living; in fact, I am encouraged to believe that the conditions are ripe for the building of some great colleges in the South. But we shall have to profit by the experiences of colleges elsewhere—by their successes and by their failures. Especially must we learn how to bring the processes of educa-

tion effectively to bear on a large proportion of students. The growing importance that secondary concerns hold in the thought of undergraduates is more and more tending to obscure the true ends of a college course. If we can take command of the situation before the tyranny of public opinion is fastened upon us by students, young alumni, and communities taught to demand this sort of entertainment at the hands of colleges, then I believe it will be possible for us to shift the center of interest from athletics and other equally irrelevant undergraduate absorptions on to the intellectual pursuits and wholesome recreations that are proper to college life. This shifting of the center of gravity will be helped by adequate regulation and due subordination of athletics; by demanding strict attendance upon college duties; by exacting a reasonable amount of intellectual work; and by enforcing rigorous standards of scholarship. In developing our colleges we have the chance to put upon self-cultivation and wholesome living an emphasis they do not now usually get in American colleges.

Our opportunity consists partly, too, in magnifying the function of the teacher. For its teachers the college needs men of ideas and power rather than experts in the several branches of learning. The almost exclusive use of scholarship tests in the selection of teachers is, in my judgment, one of the gravest defects in American colleges and even in the greatest American universities. Scholarship enters essentially into the making of a good teacher, but so do also a genuine interest in young men and some gift for teaching. Graduate-school ideals have worked themselves down into the college to the serious detriment of the college. I have nothing but praise for the painstaking investigation and thorough-going honesty that belong to the best scholarship of our time. Unceasing search for truth is necessary to ensure the continued progress of the race; and every wise man will keep an open mind towards truth in all its phases. I, of course, believe in perfect freedom to teach and freedom to

learn. But I do not regard the speculative pursuit of new truth as the main end of college education. The search for truth is in itself profitable, but the search is most profitable when it results in finding truth and in making the widest applications of it to human life and human conduct. An undergraduate ought not to be ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. The thin air of highly speculative knowledge cannot nourish hardy and robust manhood. Probably everybody knows truth enough to save his life if he would use what he knows. Some things, after all, are known, and there is no need for a man to stop and build his own bridge every time a bridged river crosses his path. If a perfect college curriculum could be framed I believe it would insure to every student familiarity with the best that has been wrought out of the experience of the race and close contact with such studies as are fitted to produce in him "sobriety, righteousness, and wisdom"; and then it would leave room for individual tastes and aptitudes.

To give the proper oversight of the studies of undergraduates is not enough, but their living conditions, their conduct, and their habits must be looked after. The minds need rectifying, but just as often the lives need to be renovated. What profiteth it a man though he speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and leave college a dyspeptic; though he understand all knowledge and have the habit of spending money that does not belong to him, or be confirmed in any of the other fatal vices that beset college youth? Conduct, as Matthew Arnold has said, is more than three-fourths of life. If their work is to be of the highest value, colleges must find and control the motive-powers that lie at the basis of character. I admit it is hard to keep other things equal; but, other things being equal, the so-called small college, with its intimate contacts and direct methods, probably has the best chance to do the sort of teaching that forms as well as informs.

If the southern college is to be a leader for conservative progress in this generation, it must be given a free hand. To stand against reaction on the one side and radicalism on the other, it needs a great deal of power. It must by its organization be safeguarded against the dangers of mob opinion and the possibilities of inefficient control. To stand for correct ideals and even fight for them when necessary and at the same time to keep in sympathetic relations with the people whom it would serve is, perhaps, the most difficult problem that a southern college in our time has to solve.

Regard for the voices of political expediency and pliant opportunism has time and again proved disastrous to the southern states as it has often proved disastrous to other American states. Minds unpracticed in cogent thinking usually seek to catch the nearest way and follow the line of least resistance. The college that aspires to a place of leadership in the service of the Republic must at times resist with all its power the mighty local influences that would sway it from its true course. To have faith in the future of America at all, or, for that matter, to contemplate human life with any degree of patience, one must believe that the people wish to do right and in the long run and in the main will do right; and more and more are we going to rely upon the people. But this does not mean that they have the expert knowledge to manage a college any more than it means that they are competent to argue a point of law before the Supreme Court of the United States, or to treat an acute case of pneumonia. The susceptibility of a pliable democracy to periodic attacks of national or sectional hysterics, the oft-used power of sensational newspapers and alarmist popular leaders to "insurrect the public mind" ought in the colleges always to find bulwarks against which they dash themselves in vain. Only the college that is strong enough to survive these fearful testings can fulfill in our civilization the mission that great colleges should fulfill.

Such colleges must also occasionally rouse themselves to the still more ungracious task of resisting the imposition upon them from the outside of ideas that would hurt them. There are competent and conscientious educational experts in our time who seem to ignore the fact that a college must be in large part the product of development and not a forced growth; and that it should follow the lines of its own development and not be made to form itself on some wholly extraneous model. Forced conformity to types of organization that prevail elsewhere and are then regarded as ideal would unfit southern colleges for doing the very service to which they seem by circumstances to be ordained. Against this subtle danger I believe that Trinity College will set itself with all its might.

Another temptation from which our colleges should turn is the temptation to strive for bigness. The vicious doctrine of numbers has, I think, never been more overworked than in American educational institutions. The desire to be big rather than great is responsible for many of the evils from which American colleges are suffering to-day. Some of the evils are due to quick growth and the inability of the colleges at once to adjust themselves to the new conditions. We at the South have not suffered from this cause, but we are in danger of deliberately taking over some of the evils from which circumstances have kept us free. One result of this overanxiety for size and numbers is the ruinous tendency for colleges to be concerned primarily about their immediate interests—more students, bigger buildings, increased appropriations, larger gifts—rather than to serve, and when necessary to suffer for, the great causes of men. This kind of striving must benumb the noblest aspirations and make impossible the truest success of colleges; for colleges, like men, are subject to the immutable law of greatness through service. The greatness of the college depends not upon the size of its plant or the number of its students,

but upon the quality of the men who teach and the quality of the men who learn—upon its ideals and its influence.

We here have no ambition to be miscalled a university; we are not even concerned that this shall be a “big” college; but we are immensely concerned that it shall be a shining place where high-minded youth may catch aspirations to true character and genuine excellence, and whence into this vast experiment in democratic government that is being tried out on the American continent, there shall go a long succession of men who have been trained to think straight and to think through to right conclusions, and made strong by the power to know the truth and the will to live it.



The Castle of Youth

MARY YEULA WESCOTT.

Down in the meadow where we played
They've built a house of stone,
They've shut the world's great sunshine out
And live there cold and lone.

We had a castle fair to view
We built beneath that sky,
But ours was not a house of stone
We had there—you and I.

They'll never dream of things we knew,
Within their portals tall,
We saw the world grow young again
And felt the Springtime's thrall.

We heard the brooklet sigh and moan
'Neath icy fetters strong
And echoed back its lithesome joy
When Summer comes along.

We knew the song the robins sang
We heard the Winter's call,
We caught the sobbing sad refrain
The leaves sing ere they fall.

Their house may seem a grander place,
The dome may be more high—
But they can't see the wondrous things
We saw there—you and I.

The North Carolinian

M. A. S.

Late in the autumn of the year 19— the strained state of affairs existing between Japan and the United States was fast coming to an open rupture . The ill feeling which had originated during the time when Teddy Roosevelt and his Big Stick were in power had grown on account of various reasons until it had become evident to every one in the United States that matters must soon terminate in open war.

The few State officials who were honest were very apprehensive, for during the presidencies of the men following Roosevelt the trusts had gained complete power over the government. The Trust's government had, in looking out for itself and employers, neglected the navy and coast defenses. The Secretary of War, and all the men under him were in a state closely bordering upon a panic, knowing as they did that in case of war with Japan the United States must surely lose.

The common people had almost entirely stopped work, mills had been forced to stop on account of the scarcity of labor, business men were closing stores in order to watch bulletin-boards, farmers gathered at cross-roads to discuss the outcome of the matter. As matters became more and more strained the people seemed to become keyed to such a tension that they hardly spoke above a whisper.

On this unnatural quiet in the capital city, the afternoon of a beautiful autumn day was fast drawing toward twilight; the shadow of the Washington monument was fast being lost in the distance, while the long slanting beams caused the brass dome of the capitol to glisten and shine like gold. Even nature seemed in a state of strain, for in the parks scarcely a leaf quivered, and the surface of the minia-

ture lake was as still and clear as though made of the finest plate-glass. The children playing in the park seemed to feel the quietness of the city and park for they played without noise, as though expecting something to happen.

Suddenly the quiet on a street leading to the War Office was broken by a buzz of half spoken exclamations, for the attention of the people was attracted by a strange vehicle. This peculiar machine was entirely unlike any known—a self-propelling vehicle that gave one a feeling such as is experienced when standing by a large dynamo. The machine was about the shape of a cigar. Along the sides and under the bottom of the machine were grayish, porous-looking streaks which showed plainly against the steel blue sides of the machine. On the under side of it there were two wheels. There was no noise which would indicate the presence of an engine of any description, yet the machine moved as though propelled by some extremely powerful agency.

On reaching the War Office the machine stopped, and a young man dressed in a brown automobile suit sprang out. Without the least hesitation he approached the doors of the building. While waiting he removed his goggles and one was better able to see his face. He was slightly above middle height, broader than the average person, and taken all around he seemed to be an exceptionally strong man. His hair was about the color of sand, his eyes were a dark gray, and, while the contour of his face seemed as if hewn out with an axe, it only made him more attractive.

When he was ushered into the presence of the Secretary of War he bowed with a grace which showed him to be a Southerner. When the Secretary asked him where he was from, he said that he was a North Carolinian. After answering the questions of the Secretary, he told the Secretary that he had come to offer his services in defense of his country in the struggle with Japan, which was now inevitable. He said that while in college he had become interested in the question of utilizing inter-atomic energy. Since leaving

college he had devoted all his time to experiments with inter-atomic energy, and had at last perfected a motor which was run by the atomic energy. He had also discovered a way in which to use this energy so as to destroy any fort or ship in the shortest time possible. All that he asked as pay for his services was that he be made a regular officer in the United States army.

The Secretary with a lighter face than he had had in months willingly agreed to the terms, and asked to be allowed to accompany him to San Francisco, where it was agreed would be the first attack of the Japanese. The young man told the Secretary that he would leave immediately.

While they were preparing to leave a messenger from the wireless station ran in saying that a message from San Francisco had just been received saying the Japanese fleet had been sighted off the northern coast of California. Without waiting to hear more the two men ran out of the building and climbed into the machine.

As soon as both were seated the young man started his machine and gradually increased its speed until they were traveling as fast as an express train. When they reached open country the young man threw a small switch and the machine rose in a gradual slant. After getting above all obstructions he increased his speed until the wind whined as it flew past them. On looking down the ground was merely a blur. Hurting through space with almost the speed of a rifle ball they soon passed over St. Louis. Soon after passing St. Louis they dived into a terrific gale. It seemed as though their clothes would be torn from their backs by the awful force of the wind.

For a time after tearing its way through the cyclone the car bored its way through a comparatively quiet belt of atmosphere. At the foot of the Rockies night overtook them, causing them to slow down for a time. Making a few adjustments and starting a powerful search-light, they started

again. Increasing his inclination the young man drove the machine toward the tops of the Rockies. †

During the night they encountered a blinding snowstorm in the mountains and got lost. All night they wound in and out among the mountains, seeking some mark by which to direct his course. Toward morning they got their bearings and were again on their way. Increasing their speed, until it seemed as though they would be torn from their seats, they flew on toward San Francisco. As day was breaking they heard the roar of the guns on the Japanese vessels as they began the engagement with the American Squadron.

Approaching nearer they could see the great cloud of smoke which hung over the fighting ships. In the half-light they could see aeroplanes fighting above the war vessels. As the wind blew the smoke away they could see that two of the American vessels were in a sinking condition.

Without stopping, the North Carolinian connected two metal tubes to a nozzle which he kept in a rack in front of him.

Suddenly two airships came toward him, firing machine guns as they came. Controlling the machine with his feet the young man picked up the nozzle and turned it toward the approaching aeroplane. As though they had struck an immovable wall the aeroplanes crumpled like paper and dropped into the midst of the battle going on underneath. Turning his destructive engine on the remaining airships, he destroyed them one by one.

Stopping his machine over the scene of the battle he turned this destructive power on first one Japanese vessel and then another. On the ships cannon began bursting, killing and wounding the crew. Under the continued action of this force the vessels became great magnets, attracting each other and grinding each other as the waves caused them to roll. Becoming red hot on account of the extreme molecular vibration set up by this concentrated atomic energy, the magazine of the vessels exploded, tearing the heart out of the vessels.

Everything was obscured by smoke, but the Secretary could hear the screams of the wretches who were unable to escape floating furnaces. The smell of burnt flesh was almost overpowering. Through rifts in the smoke the sea could be seen steaming. Sometimes amid the wreckage a man could be seen swimming, but even as he was seen the man would disappear under the surface. . .

As the young man turned to reach for the lever which controlled the motion of the machine, the Secretary, sickened by the fumes of powder and the smell of burnt flesh, fainted, and falling on a switch cut off the power which held the machine suspended in air. Slowly at first, but with ever increasing speed this strange engine of destruction fell into the sea, carrying the North Carolinian to an unknown and unhonored grave.



At a Way-Station

NEWMAN I. WHITE

On the platform by the station,
Graceful, tall, and lithe and fair,
While the wind in mad elation
Sportive blows her loosened hair,
'Gainst the clean dark woods surrounding
In a clearing lone and bare,
And the low pine music sounding—
Thus I saw her, standing there.

Since then all the piney breezes
Fragrant, fresh, and free of care
Bring a memory that pleases
Through a wistful dull despair;
For with breezes westward blowing,
And pine-fragrance in the air,
Comes a picture, faint and glowing,
Of a maiden, waiting there.

Surface Philosophy: Lie

J. L. HUTCHINSON

Lying is the prop which supports society; it makes society bearable, and even, at times, agreeable. It is no mere weakness of human nature. Rather may we say that lying constitutes the greater part of human nature. No man is exempt from lying; nor, if he carefully considered the case, would he be if he could. At all times does man assert himself to be a liar. Because—if I may use the kind of argument which is usually allowed only to France's beloved skeptic, France—man thinks that he knows what he is, and yet he knows that his thought of himself is far from being correct. Is not that a lie which lies within man, and which is beyond his control? Why, the very fact that we say that a man does not lie admits that he does. Not only human nature, but nature itself is largely composed of lies. Every man sees nature differently; for every one has a different combination of vast experiences. Nature presents itself, therefore, in a certain light to one person, in a wholly dissimilar light to another. Since nature as nature, can be neither one of these presentations in itself, then it is certainly a beautiful lie. The things which we think most beautiful prove to be very often ugly and hideous at bottom; and this distinction between appearance and reality is an unspoken lie. Yea, even the Gods lie. The Greeks were wiser than they knew; they fashioned their Gods after their own manner of being, and then made them liars and a prince of lying. Satan—oh, everything, so far as man is concerned, is a lie.

Man, then, has at his command many lies to choose from, as circumstances require. We class these under various heads. The worst and most formidable of these lies we shall name the jealous lie. It is a shame, at which I blush, to

give the jealous lie the grand old name of lie. But sad though it be, we may not escape from the inevitable. What a miserable, sneaking lie it is! How it lashes and scourges its owner—a Hell itself! It rips open the heart of the victim, and tears out the very soul of the perpetrator. Let us examine it. See what a smooth, glossy, gentle, sweetly smiling exterior it has. It bears a close resemblance to Uriah Heep with his cringing humbleness. Now, let us dissect it. Did that fair exterior belong to this foul thing? Great Heavens, what a malicious and terrible thing it is—blacker than the lowest circle of hell!

Closely allied with the jealous lie, because it often has the same evil effects, is the thoughtless lie. We may so term, for it is the lie which we so often let from our lips unconsciously. I submit with fear and trembling (a lie!) the following simple tale in order to show, if possible, my conception of the thoughtless lie. It is almost nine p. m., and small boy from time to time sleepily nods his head over his little spelling book. The clock strikes nine—small boy's bedtime, and father asks small boy if he has washed his feet; for it is spring. If you have observed closely, you will know that small boys do not wear shoes and stockings in late spring. Small boy without a moment's hesitation, answers in the affirmative. Now, small boy sleeps with father. Poor father! Next morning when father awakes from sleep, he also awakes to the sad realization that small boy has lied. Father is hurt—also, small boy. To begin with, the hour was late and small boy was sleepy. Sleepy small boys do not think; and it was, therefore, an unconscious lie. The lies of all small boys are, under average circumstances, thoughtless: as a rule, small boys think no more than do men.

There is one form of lie which some authorities choose to put in a class by itself, but I include it under the thoughtless lie. This is the scandal tale. Spreading evil reports, enlarging the report and exaggerating the evil the while, comes naturally to most of us. If we did this and at the

same time fully realized what we were doing, then scandal spreading would be classed under the malicious lie. But God forbid that I should think that we do this with evil intent. In everything we seemed to have a weakness for passing over the good and dwelling on the evil. Then let us be merciful; and let us make an allowance in this case; and let us slip it in among the thoughtless lies.

In contrast to the two foregoing lies, is the silent lie. Its difference from the jealous lie lies in the fact that the jealous lie is fiery and beyond the control of man. When jealousy drives a man to lie, neither Heaven nor Hell can force the lie back. On the other hand, the silent lie is a cold, self-controlled lie. It differs from the thoughtless lie, because it is done purposely and has a reason behind it. It is a lie lived. A boy shows one self to his teacher, another to his friends, another to his mother, and so on. When he is in the possession of any one of these selves, then the other selves become a lie. These change are not brought about entirely unconsciously; because in the presence of his mother the boy fully realizes that he must conduct himself in a way different from the way he does when he is in the presence of his boy friends. This sort of lie may have some drawbacks; but they are completely overshadowed by the fact that the silent lie keeps the family skeletons hid from prying eyes. This alone is enough to make us offer up thanks for the presence among us of this living lie.

There are two easy, going lies which stand side by side—the indolent lie, and the good natured lie. The indolent lie is good natured because it is too lazy to be otherwise; and it is a lie because it is too lazy to be the truth. Feelings are hurt by it at times; but we cannot blame the lie. It means no harm. For example, a tired man does not wish to talk, and some little busy body asks a question that calls for a lengthy reply. The tired man tells little busy body that he cannot answer his question, whereas little busy body knows that he can. Consequently little busy body may feel hurt

and disappointed; but we cannot begrudge the tired man his lazy lie. At times, it gives us such an agreeable glow, that we almost crave to stretch back in our easy chair, yawn, and say, "really, you know, I can't say," which is a lie. But what a luxurious and thoroughly comfortable lie it is, to be sure!

So closely akin are the indolent lie and the good natured lie, that very often they fade into each other, and maybe put into either class. Among good natured lies, let it be understood in the beginning, I do not include the fabulous exaggerations of long-winded talkers. These yarns or fish stories as they are often called, are unworthy of any consideration whatever. And I think that under no circumstances should the name lie be given them. It is taking from the word its full value and true meaning; it is degrading it to the uttermost. The best example of the good natured lie is the lie which puppy lover tells puppy lovers, and vice versa. Both know that each one is lying; but both pretend that they are not lying, and each thinks that the other is not. It is a delightful lie, which the whole world enjoys and appreciates.

Whether or not the world enjoys this lie, it is absolutely indispensable. It is the lie which forms the basis of all society; it renders agreeable our intercourse one with another. I am speaking of the polite lie. When we meet it on the street, we call it politeness; in the drawing room, we call it tact; in international affairs, we call it diplomacy. Wherever we go, we find this lie or an imperfect order of society. When we meet a person of whom we are not particularly fond, it would cause a great deal of unnecessary trouble were we to tell him of our dislike; therefore we politely lie by bidding him a very cordal good morning. How does the young belle keep so many admirers? Foolish, foolish, ask me no such question; she uses tact, of course. Artfully and beautifully, she lies to each and every man. Gently but firmly, she puts a ring through their noses and leads them wither she will; while each of them, poor fools, thinks that

he is doing her this way. Diplomacy consists mainly in being otherwise than one really is. When he is lying, the true diplomat seems to be telling the truth; when he is telling the truth he seems to be lying.

There is yet one more lie upon which I have not touched. I shall classify it as the artistic lie. It is the lie superb, the lie supreme; it is the lie of lies, courteous, affable, elegant. It is as keen as the most delicately bladed razor. Very often it may be found in sarcasm—not the blundering, awkward attempt at sarcasm, the sarcasm which chops like a dull axe; but the sharp, rapier like sarcasm which causes the victim to admire while he is being pierced. I mean, in a word, the sarcasm which is so sarcastic, that it is no longer sarcasm. As a rule, the artistic lie is more than this; but we so seldom see or hear it, that it is hard to define. A mediocre brain cannot learn the artistic lie; and a powerful intellect is only able to use it with ease, after years of hard study. *Les Precieuses Ridicules* attempted to found their society for the purpose of cultivating the artistic lie, but they fell so far short that the whole world laughed in scorn. Their great mistake was letting the rest of the world know what they were doing. It—the artistic lie—should be so artistic as to be hard to perceive. But it is useless to attempt a full definition. If you should in this life meet with the lie artistic you would not fail to recognize it. It is exquisite, consummate, absolutely perfect.

Let me return to earth. Oh, reader, if I have lied, take me not to task; vent not your spleen upon me. For I deserve pity and sympathy rather than anger and hard knocks. I, to be frank with you, am only mortal; I—do not break your heart with weeping—am only human. Therefore, my friends, let me lie in peace.

Illusion: A Vision

H.

Through the Land of Dreams a river flowed,
Through a black ravine unknown,
Where only the wandering night-birds pass—
Lost—by the night-winds blown.

As still as Sleep the river flowed
By the wan star-shine o'erstrown:
There I dreamed of a Vision passing strange,
As I stood by the bank alone.

Methought from the sightless depth of the dell
Rose the formless Wraith of a Form,—
Like the phosphorus fires that haunt a sea
Asleep in the wake of a storm.

And its voice, like the shadow of a Song;
And its eyes, like the ghost of a Dream;
Like the corpse of a Hope that had died unborn
Was its image, cast on the stream.

It spake: "My name is Illusion. I
Am the Dream and the Dream's Desire.
My face ye see in the drifting clouds,
In the lightning, the wind, and the fire.

I am Light to those that grope in the dark,—
False Light, that ye seek—in vain.
I fade away like the sunset glow
To the Land of Never Again.

“Ye seek me and find—my cenotaph.
My ashes like wormwood lie
'Mid the wreck of the ages. Phœnix like
I change but I never die.

“When the last dim star of the Universe
Fades into endless gloom
Aeons hence, I shall soar like a Spectre-bat
From Eternity's outworn tomb.”

It ceased. Lo, all the vale grew black
And vast, and void as sleep;
And all things in Oblivion sank,
Sounding the soundless deep. . . .



Harry Pratt Judson

Harry Pratt Judson, the President of the University, to whom this volume of the Cap and Gown is dedicated, was born in Jamestown, New York, December 20, 1849. His father, Rev. Lyman Parsons Judson, was a Baptist minister, the son of Silas Judson of Connecticut, a cousin of Adoniram Judson, the famous Baptist foreign missionary. His mother, Abigail Cook Pratt, was the daughter of Harry Pratt of Hartford, Connecticut, who became one of the early settlers of Rochester, New York, as his ancestor, John Pratt, had been of Hartford. In the female lines the maternal ancestry leads back to Susan Cleveland of Norwich, Connecticut, who was the aunt of Grover Cleveland, Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe, William E. Dodge, and Edmund Clarence Stedman, and was a cousin of General Moses Cleveland, the founder of Cleveland, Ohio. With such an ancestry of American pioneers, and himself born on forefather's day, Mr. Judson could not possibly have escaped being the characteristically strong American he is.

He was prepared for college at Lansingburg Academy, Lansingburg, New York, and then entered Williams College, from which he graduated in 1870, delivering the philosophical oration, one of the commencement honors. His high scholarship was further attested by his election to Phi Beta Kappa, and by the winning of first prize honors in Greek and German. In 1893 his Alma Mater conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. He is a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

After graduation he taught in the Troy, New York, high school for fifteen years, during which time he served for six years in the famous military company called the "Troy Citizens' Corps," of which he wrote a history. He also served as commandant of cadets in the high school, these



DR. HARRY PRATT JUDSON
President of Chicago University

two experiences making him always interested in military affairs. During his Troy residence he was married, January 14, 1879, to Rebecca A. Gilbert, the niece and foster daughter of Hon. William Kemp, the mayor of the city. Their daughter is the wife of Gordon J. Laing, of the department of Latin in this University.

In 1885 Mr. Judson resigned the principalship of the high school to accept a professorship in history in the University of Minnesota, where he served until 1892, also lecturing on pedagogy during six of the years. The institution was in a stage of rapid development and Mr. Judson became at once a leader in every field. He was in the innermost counsels of the president. His progressive policies were welcomed in the faculty meetings, where he was intrusted with important committees, notably those which gave attention to shaping and unfolding courses of study. His experience in secondary school work made him a power with the representatives of that part of the educational interests of the state, so he was able to do much in the direction of the growth of what has been called "the best state public school system crowned by a state university in the Union." In connection with state inspection of public schools and through courses of University Extension lectures, in the giving of which in America he was one of the pioneers, he won a host of friends in Minnesota, who were greatly disappointed when the new University of Chicago made him a flattering offer to cast his lot with it and he decided to accept.

In 1891 he was elected professor of history and dean of the faculties of arts, literature and science in this University, beginning his work in June, 1892, when he found on the ground President Harper, Dr. T. W. Goodspeed and Professor Frank F. Abbott. During that summer the president and professors Judson and Abbott held the first faculty meeting of the new institution, which was to open its doors on October 1. Since that day Mr. Judson has been

a conspicuous leader in every feature of University life. As an administrator he worked in close harmony with President Harper, co-operating earnestly with him in determining the countless details of government which are inwrought into the structure of the University. As a member of both University Senate and University Council he has seen the development of the University to its present strength and has contributed more to its administrative history than any other living man. It was a just recognition of his unquestioned leadership in the faculties that he was chosen by the trustees of the University to take up the burden of administration where President Harper laid it down.

As a teacher Mr. Judson has been preeminently successful. In the secondary work in Troy and in university service at Minneapolis and Chicago he has been a popular, helpful, and conscientious instructor, winning the friendship and esteem of his pupils and stimulating them by sympathetic interest in endeavors to find themselves and then make their power felt. With no affectation of profound scholarship, he has made himself an acknowledged authority in his special field and at the same time has erected no barrier between teacher and student to prevent warmth of personal contact which wins and holds the heart as years pass by. This has been the secret of his success. As more and more honorable positions have come to him and his varied talents and accomplishments have developed, he has kept the simplicity of heart and manner which have characterized him always. Like his master, Mark Hopkins, Mr. Judson has been the royal friend of his pupils, a wise and willing counselor, praising in times of success, encouraging in times of failure, and always winning through a personality radiating unselfishness.

FRANCIS WAYLAND SHEPARDSON.

Editorial

Simultaneously with this issue of the ARCHIVE, there will be occurring, or about to occur, what is perhaps the greatest event in the history of Trinity College. And we say this, in no depreciation of the splendid record of this institution under its late and honored president, for whom in the affections of the student body there is a niche peculiar and never to be displaced or equalled. We say this, by no means overlooking or underestimating the firm foundation laid in the past twenty years, without which the present conditions would be impossible. But all that is behind us. We stand today upon the pinnacle of past achievement as upon the shoulders of a Titan, made greater by the greatness and the endeavor of those who have gone before us.

But still, we repeat, the inauguration of President Few is the greatest single event in the history of Trinity College. If for no other reason, it is so for its symbolic value. In the ceremonies of this hour, the thinking student may see personified the Spirit of New Things, the beginning of new eras, the marking of the end of the past—whatever that past may have meant or may still mean to us. All things lie before us, and our faces are toward the front.

What is to be the keynote of that New Trinity of which we speak so confidently? A question difficult to answer, perhaps, but are we mistaking the tendencies of the times, or the spirit of this institution if we call the dominant note in the "welt-anshauung" of the New Trinity that of the New Nationalism? When our ex-president coined that comprehensive phrase he furnished not only a catchword for the vocabulary of politicians but he, in our opinion, gave succinct utterance to a feeling, to a tendency if you please, of the


modern South in general, and of Trinity College in particular. We have in this college community for some time been broadening our world-outlook, overcoming the narrower attitudes of sectionalism, have been feeling ourselves more and more a part of the nation, not merely of the South; in a word, have been nationalizing ourselves.

Of especial significance, therefore, is the presence with us, and the honoring of our inaugural ceremonies by, the representatives of institutions of learning from all parts of this country; especially the address to be made by Dr. Harry Pratt Judson, President of the University of Chicago. That Trinity College is known and honored outside of the narrow territorial bounds placed upon her by circumstance; that she already has some measure of national significance; needs no further proof than the presence and participation in this inauguration of such men.

Such is the national value of Trinity, such is her position in the world outside of North Carolina and the South. It behooves us, members of this community and workers in this institution, to broaden that value and to strengthen that position. Let us cultivate New Nationalism in our attitudes and in our ambitions. Let us feel always the standpoint of the whole United States, let us think in terms that pass current in the country at large. Let us do our work of however seeming insignificance, as though upon it depended the reputation of our College with the outside world, as, in the end it does. Understand, we do not advocate the de-Southernizing of this college. We will be little thought of outside of the South unless we always remain Southern in our general sympathies and character. Let us be southern,—sectional, if you will, but in the higher and better sense of that word. But remember, there was a time when to be Southern meant alike to be national in no limited or impotent a respect. There was a time when the patriots of the South were no less the thinkers and statesmen of the nation.

That state of affairs, thank God, is fast returning to our section of the country. The South is beginning to think again on national questions and to take her part more than ever before among the sisterhood of states. And it is incumbent upon the southern colleges to be in the vanguard of that movement toward nationalism. Is Trinity College to maintain her present position among these colleges; is she to mold and direct and rightly influence southern thought and southern life into those channels which will take her out of the shallows of narrow prejudice and into wide waters of the New Nationalism? That question remains for us to settle, and settle it rightly we believe we will: students, faculty, trustees, friends, and president.

President Few, we salute you as an official representative of your first senior class in particular, and, in a broad sense, in the name of the whole student body. We salute you in your new office, and wish you a success therein limited but by the necessary limitations of human ability. Under your administration, may Trinity College become (and we believe it will) in the nation at large, one of its all-American colleges, worthy of mention among similar institutions of whatever section, and recognized as national in the broadest degree; and may she become, to our own South, a perpetual influence for the highest things, an influence ever broadening, sobering, and nationalizing, a center of calm, clear-minded and dispassionate thought, a light and a pathway unto our people.



Wayside Wares

The Eternal Feminine

“Putting them away for a rainy day”
 The Miss replied on demand,
 As she stood on a chair in her closet there,
 A paste board box in her hand,
 And she blushed quite red like a dew-wet rose
 For the box you see was labeled, “Silk Hose.”

Near-Thoughts and Predigested Observations

Now-a-days to say that a young lady is “puffed up,” is by no means to utter a disparagement.

It’s true that you shouldn’t judge a man by the clothes he wears but nevertheless most of us would hate to have our appearance in a bathing suit taken as a basis for calculations.

.. The young lady who “pencils” her eye brows is literally paying marked attention to her appearance.

Some of the chips wear silk hose while the old block wears the kind that mother makes—or if she don’t make them it’s because he can get them cheaper at the village store.

Money is not the panacea for all ills any more than it is the root of all evil and it serves its best purpose when applied like a mustard plaster—only at the place of immediate need.

A man with a disarranged alphabet behind his name is not necessarily a man of letters.

“Beauty,” some one has said, “is only skin deep,” and we opined one day when the fit was on us that some folks have mighty thin cuticles.

L'Envoi

(With apologies and sincere regrets).

When the last Exam. is finished and
 The grades are all turned in
 When diplomas are all distributed and
 Pa has quit sending the tin
 We shall work and faith, it will help us—
 Work for a decade or so
 And take a post-course in those things
 A fellow must sweat to know.

What a Little Joke Can Do

Did you ever feel lonely and tired—not the physical sort of fatigue but the other kind, the real kind, the sort that even Coco Cola isn't advertised to relieve and which makes a fellow want to get off by himself, get his feet up on something and look away out of the window at nothing and dream, just half think in a hazy, self-pitying indefinable sort of way? If you have and if you have ever been suddenly aroused from such a mood by a friend bubbling over with humor and with a joke he just must tell you—which he does tell you and which you can't help laughing at, you, my friend, know something of what a little joke can do. You were surprised no doubt by the suddenness with which your mood was changed; something suddenly reversed the glasses and those big gloomy thoughts of a moment ago have grown wonderfully far away and shrunk marvelously in their impressiveness.

The man who just now surveyed a gloomy world through the toes of his boots with dull, half-seeing eyes has flicked the dirt from his window sill and is now engaged with minute exactness before his looking glass in evening the ends of his tie. Such my friend is the power of humor. A good joke or a flash of wit is very much like the powder in the

little white paper which we pour in last when we take a Seidlitz powder. That which before was dull, and sombre, suddenly sparkles with life and vigor.

Human Nature in the Rough

The other day we were walking around the library gallery when we came upon a freshman who was sitting near the large statue of Venus de Milo, gazing at that lady with enraptured eyes. He seemed oblivious of our presence and after a few minutes he sighed and reached for his book.

"Durned," he said, "if women ain't some class anyhow."

A junior was out walking on one of the residence streets in the city a few days ago and recalling that a friend lived on the same street he stopped to enquire of a small boy playing in a pile of sand as to the location of his friend's home.

"Little boy, can you tell me where Mr. L. lives," he asked. "Naw," replied the little fellow, "but I bet you can't put your foot in your mouth like this."

Found! Found!

The other day as we were going across the campus we found a ladies pocket book. Thinking to discover some trace of the owner's identity we opened the purse and found a receipt for removing freckles, four one-cent stamps, eight cents in money, one of those little bows that come in men's hats and the following letter, or part of a letter at least, for it was torn across and the other half gone.

Messrs. Rofler and Cai

Gentlemen:—Please fin
in stamps, also sample of my hair
If you can match it send me six I
if its not exactly like my own

mine is lighter on top than at the
must have them by then.

Very truly yours

The owner of the above purse can receive all property
enumerated upon application.

To a Knocker

Above all things we hate a knocker, not so much because he knocks other folks but chiefly because we know he knocks us when he gets a chance. And we further hold that if in the course of human events it so falls out that one gets a chance to swat a knocker one ought always to improve that opportunity, not so much from a standpoint of revenge as a matter of instruction by demonstration.

In accordance with these views it so happened that when a certain young man came into our rooms one day last week just after a call at the Woman's Building and expressed himself unreservedly for the extent of a half hour or so on the frailties of the sex in general and left the here-to-affixed near-plagiarized heart throb scribbled on our blotter, it so happened as we started out to say that we then and there determined to swat that particular knocker in the regions of his most extreme sensitiveness by publishing, by holding up to public scoff and scorn, his little "knock." And in compliance with that determination we herewith do add it without further comment, consoling ourselves the while with a mental snapshot of that unfortunate youth as he scuds for cover with crimson cheeks and a copy of the ARCHIVE in his pocket:

"Little grains of powder
Little dabs of paint
Make a pretty "Co-Ed
Out of one that ain't."

“One, I love,” her sparkling eyes
Danced bright and merrily;
“Two, I love,” and laughter gay
Filled all her face with glee.

We stood beside the garden wall
’Neath yellow apple-trees,
Her hair shone gold within the sun
It stirred with every breeze.

And we were counting apple seed,
“Three, I love, I say,
And four, I love with all my heart”—
(I threw the rest away!)

M. Y. W.



Translations and Reprints

Chelsea

And life is like a pipe
 And love is the fusee;
 The pipe draws well, but bar the light
 And what's the use to me?

So light it up, and puff away
 An empty morning through,
 And when it's out,—why, love is out,
 And life's as well out too!

—*Theodore Marzials in Harper's.*

Some of Our Illusions and Delusions

Keep your illusions. Get rid of your delusions.

Illusions are our real riches. The disillusioned soul is bankrupt, says Dr. Frank Crane, in the Chicago Tribune.

How can I tell one from the other? By the practical test; always the moral quality of a thing can be determined by how it works. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

An illusion is a fancy that produces hope and activity; a delusion is a fancy that produces despair and folding of the hands.

I once saw a man in an insane asylum, sitting wretched and downcast in a corner; he sat there hours every day. When I asked what was the matter with him the keeper said: "He thinks someone is trying to murder him." That is a delusion. The madhouse is the normal end of a soul that entertains one.

When Handel was composing the "Hallelujah Chorus" he declared that he saw the heavens opened and heard the angels. That is illusion.

It is by illusions that nature gets things done. She keeps dangling impossible fantastic forms of happiness and greatness before us to make us go forward, much as you hold a peck of oats before a balky mule to make him pull.

After a while we perceive that these were but dreams; we realize the hollowness of things; life is but pushing on toward a mirage; that is what is known as growing old; then we die; nature kindly removes us, as being of no more use to her.

Faith means possessing a working illusion. It is the motive power of mankind. An ounce of faith is better than a pound of experience, when it comes to succeeding. In fact, the more wisdom and prudence and sound sense we store up by experience the more useless we become in the world's work.

When Solomon was a young man he built the temple and stirred about mightily. When he grew old and knew it all he wrote the Book of Ecclesiastes, wherein you will find a good deal of pessimism like this:

"I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I gathered me also silver and gold. So I was great and increased more than all that were in Jerusalem before me; also my wisdom remained with me. And, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit. Therefore I hated life."

Mme. de Pompadour said to the Prince de Soubise: "It is like reading a strange book; my life is an improbable romance; I do not believe it. Gray hairs have come on, like daylight streaming in, the morning after; daylight—and a headache with it."

Mme. de Maintenon wrote to her niece: "I have been young and beautiful; I have tasted many pleasures; I have

been universally beloved. I solemnly protest to you that all conditions leave a frightful void."

We see how wise an institution death is, which removes disheartened soldiers like the above three from the battle of life.

Their trouble, however, was not advanced age; it was loss of faith.

Kipling makes Private Mulvaney tell us how the victory was won by the fool boys who did not know enough to retreat; they thought they could charge and conquer; the experienced old campaigners knew better; so the boys charged—and won.

All great reforms are won by mistaken folk full of illusions and not by clever folk full of facts and tricks. It is the crazy fanatics that abolish the world's ancient frauds; shrewd diplomats and statesmen are helpless here.

The French Revolution was a wild, disordered dream. It became a nightmare. Men babbled of getting at once the things their descendants even now do not have—liberty, equality, fraternity. Still, if they had aimed at goals less high and impossible than these they would not have secured constitutional government for all Europe.

Most of the good in our own life and in society is the sediment that is left by the passing over of dreams. Therefore do not be too wise and careful.

The best part of you is the rainbow in your mind. You need enchantment. Life is cold and dead without fairies and ogres. Little children who are familiar with such unrealities are the happiest portion of the race.

When your illusions fade get new ones. The whole secret of keeping young is involved in this. Keep the child spirit. Be ready to remake your tastes. Every visitor is disappointed by the first view of Niagara. Sensible persons remain a while and learn a new wonder that takes the place of the old. Goethe was at first disturbed and confused by

Switzerland; only after repeated visits did the majesty of the mountains get into his spirit.

It pays to cultivate, to water, and dig about deliberately and make grow, lofty enthusiasms. If you have no sense of awe before great paintings of the old masters, great music, great cathedrals, the ocean, and the sky, go to work and get some. Otherwise you remain silly, proud poor trash in the realm of spirits. Northcote mentioned a conceited painter named Edwards, who went with George Romney, the famous English artist, to Rome and into the Sistine chapel; turning to Romney he exclaimed, "Egad, George, we're bit!"

The world is full of glorious illusions, fit to live and die by. Be clever, if you choose, and avoid them; cultivate the knowing, blase spirit of the persons who write reviews, throttle your enthusiasms; be more afraid of being ridiculous than of being dead and dried up; walk about with a cynical smile; sneer at youth; sit around and hate yourself and everybody else; and what do you get out of it? Ashes.

Love! If you have no one to love, love love itself! Seek noble emotions! Embark on high plans! "Hitch your wagon to a star!" Reform the world. Bridge over Lake Michigan! Write an epic poem! And let them laugh, if they will; for in you is cosmic energy pulsing and thrilling, in them laughter is the rattling of the dry bones of hope, the prison wind from the desert of dead illusions.

—*Washington Herald.*

The Poet

The roses live by the eating of their own beauty, and then die:

His song is the funeral chant for his own death of every moment.

I sing the song of my heartstrings, alone in the eternal muteness, in the face of God.

Prayer

O wash me again in thy light
And burn my body to a flame of soul.

It is not too much to say I am a revelation or a wonder,
Winging as a falcon into the breast of loneliness and air.
What a bird dreams in the moonlight is my dream;
What a rose sings is my song.

Where the flowers sleep
Thank God, I shall sleep tonight,
Oh, come, butterfly.
Yone Nogushi—In Fortnightly Review.

From Sur La Politesse

Consciously or unconsciously, every man is antisocial in at least one essential element of his nature, whether it be in the oldest, in the most enduring, or in the most deep-rooted. But it is necessary to sacrifice this side of his nature every day, more or less, from the instant that he accepts living with other men. And, in fact, the "old man," and the other are on a par, the social and the individual man walk side by side: that which withdraws, reapproaches, that which opposes, reunites, that which makes two, makes only one.

This situation, however, is not adjusted without some screen, which masks, it might be said, all its ironical and contradictory elements: it does not disappear at all, certainly, without a show of harmony, of compromise, of fictitious agreement, which resemble accord, and which envelop war in a mantle of peace.

This life, possible in common, is not perpetuated without a basis of deceptions—some of which minister to higher things while others guard the lesser. There is a great and a small drapery—one is called Morals and the other Politeness.

. . . One is indeed able to say, then, of Morals and Politeness, that they both move toward the same end, which is to entice the "old man" by ceaselessly substituting him for a self of convention. They unite in the same result—to permit a common life. Only in the name of Morals we are our own dupes and the suggestion reacts on our own selves; through Politeness, on the contrary, we dupe others, and the useful deceit is carried on without and while Morals are applied especially to the neutralization of the tendencies of the individual, in its permanent and fundamental elements, on the other hand, it is again the duty of Politeness to neutralize these tendencies in their current, most superficial and most narcotic expressions. Consequently, the one has dominion over the greatest questions, whereas the other is attached to the minor. Morals is presented as a "profound Politeness," and, in exchange, in Politeness there might be discovered a "surface Moral." "A Moral for the flower of life."

—Revue Bleue.



Editor's Table

A Summer Night

Was there ever a night so calm and bright,
Has the moon ever shown with such soft pale light
 On a world so strangely still?
Quaint checkered shapes dance on the ground;
From the near-by hedge comes the sound
 Of the plaintive whip-poor-will.

To his mate near by in her downy nest,
With the eggs beneath her soft warm breast,
 The mocker sweetly sings;
The owl calls out with hoarse sad cries,
From tree to tree the locust flies
 And fiddles with his wings.

In the pine woods tall, so green by day,
By the moonlight blue, in its listless way
 The brook flows idly on:
The bog beyond which used to thrill
At the close of day, is sad and still,
 For the Hylodes all have gone.

Instead a music low and fonder
In the deepening dusk calls me to wander,
 The insects' soothing strain;
And I would not if I could, gain sleep,
Tho' pleasant dream my brain might steep,
 Compared with this 'twere pain.

So dreams, begone, when sleep would kill
 The sights and tender sounds that fill
 The thirsting soul's deep yearnings;
 Drink oft, drink long of nature's charms,
 Be fondled in her loving arms,
 And grieve not o'er past spurnings.

—The Guilford Collegian.

Life

Like to a meteor's moment flight,
 Like to a wave of tossing seas,
 Like to a troubled dream by night,
 Like to the passing of a breeze;
 E'en such is man; his transient life,
 A bubble, floats with shimmering gleams;
 The bubble bursts, its short-lived strife
 Is ended 'neath the sun's hot beams;
 The breeze blows out, the dream is o'er,
 The meteor passes from our sight,
 The wave rolls toward the rocky shore,
 The day of life has passed to night.

—Davidson College Magazine.

There appears in the "Haverfordian" an essay, the subject of which in itself is enough to arrest the attention of any one, casually glancing through the magazine. It is common enough; one hears of it often; yet rarely does one see it as the subjects of an essay. The subject is "Hell." An awe-inspiring one, to be sure, treated, however, in an exceedingly humorous and original manner. The gist of the essay is the growing laxitude of opinion in regard to hell. The article ends with the hope that it may not be ineffective in provoking public comment, in arousing public sentiment, in raising a vast body of noble pillars to rally in

an earth-shaking phalanx to the once forgotten, now invincible slogan: "We want hell!" If for nothing else, the writer is to be commended for his fine sense of humor.

The "Wofford College Journal" has two well written stories, "The Way of the Wilderness" and "Roy Hays, Detective."

The first, "The Way of the Wilderness," although of no great depth, is an Indian love story consistently told. The character of the brave warrior is finely portrayed. Knowledge of Indian life and character is shown.

The second, "Roy Hays, Detective," betrays by its name the nature of the story. With its interesting and baffling mystery, it has the characteristics of a good detective story. The really novel feature of the story is the introduction of the aeroplane.

A peculiar story is "23," appearing in the "Oasis." Its peculiarity is its chief merit. It is the story of a man whose whole life was blighted by the number 23. He was born on the 23rd of the month with a birthmark 23 traced upon his face; he received his name from the 23rd verse of the third chapter of Genesis; he became a private in the 23rd regiment and the girl whom he loved married another on the 23rd of June, and he finally ended his life with a pistol marked 232323.

"La Automobile Noir," although of no intrinsic literary value, is a clever little story. The adventure of an aerial pirate with five financiers is the theme of the story.

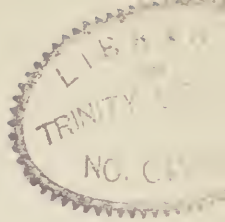
Aeroplane stories seem to be greatly in evidence this year. In the "Wake Forest Student" for October is a splendidly written and highly entertaining story. "Uncle Billy Payson's Flying Machine," by Ian McIan. The author shows great ingenuity, a vivid imagination, and a well developed sense of humor.

In this same magazine "Nightfall," by Dee Carrick, is a poem in blank verse, of uncommon merit, of splendid diction and elevated style.

The entire contents of the "Student" this month are above the average, and we consider it one of our very best exchanges.

The Davidson College Magazine is also of especial merit for October. "Her Letter," a sonnet, by J., is excellently written, and puts us in mind of some of the best Italian sonnets. "The Doctor's Story" in this magazine is well worked out as to plot, and is otherwise noteworthy.





The Trinity Archive



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MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

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Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *alma mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., December, 1910

Morning: A Sonnet

It was near morning. On the long sea side
A grey mist veil in sorrow shrouded all.
A starless heaven, one vast funeral pall,
Where once a moon had been, spanned starless tide.

Night mourned the moon, his sylph and silver bride;
I heard his weeping in the sea-bird's call:
"Dead — dead — all things are dead, and empty all."
(I pondered silent there, no man beside.)

When — out of darkness, where no light could be
There sprang the merest whisper of a light:
And sudden, all things lived; the fair, green sea,
The half-flushed clouds, the beaches glimmering white,
And, robed as in silent victory,
The golden morning swept into my sight!

Rousseau and the Revolutionary Constitutions

LOUIS I. JAFFE.

[This article won the Braxton Craven Medal, 1910, for the best undergraduate essay. It will appear in this magazine in three installments, of which this is the first.—Ed.]

Obviously, in an effort of this kind, the first thing to do is to indicate its limits. So much might so well be included under the title, that to make clear the boundaries adopted is of prime importance. To this end the nature of the revolution that occurred in France in 1789, must be briefly reviewed.

There were, in fact, two revolutions in one; a social revolution of the summer and autumn months, in which the whole social structure was overturned, and a political experiment which took almost a century of adjustment. Of these two, the social revolution, so long obscured by the dramatic events which followed it, was the real event of 1789. This part of the dual revolution was inevitable—it was only a question of time until the very iniquity of the ancient régime would have worked out its own destruction. The political revolution which followed was largely accidental. No basic forces were inherent in the general movement of the revolt, which made it inevitable that out of the political chaos should rise a republic rather than a constitutional monarchy. The first republic was forced upon the country by a band of enthusiasts; it is doubtful whether the country ever had a republican majority before 1822. This accidental revolution gave birth to a series of remarkable documents beginning in 1789 and following each other in rapid succession throughout the revolutionary period. To account for the radical ideas embodied in these various revolutionary doc-

uments, historians have advanced three different theories. Briefly stated these are, first, that they were the result of the popular demands of the parlements, the courts, and the cahiers, and were thus merely the natural reaction against the abuses of the old régime; second, that they are to be traced to similar theories which were incorporated in the various constitutions of the American states, and to the political ideals and institutions of seventeenth century England; and, lastly, that they were the result of the governmental theories advanced by the numerous political writers of the early eighteenth century, chief among whom, in popular interest, was Rousseau.

It is with the last theory alone that we shall concern ourselves, considering for our purpose only the political writings of Rousseau. The important ideas in his scheme of government will be examined in some detail, with the view of pointing out their similarity to certain governmental ideas of the revolution as set forth in the several written constitutions of the period. No attempt, however, will be made to draw any conclusions as to the probability of these revolutionary doctrines being derived from Rousseau rather than from other possible sources, except in so far as to call attention to those ideas which, in our opinion, seem to bear a decidedly Rousseauan stamp. With the limits of our effort thus defined, we may now proceed to an examination of Rousseau's political writings.

In 1762 appeared his "Social Contract," meant to be merely a portion of a larger work on political institutions which, however, was never completed. Some nine years previous to this he had published his famous Discourses on "The Sciences and Arts" and on the "Origin of Inequality Among Men." In the first of these he asserts that Science and Art, and everything that presupposes discipline and continuous thought and labor is prejudicial, to morals; and that polish and culture, by furnishing a uniform mask for the virtuous and wicked alike, make all

human intercourse a mere masquerade, destroy simplicity, and corrupt society.

In his Discourse on the "Origin of Inequality Among Men" are seen the germs of the "Social Contract." He portrays man in his purely animal state when he "wandered in the forests, without industry, without speech, without home, without war or tie, with no need of his fellows and no desire to hurt them, perhaps not even knowing them individually." As long as food was plentiful all went well, a state of absolute equality obtained; no foothold was offered to envy, pride, or any of the numerous vices that follow in their trail. But numbers soon increased to such an extent that it became difficult to obtain food; traps were invented, property came into existence, and equality was at an end.

Inequality began when what had previously been common to all began to be claimed as private property. "The first man who, having enclosed a piece of land, took upon him to say 'This is mine,' and found people simple enough to believe him, was the true founder of civil society. How many crimes, murders, wars, miseries, horrors, would have been spared the human race by him who, tearing up the stakes, should have called out to his fellows: 'Beware of listening to this imposter! you are lost if you forget that the fruit belongs to all, the earth to none!'" Rousseau follows next the progress of inequality through three stages; first, the establishment of law and of the right to private property; second, the institution of magistracy; and, third, the transition to legitimate and then to arbitrary power. To these three stages he corresponds respectively, the inequality of the rich and poor, of the strong and weak, and of the master and slave. His conclusion is that all inequality among men is due to private property, and that all vice, misery, and slavery arises from inequality. The remedy, of course, is that trite Rousseauism, "back to nature."

In the "Social Contract," the work with which we shall especially concern ourselves, Rousseau surrenders almost

completely the main position he had taken up in the two Discourses. He has abandoned his advocacy of a return to a state of nature, as no longer desirable and impossible of achievement. Inequality is no longer denounced but accepted and defined. The two principal objects of every system of legislation he declares to be liberty and equality, but by equality we are not to understand equal degrees of wealth and power — rather equality before the law. His attitude to private property has changed, without it the civil state cannot exist. He attempts to rescue as much of “Nature” as he can in a Utopian scheme of political culture. The state which he conceives is still an Eden, but leavened now with the theories of Locke and Hobbes. He assumes the rôle of constructive philosopher and formulates the precise problem in these now famous sentences with which he opens the first book of the “Social Contract”:

“Man is born free and he is everywhere in chains. A man believes himself the master of others but is for all that more a slave than they. How is this brought about? I do not know. What can make it legitimate? I think I can answer that question.” The liberty and equality which characterize the state of nature are gone never to return. This Rousseau concedes. But he intends to justify their disappearance; and this he proceeds to do in his characteristic, paradoxical way by proving that the principles of liberty and equality subsist as truly after as before the institution of government.

THE SOCIAL COMPACT.

The device that he proposes for solving the problem is the social compact, “a form of association which shall defend and protect with the public force the person and property of each associate, and by means of which each, uniting with all, shall obey however only himself, and remain as free as before.”⁽¹⁾ Authority of man over man, Rousseau holds,

⁽¹⁾ Soc. Con., I, 6.

can have no rational basis save by agreement and consent. In its essence the contract is reduced to the following terms: "Each of us gives in common his person and all his force under the supreme direction of the general will; and we receive each member as an indivisible part of the whole." The act of a group of men in pronouncing this formula together, creates a public person, a body politic with a will of its own distinct from that of any of its component members. This moral body thus formed "is called by its members the *state* when it is passive; the *sovereign* when it is active; and a *power* when comparing it to its equals. With regard to the associates, they take collectively the name *people*; and call themselves individually *citizens* as participating in the sovereign authority; and *subjects* as submitted to the laws of the state."⁽¹⁾

Although his writing did not originate the conception of society was created by compact, nowhere else had it been so clearly stated and its conclusions so logically drawn. Neither Locke nor Hobbes gave the entire control of the government to the people and thus limited the power which should belong to the governed under the logical development of the idea. The Pilgrims of the Mayflower, who were the first to apply the principle to practical affairs, had long since compromised it by acknowledging the right of special legislation vested in the crown. The first book of the "Social Contract" ends with this significant statement: "Instead of destroying natural equality, the fundamental compact substitutes, on the contrary, a moral and legitimate equality for that which Nature may have given of physical inequality among men; and while they may be unequal in strength of genius they become equal by agreement and right."⁽²⁾

It is worth noticing that instead of providing a scheme "by means of which each . . . shall obey only himself

(¹) Soc. Con., I, 6.

(²) Ibid., I, 9.

and remain free as before," as he set out to do, Rousseau now puts us off with a condition equal for all. Instead of liberty we are given equality. It illustrates a peculiar quality of Rousseau's writings, namely, a certain adeptness at juggling terms by means of which he arrives at conclusions which, although seemingly deduced from sound reasoning, are still quite unrelated to his premises. This confusion of liberty and equality would not itself have been so mischievous had he not proceeded to develop the definition of equality as the state of being free from the control of any person, and subject only to the law, and then provided, as we shall see later, for the most arbitrary kind of law-making. From his original purpose of making man free and subject only to himself, he ends by making man subject, not to any man to be sure, but to a corporate despot fully as absolute and far more capricious. The story of the revolutionary Communes and of the great Committee of Public Safety itself is nothing more nor less than a conscious application of the principle that any legislation is permissible and entirely comporting with public freedom as long as it applies to all citizens without distinction. Thus the Committee decrees, without seeming to be aware of the inconsistency, that in order to "free" a people it is necessary to refashion it, "destroy its prejudices, alter its habits, limit its necessities, root up its vices, and purify its desires."⁽¹⁾

The most famous document connected with the early stages of the Revolution is the "Declaration of the Rights of Man and Citizen," drawn up by the National Assembly in August, 1789. While modern criticism inclines to the belief that it owes much to American influence, and to the fact that most of its provisions are aimed at existing abuses, it cannot be denied that it expresses to a large degree, and in some instances almost paraphrases, the doctrinaire ideas of Rousseau. These provision relating to equality might appro-

⁽¹⁾ Decree of the Com. of Pub. Safety, April 20, 1794.

priately have been taken bodily from the "Social Contract":

1. Men are born and remain free and equal in rights. Social distinctions can be based only upon public utility.

2. The aim of every political association is the preservation of the natural and imprescriptible rights of Man. These rights are, liberty, property, security, and resistance to oppression.

4. Liberty consists in the power to do anything that does not injure others, these limits can be determined only by law. ⁽¹⁾

These fundamental ideas on equality were subsequently incorporated in the still monarchical constitution of 1791, and were made an integral part of every succeeding constitution of the revolutionary period. The one of the Year III (1795) approaches more nearly than any other the strictly Rousseauian conception of equality. "Equality," it decrees, "consists in this, that the law is the same for all, whether it protects or punishes."⁽²⁾

SOVEREIGNTY.

Having developed the idea of the compact, Rousseau now disposes summarily of all questions bearing upon sovereign power. The pact has furnished the solution. The body politic which is created by this compact, according to his reasoning, is itself the only conceivable possessor of supreme power. "The moment there is a master, there is no longer a sovereign, and from that time the body politic is destroyed." Nothing can be more simple. In this manner Rousseau disposes of the ancient dogma that the people may transfer sovereignty to a prince. Distinctly abandon-

⁽¹⁾ Quotations from Constitutions are taken from Anderson's "Constitutions and Documents, France, 1789-1907," unless otherwise stated.

⁽²⁾ Const. Year III, Rights 3.

ing the notion of divine right, he takes the position that has never since been abandoned, that governments derive all their powers from the consent of the governed.

It is hard to read any originality in these precepts, generally accepted as they now are; it must be remembered, however, that in the day of Louis XV they were little less than heresy. The seeds of reform fell on fertile ground, and, ripening many years later in the eloquence of Desmoulins and Robespierre, contributed their mighty share to the utter destruction of monarchy and privilege in the most momentous political convulsion of modern times.

Sovereignty, declares Rousseau, is inalienable, since it is only the exercise of the general will, and since the sovereign, who is not a collective being, can be represented only by himself. He ridicules the contention of Hobbes that sovereignty may reside in any one individual, for even admitting as possible that an individual will should accord in some respects with the general will, it is assuredly impossible that this accord be permanent. "The individual may say, 'I desire now what such a man desires, or at least what he says he desires,' but he cannot say, 'What this man will desire tomorrow I shall still desire.'" ⁽¹⁾ By a similar mode of reasoning he develops the idea that sovereignty is also indivisible and unerring. In the Constitution of 1791 is stated for the first time in the history of France this democratic theory of sovereignty: "The source of all sovereignty is essentially in the nation: no body, no individual can exercise authority that does not proceed from it in plain terms." ⁽²⁾ The Constitution of the Year I, drawn up by the Convention in June, 1793, although never put in operation, represents still the ideas of the Revolution as to the best form of permanent government. Of sovereignty it says, practically paraphrasing Rousseau, "it resides in

⁽¹⁾ S. C., II, 1.

⁽²⁾ Const. 1791, Rights 3.

the people; it is one and indivisible, imprescriptible, and inalienable.”⁽³⁾ It provides further that no persons can exercise the power of the entire people, and that any person who may usurp the sovereignty be instantly put to death by free men. A curious parallel to the doctrine of the indivisibility of sovereignty may be noticed in the decided opposition of the various assemblies and conventions to the formation of a bi-cameral legislative body. It was not until 1795 that the Constitution of the Year III provided for a legislative body of two chambers, a Council of Ancients, and a Council of the Five Hundred.

⁽³⁾ Const., Year I, Rights, 25.

Meae Solissimae Sole

“ MARYTON.”

In a sun-scorched plot by the wayside hot
 A daisy raises its head.
 Ungrateful bees by its sweetness feed,
 And on to its flowering comrades speed.
 The sunbeam and shower, with equal pace,
 Fall on the daisy, the weeds, and the grass.
 For whom, from the mass of the many who pass,
 Does it bloom in its freshness and beauty and grace?
 I care not a whit whether you will agree,
 But I know (if *it* doesn't), it blooms for me.

A sweet wild rose in a cool glen blows;
 It gently sways to the breeze:
 Its perfume sweet 's not robbed by the bees,
 Its comrades 'round are only trees.
 The sun shines soft on its petals fair;
 The damp, dead leaves give life to it there.
 For whom does it bloom in the checquered gloom,
 Apart from the noise and the gazer's stare?
 A dull, blind question! a child can see
 Tho' the rose knows it not, it blooms for me.

There 's another flower, *sans* sun and shower,
 As pure as the rose, and sweet.
 Like the lone rose, too, are her comrades meet
 As the damp, dead leaves, but to glory her feet.
 Her grace, like the daisy's, to all is given
 Who toward her by chance, as the bees, are driven.
 For whom, from the throng, as it crowds along,
 Blooms this little flower as a blossom from heaven?
 And again, “ For me,” I rightly guess;
 For my thought she has read, and her eyes tell me, “ Yes.”

Manuscript Found in a Madhouse

I am an excessively nervous person and subject to impressions. Not weak—oh! certainly not that. Have I not shown how I cling to a purpose? But I am susceptible to surrounding influences, and so sensitive that an atmosphere has power to inspire or depress, a personality to charm or antagonize me, and an idea suggested with sufficient force, to control my whole being. Lucile and I were perfectly happy together, though no one had wanted her to marry me. "He has strange ways," her friends said, and Lucile had told me this and thrown back her pretty head and laughed at them as she clung to my neck. She loved me always. I could hear it in her voice, and see it in her great soft eyes—wait! there was, toward the last, in her eyes that look I could not bear to see. But Lucile could never have felt that for me. It must have been the pain she suffered—in spite of what she had done. I would like to have spared her that. Well, it has troubled me. It is the only thing that has dissatisfied me with what I have done.

We had been married about six months when we began to look for a house. It was great fun, Lucile said, to tramp around together and plan and discuss; but it was a long time before we found anything at all satisfactory. We exhausted the lists offered by real estate offices, and one evening as we were returning from our search, somewhat discouraged, we passed a pretty little place, marked conspicuously "For Rent." The gate leading into the really large garden swung open at a touch, and we walked around the house, examining it as well as we might from the outside. It was not a modern house. It was rather low, of one story, but well finished, with wide porches and big square windows. The blinds of one of them were half opened; Lucile pushed

them apart, and we peered into a small room with shelves running along one wall.

‘r There is my library!’ I said, but Lucile exclaimed:

“Why, there is no door in the room!”

“You are mistaken,” I cried, looking in again; but though we could see every point of the room clearly, there was no means of egress apparent but the window through which we gazed.

“It is surely strange,” Lucile whispered, and her form trembled. “It rather frightens me, Walter,” she said half apologetically.

I laughed at her foolish terror, and soon she laughed herself; and before we reached our boarding place, we had decided to get the keys from the agent whose address was given on the bills, and, if the interior pleased us, take the house.

I went alone to see this man the next day. He was a gentlemanly person, whose occupation was not determined by any evidences thereof about his office. He looked curiously at me as I spoke with some enthusiasm about the house; and upon my questioning him, replied that it was his own property. He would go with me, he said, to look over it. The entrance was exceptionally good, and the hall, running directly through the centre of the house, wide, handsomely paneled in oak, and lighted from the roof. There were pretty drawing rooms, dining room and bedrooms, but no evidence anywhere of the small apartment we had inspected from the garden. I spoke of this immediately, and the landlord seemed embarrassed and anxious to avoid my questions. We were just leaving the house, and with some little hesitation he asked me to go back to his office; he would tell me there, he said, about this room.

“The price at which I offer you this house,” he began, “is singularly low, and, frankly, there is good reason for it. I have never explained the peculiarity of that room to any one, because, in itself, it has always proved sufficient ground for tenants to reject the house at any price. But the place

pleases you"—and here he spoke slowly—"and you do not seem a person to be easily frightened. The room has been the scene of several murders."

Naturally, I started, but before I could speak, he repeated, harshly:

"Several murders. This was, of course, generally known at one time. But the house has been unoccupied for years, the place has changed, and the stories about it have gradually been forgotten. For the last tenant I had the room walled up; under the circumstances he did not care to use it. There was something strange about him, too—"

He stopped abruptly, putting the key of the house in my hand; in spite of what I had heard I accepted it, and promising an answer that day, went slowly back to the hotel.

My desire for the place had somewhat cooled, though I said to myself that I was not superstitious. I should not tell Lucile its strange story—she was so easily disturbed, it was a charming house, and very reasonable. Why not make some excuse to my wife for the sealed room, and asserting my strength of character move into the place, and build over its grave of many tragedies the happiest of homes.

The sun was bright—the world looked gay. Lucile met me with an expectant face.

"Now, Walter, do not say the rent was too high," and smiling at her eagerness I felt my last doubt melt away before the brightness of her manner, and that afternoon I took from the landlord a lease for the house for twelve months. I told Lucile the last tenant had been a sort of crank, who having some association with this library had walled it up.

"There is room enough for our present family, little wife," I said—my conscience pricking me for this first deception—and I added, kissing her, "We will open this room up, and even add more rooms to the house, if necessity demands."

* * * * *

We moved into the house, and a week's delightful labor

made of it a home as fair as if no black history were hidden beneath its decoration.

"And now," said Lucile, "after the hall we have nothing more to do to this house but to live in it."

We had left the hall to the very last, as one eats a dainty dessert. It had possibilities, with its fine panelings, its big fire-place, and roof of stained glass, and we had some curios in the shape of arms to hang above the mantel-shelf, and one or two bits of rare pottery for the panels on either side of the drawing room door.

I went out late in the day and met Hutchings, an old chum.

"Come home to dine, old fellow," I cried. "Come and see the house-keeping."

He put me off gravely, and said:

"Walter, I must speak to you of something, of this very house-keeping, in fact. Come to my rooms, where we can have a word alone." I followed him, startled and disturbed. He came directly to the point—he is always direct, Hutchings is.

"Have you heard any queer stories about your house?" he asked, and I answered, hesitatingly, "Yes," though I remember I tried to seem bluff.

"And are you indifferent?" he asked anxiously.

I determined to be quite frank with him—his friendship for me deserved this—and I told him Lucile was ignorant of everything, and that I thought prejudice of this sort absurd.

He interrupted me quickly. "A prejudice! If it were but that! But the circumstances connected with the death of the last tenant were foundation for something more than prejudice. Only that no direct proof against him could be found, the man who owns the property would have swung for it, and even now, after six years, a reward is offered for any clue to the affair."

My heart sank. What mystery had I wilfully brought into my daily associations! Why, above all, had my landlord lied to me about the sealing of this room? And yet, even at this moment, I felt an indefinable reluctance to giving up the house. I could see Lucile flitting through the pretty rooms, the little conservatory with its ferns and miniature fountain. She was waiting for me now, perhaps, in the very hall we were to put the last proud touch upon this very evening. With a sort of laugh I broke off my reflections.

"Hutchings," I cried, "no more ghost stories. It is not like you to be childish. Let us give the place a fair trial. Time enough to move when anything suspicious occurs."

He looked at me sadly, and suddenly putting his hand on mine, he said, "Do not risk Lucile."

"I shall not risk my wife, certainly," I replied, coldly, shaking my arm.

Truly, Hutchings sometimes exceeds even the limits of our intimacy. He refused to go home with me, and Lucile and I dined alone. Immediately afterward we began to work. I fastened a bracket securely in one of the panels, and changing the position of my ladder I held out my hand for some Japanese weapons.

"Let us cross them here," I said.

"They are in the other room," replied Lucile, running to get them, and absently I tapped the panel before me with the hammer. At first I did not notice that it was gradually slipping aside. Greatly excited, I pushed it, and, as I had expected, it disclosed the dark interior of the sealed library. Lucile was coming, and yielding to a sudden impulse to conceal my discovery from her, I slipped the panel back in place. Taking the swords from her, I held them against the wall. Fearing to fasten them there, I said, "Stiff, rather, isn't it? The panel is quite handsome enough without them." And Lucile, who always thought as I did, agreed readily.

* * * * *

That night while my wife slept I went softly from her side and down the hall. Lighting a lamp I made my investigation as quietly as possible, found the movable panel, and in a few minutes stood in the room where the murders had been committed. Except for its associations, the room was common-place enough; papered in a cheap paper of continental design and otherwise of a pattern that compared unfavorably with the rest of the house. It looked, too, as if it had been roughly used.

I placed the lamp upon the shelves which were moved aside with the panel. They concealed the entrance to the room when in place, I supposed, and mechanically pushed them back.

Instantly I realized the folly of what I had done. I remembered the mystery surrounding the room—the number of murders committed there—the fact that no motive had been discovered for the last murder. Hutchings had said that the body bore no marks of violence.

If it had been but a supposed murder? Others might have found this room, incarcerated themselves, died of starvation by shutting off all exit, as I had done! In the frenzy which seized upon me, I forgot the window near at hand, forgot that a cry would easily bring assistance. I threw myself violently against the shelves, which slid beneath my weight so rapidly that the lamp was knocked from its place and fell with a crash, fortunately extinguished by the swiftness of descent. Breathless and terrified I sprang into the hall. Closing the panel I hurried to my room, and bent over my wife's bed. She moved restlessly, unclosed her eyes, and seeing my face near her own, smiled and fell asleep again.

I lay down beside her, and tried, myself, to sleep. Impossible! The memory of my terror possessed me still, though its cause had been only a shadow, and I trembled and shivered with the dread that had been upon me. Then

I began to ponder over the murders. What had been the mysterious history of the last? Why had they all been committed in this one room? And so I tormented myself with futile questioning until the dawn, when I arose, haggard and wearied, and went out into the garden before Lucile had awakened.

Even there the fascination held me, and I spent the hour before breakfast pacing backward and forward before the window which opened from the library, pausing occasionally to look through it, wondering ever why and how the murders had been committed there.

Suddenly a thought came to me, and though at first I put it away, it returned and forced other thoughts aside until at last I gave it place, and before I had left my home that day it had grown into a determination.

I was a lawyer, and already had won some distinction in my profession. Why not make it my business to find the clue to this mysterious murder? Who could have a better opportunity than I, beneath the very roof—in possession of the secret entrance to the room, evidently unknown to others—with good reason to suspect the landlord who had purposely deceived me. The reward was a large one—such a case meant a reputation. I would do this, I said to myself, very quietly. Time for the world to know when I could tell everything.

All day I questioned widely but cautiously, and by night was in possession of all the facts known to the general public. They convinced me that whatever key to the mystery existed lay in that room. I must examine it thoroughly, and this must be done at night when Lucile was asleep, as I wished her to remain in ignorance of the whole matter. With this in view I discouraged the visits of all friends, lest they speak of the mystery connected with our house; and Lucile, who cared only to please me, gave up every one for my sake.

I also discontinued all newspapers, fearing that even at this late day some allusion to the murder might appear in one of them.

Lucile rarely went out now, except into the garden, and today, in spite of my sorrow, I can smile and congratulate myself on the way in which I made everything subservient to what grew to be the great purpose of my life.

* * * * *

We retired early. Lucile was at all times like a tired child, and I was able to begin my work of investigation in good season, between eleven and twelve o'clock at the latest. I had lost all terror of the room itself by this time, regarding it, of course, in a professional light, as part of the business in hand.

My one fear was of being discovered at work, or even suspected of it. I had the blinds nailed closely shut, "to prevent curious prying," I explained to Lucile, and clinging fondly to me she said she was glad; the thought of the room troubled her.

"I would like our home to be free and open as it is happy, Walter," she said; "free, open and happy as our lives;" and I, who had long ago become reconciled to the daily deception of her, hugged myself in delight at this proof of her perfect trust and the safety of my secret. I had carried into the room a heavy blanket, which I fastened, by strong pins, over the window, in order to conceal the light within the room from the garden. I had determined to examine closely every bit of wood work about the library, as the movable panel suggested to me the probability of further peculiarities of like nature, and I naturally began with the shelves. On the first two I found nothing whatever, and owing to the necessity of precaution and silence, I worked but slowly, and had now wasted a week. I did not permit myself to be discouraged. I have never been that.

It was as I bent down to examine the third shelf that I became suddenly conscious of observation. That eyes were

upon me, I was absolutely sure, but for some strange reason I could not determine from what point of the room I was being observed.

How they seemed to burn into me! They were moving now—they were coming nearer—I could feel their position change. Ah! why could I not define it? and suddenly I felt they were above me, and I knew too, then, that they were Lucile's. I sprang erect to face her where she stood above me. She was not there!

Baffled, infuriated, I looked around the empty room. That Lucile, of whose profound ignorance of my project I had been so certain—that my wife, of all others, should have dared to spy upon me! She must have gone as she had come, through the panel! How had she opened it while I was at work upon the shelves? How had she closed it so quickly, so softly?

I hastened to my room. I found my wife lying, almost as I had left her, on the bed—her arms flung carelessly above her head. Such slender, delicate arms Lucile had! A little smile was on her lips. What could I think? I believed her so incapable of deception, that I was obliged to persuade myself that, after all, I had been quite mistaken. But I was unfitted for work that night, and irritated and disturbed, I threw aside the dressing gown in which I worked, and went to bed.

All night I lay awake thinking of my great scheme and the fame it would bring me, and though I tried to check it, a great anger against Lucile took possession of me. I said to myself that nothing could be more annoying than such an interruption. Suppose I had been on the point of discovering something of great importance in the case; and I felt as if in some way I must vent my vexation. I clenched my hands and tossed angrily on the bed until I succeeded in waking my wife.

As she unclosed her large eyes I bent over her and said harshly, "Why did you leave your bed tonight?"

She seemed for a moment bewildered, and then, nestling to my side, she said, "Walter, you are dreaming."

Whether she were deceiving me or not, I felt silence was best, and putting her from me for the first time in our life together, I turned my face away, and after a long time fell into a broken and troubled sleep.

At last I dreamed of being engaged in some secret study of vast importance. Aiming repeatedly at a decisive point, I was each time interrupted and the result of my researches snatched from me. It was ever the same one who disturbed me, and ever eluded detection.

Gradually, throughout the dream, my identity changed. I became the owner of the house in which I lived; the spy, who so persistently annoyed me, was the murdered tenant. His murder suggested itself as the only way of freeing myself from him—it seemed excusable, even justifiable, and the work which before had engrossed me for itself became now the means by which I might detect this person in his infamy and punish him.

My opportunity came. At last I saw him; I had him in my grasp; he struggled; my fingers closed about his throat—I awoke shrieking, "I have found the clue!"

It was broad day, my wife stood beside me and passed her hand across my eyes.

"You are ill, dear," she said gently.

It was with difficulty I replied, the impression of my dream was so strong upon me. It moreover suggested a line of thought which seemed to me reasonable, and I longed to be alone that I might follow it out to what I was sure would be the true solution of the mystery of the murder. I reassured Lucile. I had only had a bad dream, I said, and she hung over me with pretty fondness as I ate my late breakfast, and I could show no anger toward her. But from that moment I suspected her, and she was never the same to me afterward.

As I walked down the street I summed up my thoughts in this way: The landlord had some occupation which he carried out in private. This I had learned from Hutchings. I also learned that the last tenant, having no family, had rented a room to the owner of the property—which fact had led to his being suspected of having something to do with the murder. There was now no doubt in my mind but that he had made use of the sealed library for purposes known only to himself; that the tenant had discovered this, and the entrance to the room. Being curious, he had probably watched the man at work, who became conscious, as I had done, of the disturbing influence. He had doubtless been goaded, as I in my dream, into committing the murder of his persecutor.

The whole case appeared clear before me. Now to find out what object carried the man into the library.

So engrossed had I become in this process of investigation that my daily business became impossible, and I found it necessary to close my offices. My days were spent in making researches into cases of mysterious character. People began to look at me askance.

I now passed nearly the entire night in the library. I had conceived the idea that something was buried beneath it, and examining the floor by the aid of a strong glass I had discovered the marks, "7 x 10."

This greatly elated me. It is true they may have been figures left there by builders, but instinct whispered they were of importance. I secured the necessary tools and began to take up the floor at the point where I saw the figures. Again I felt that I was being closely observed. I raised my eyes. They fell upon the shelves pushed aside, leaving a wide opening into the hall. I could never have been so forgetful—someone had passed through it.

With a furious cry I bounded into the hall. It was empty and dim. Passing through the door of my sleeping room I fancied I saw the edge of a white gown—a woman's night-

dress. I stood within the bedroom. Lucile lay quietly sleeping. My brain boiled at her duplicity. Seizing her by the arm I shook her roughly. "Where have you been?" I cried, as she started up in the bed. So dead with sleep she feigned to be that she did not know what question I had put to her, but she seemed very frightened, and began to cry nervously. I swore to myself that she should not outdo me in cunning, and I soothed her tenderly, saying that she had called out in her sleep and alarmed me.

Lucile was thoroughly aroused now, and lay talking to me for an hour. Her innocent joy was wearisome to me, her persistent wakefulness, interfering fatally with my work, maddened me, and I was obliged to be silent in order to check angry words, and finally I feigned sleep.

That she was awake long afterwards I could tell by the restless play of her fingers on the coverlet, her half-smothered sighs and restless turning. I felt as if I could kill her, and at last sleep mercifully soothed me into unconsciousness.

* * * * *

I succeeded, the next night, in removing quite a portion of the floor. In obedience to the figures I cut seven inches in one direction and ten inches in the other.

The night was excessively hot, and my stooping posture wearisome to a painful degree. I was obliged to pause repeatedly because of a peculiar sensation in my head. This had, at about this time, given me great annoyance. It was not a pain. It was a sort of rushing, blinding feeling—a feeling of being suffocated by great pressure on the brain. (It has never left me. Tonight it has been even worse than usual.)

On the evening of which I am speaking, I suffered greatly from this trouble, and was also much annoyed by the fear of observation. My previous experiences had made me nervous. I made strenuous efforts to conquer such a condition, as it seriously interfered with my work. I cannot tell you the number of times I started up, expecting to see my wife's

dark eyes upon me. I had learned to hate the look in them, though it was filled with tenderness for me. I think I would have ended it all then had I been sure.

At length, nearly perishing with fatigue, I lifted the piece of flooring, and to my intense excitement I saw imbedded in the earth beneath a small piece of iron. It might have been the corner of a box buried there, or a portion of some instrument. I could not move it; and forgetful of the exhaustion which a moment before had overpowered me, I began rapidly sawing the wood around where the bit of iron lay. I could scarcely control my fingers; they shook with nervousness. Several times I laughed aloud, in delight, forgetting that I was not alone in the house—that prudence and silence were one. This thought suggested itself later, and a terrible dread came upon me that I had been overheard.

I fancied that Lucile's eyes were once more fastened upon me. I feared to turn my head, and crouched yet more closely to the floor. I could not rid myself of the idea, and, with a great effort, I finally lifted my face and cautiously surveyed the room behind me.

As usual, I saw nothing, and returned to my work. No sooner had I done so than I felt certain she stood behind me—I could feel her eyes, like coals, burning down into my brain; they were coming nearer, nearer. Fainting with terror of them, I yet summoned courage to confront them, and slowly I turned my face toward them. They were not there!

Again and again this dread mockery repeated itself until I was wild with rage and fear and disappointment. Great drops of perspiration rolled from my face, my hands were shaking so I could not hold the saw.

And then I heard a sound behind me. Motionless, on my hands and knees I waited. It was a pushing sound; it was, I knew, the panel being opened. It was followed by a rustling, and a smothered cry; then my wife's awful eyes

were there, eating into my very soul. I could not rise to my feet—the rage which took possession of me made me powerless; then came the triumph of having at last detected her.

But perhaps she had already discovered the clue—she would take it from me—I uttered a cry of agony as I thus saw my cherished plans shattered before me, and, with a curse, I faced her.

Yes! It was Lucile! She leaned against the opened panel, white, shaking with terror, no doubt of being found there. She had on but her night dress, and her feet were bare on the dark floor. Her black hair lay on her shoulders and against her uncovered neck.

I sprang toward her, and there, in the soft, warm flesh, where the dress had fallen away, I fastened my fingers. She made no sort of cry or struggle, but into her eyes came the look—ah! I knew it well! Had I not felt it upon me again and again though it had always before escaped my eyes. No love for me, no trust in me, expressed in it, only wild, fearful questioning. Still it confronted me, and though I closed my fingers more closely until her white face was no longer white and all expression had gone from it, the look was still in her eyes. And I could not, with all my strength, crush it out. It was there when I laid her on the floor, and I turned her face downward that I might see it no longer; and then I seemed to know how it was peering down into the earth to find my secret buried there.

* * * * *

And now I am kept here, in this small cage, where I see no one but a gruff, surly person who brings me very indifferent food and leaves my questions unanswered.

I am very patient—patient and quiet. I am only waiting a little while until they shall have taken my Lucile from that room, and then I can go back to the proofs that are waiting there for me.

There is only this man now to annoy me. I hate him. He never takes his eyes from me—he is watching, always watching, and there is something in his look that reminds me of Lucile.

A Sea Ballad

C. M. II.

As gold as your hair, as gold as your hair,
 Was the sunny sea the hour
 Your ain true love went sailin' awa'
 And ye laughed as ye watched frae the Tower!
 There'll be suitors enow, bonny maid, bonny maid, will seek
 your false hand to gain,
 But the face o' him ye have sent awa' ye'll never see again.

As white as your breast, as white as your breast,
 Foams a treacherous breaker line,
 And a ship goes down, like a wraith, in the night
 Ere the Tower bells toll nine:
 Oh, dinna ye hear, bonny maid, bonny maid, aboun all the
 long surf's moan,
 The wan last cry of your ain true love, fightin' the waves
 alone?

As black as your heart, as black as your heart,
 Is the sullen sea tonight;
 And one wha' thought of you anon
 Now drifts sae still, sae white.
 There are lovers left, bonny maid, bonny maid, and joy and
 sin and pain,
 But the love that 'bideth unto death shall nae be yours again.

“That Damned Reddish Black Thing”

E. C. CHEEK.

Yes, it was just such a night as this five years ago that it happened. When I lost the best friend I ever had, lost my balance, and gained a belief in spiritualism or idealism that has made the world for me ever since a terrible writhing void of unperceivable things, visible and invisible things, indistinguishable alike to me because of an imagination that makes unreal things seem real and real things unreal. They tell me that I'm crazy, but I am not; like many another one in insane asylums I only know what they don't know; I only have senses, so called, developed that they do not have. All this because of an adventure, gruesome and horrible, that turns the atmosphere around me into the cold clamminess of a corpse cloth, when I think of it.

It was in the University of Ludwitz, in the little town of Banburg, that Berlitz and I were studying. I, philosophy of the mystic and idealistic type, and he, light. And when I say Berlitz studied light, I mean that he not only studied light in all its variations, colors and disintegrations, but also that this study was his whole interest, his whole life. This study was to him the same as rum to the drunkard or prey to the wild beast. From youth up, the colors of disintegrated light had been his hobby. Through this terribly engrossing interest he had trained his eyes to a perception of color, or wave lengths, unknown to other mortals. Just as the perception of color, whether reflected or disintegrated, differs greatly in the average man, so his eyes had been trained to the last point, the acme of sensitiveness. Just as the sense of color differs in other men, so had it with him become of extreme intensity. Not only had his perception of color become more intense, but also he could even perceive colors that others could not see, that is to say: that

his eyes had become so sensitive that they perceived wave lengths which had formerly been hypothetical.

Just at this time he was studying the reflected light from the moon in the hope of finding out something of the atmospheric, or lack of atmospheric, conditions. He had been for days rigging up lenses, colored glasses and spectroscopes to study the light from the next full moon. All this he had rigged up in his window with some kind of an arrangement so that he could eliminate all the colors, or wave lengths, but the "infra red."

Oh! God, I can see him now, as he looked on the eve of that first fateful night. How, big-eyed and pale with many nights of interesting toil, standing in the midst of his apparatus, he abstractedly bade me good night. How the dim many colored lights playing over him made him look like some ghost tampering in a demon's den.

I forgot to say that Berlitz and I were rooming at that time in a musty, gloomy, old science Gebaude, out on the outskirts of the town, with none but the roaches and rats for company. And as I creaked my way on back to my room that night, I couldn't help starting at the old rats that ran across in shifty gray streaks before me, at the grayish shadows cast by the moonbeams straying in through cobwebbed panes. I couldn't help feeling that we were somehow intruders in alien spaces. I felt, through some sense or other, while listening to the creakings of the old boards, the gentle tippings of the rats, and the gusty rattlings of the long-shut doors; that we were not the only beings or things in that old Gebaude that night besides the rats and roaches. And as I dozed off restlessly that night I had a premonition of something, and even imagined I heard a far-off cry and a dull thud. So no wonder, when some time later—I knew not how long—Berlitz, wild-eyed and terrifying, startled me into consciousness, that my hair stood stiff with terror and cold dampness oozed from every pore at the tale he told me. Of how, late in the night, he had fallen across his bed

and dozed off from sheer exhaustion. How that sometime later he had become awaked with a peculiar sense of cold, a cold as if a damp intangible cloth were spread over him, as if a dank draught from nowhere blew on him from all sides. Of how he had had an intense desire to look towards the door, and yet he was afraid to do so. But how, suddenly, as by some unknown might, his eyes were thrust open, and his gaze shot towards the door. — — “And then — And then — At the door!! what was t h a t ? A half visible thing, that grew and diminished, that wavered and swayed, and yet was there—a great bulky mass of semi-visibility, beyond the grasp of the ordinary senses—But no! the color, Oh, God! the color—a horrible *reddish black*—as of half-dried blood, *black*, *black*, *black*!

Never will I forget how, stumbling myself with the weakness of terror, I bore him fainting back to his room, through those old ghostly halls. How, as I bore him through his door, I felt the cold swish of that draught from nowhere, but could see nothing but the play of the many colored lights on the apparatus. How, almost as deranged as he, I finally brought him to his consciousness and pacified him into the imagination that it was only a weakness of his overwrought senses—and yet, the short hissings of our breath and the cold clamminess of our bodies, made us inaudibly whisper—no!! no!!

Neither will I forget how, later, in the wee sma' hours, when man's vitality is at the lowest ebb, and when his mind wanders in space—how a terrifying white figure burst panting into my room and fell quivering across the bed beside me, and how he, undisturbed by me, lay there like myself paralyzed with terror—through the horrors of the night.

When he had finally regained courage enough to speak, he told me of the repetition of the former experience. How he had felt that same strange corpse-like cold. How his eyes had unwillingly blared open on that same, d—d wavering, silent, but threatening, reddish black thing, more

massive and redder—and most horrifying of all—*three steps nearer the bed.*

The next night was when it happened. Raving and cursing, heedless to my entreaties, he swore he would stay in his room and find out what it was. I, in my room, sat up for hours, trembling, afraid to go to bed and afraid to leave, expectantly awaiting the finish, and soon it came,—a long drawn out, quavering, scream—as of a— Heavens! the terror expressed in that wail is indescribable. Dazed with fear I managed somehow to drag myself to Berlitz's room; to burst open the door,—and be hurled to the floor by some invisible something, I knew not what—a something, intangible, yet cold—My God! how cold It was! invisible to my unaccustomed eyes, yet, which to Berlitz had been that “reddish black thing.” And Berlitz—I rave now at the recalling of that picture. How he looked! lying in that horrible old room, with that devilish red light glowing on his grewsome face gnarled into an inconceivable contortion of terror; stiff—and *stone dead.*

The doctors said he died of heart disease; possibly he did. So does every man who dies without any visible cause. But that matters not to me. The thing that killed him was the thing that put me in an insane asylum,—“That da——d reddish black thing!”

Surface Philosophy

Originality. God gave every man a grain of originality. Most men, however, never realize it. It is too much of an effort to look into the heart and mind and discover it. Therefore must they be, do, and think as the majority.

What is originality? It is the combining of two or more previously existing ideas into a new idea.

Custom and complex society do not kill originality; they only hide it.

Some men think that they must live according to a set standard. But who sets the standard? Men and man. Standards change; it is because some men make the change, and the rest of mankind follow. They follow because it calls for no thinking.

It is easy to follow; it is hard to think.

Originality is thinking.

Originality is based on experience; so is custom.

..Two Classes of College Men. There are two classes of college men: those who are too lazy to study themselves; and those that do not know how to study themselves. Studying oneself is an art; every man does it, but not all so artistically. The college man who studies himself does not detach himself from his thinking. That is the art: detachment. The studying should not be confounded with the thing studied.

Conversation. Conversation has been treated very unfairly. Bubbling, chatter, small talk, all besmatter the poor word. Why? Because conversation needs its true meaning no longer, i. e., there is no conversation. Why?

Conversation is an art, a fine art. Two minds uniting in conversation should attempt to meet on common ground. Every mind is interested in several subjects; it is the duty

of two minds meeting to find one of these subjects which contains the most interest to both. Is not that a noble art, one worth cultivating?

A Statement. College men take themselves either too much as a joke or too seriously. They never strike the happy medium; in short, no college man is well balanced.

Prayer. Praying is with most people, after all, at bottom a very remarkable play on the emotions. It is a self-sympathetic emotion, relaxing the mind and putting the brain to rest. Thus is a man's viewpoint changed for the while. Thus may a man's viewpoint be changed by drinking a cup of coffee.

Genius. If man spent on something else one-third of the time that he spends in trying to gain self-control, the word genius would lose all significance.

Know Thyself. Plato said, "know thyself." The remark seems rather childish. What would become of society; of man, the individual, if life were spent in this vain pursuit? It would be an easier task to find the pot of gold at the rainbow's end. Yes, life is too short to spend seeking such mocking impossibilities.

American Humor. Americans are not satisfied with humor; they wish the American humor.

What is American humor? Bang—crash—thud—that is American humor.

It will change, however—when Americans change. Americans will change as they grow.

Insanity. You are insane, else, why do you differ? A very Pedantic question, is it not?

I'm Tired of the City

MARY YEULA WESCOTT.

I'm tired of the city, I'm weary of its din,
I hate the factories blotting out the sky,
And the narrow crowded sidewalk with its clatter out and in
And the screaming locomotives rushing by.

I want to find the open where the hills lie all around,
And the sunset clouds are unobscured from sight,
Where I can watch the wild geese rise from out the quiet
sound
And fly toward the marshes for the night.

I want to hear the laughter ringing across the hills
And the songs I know they're singing glad and free,
I loathe the shrieking whistle of the busy cotton mills—
I want to hearing the booming of the sea.

While the South Wind Blows

E. C. CHEEK.

There is an old Sardinian legend that the bodies of those born on Christmas Eve night do not disintegrate until the end of the century.

This was the point under discussion at the house of old Uncle Diddinu Frau, a rich peasant, when his soon-to-be son-in-law, Predu Tasca, asked: "And what's the use in this?" "What can we do with our body after we are dead?"

"Well," drawled the old peasant, "is it not a divine blessing not to rot into dust? And when Judgment Day comes wouldn't it be a fine thing to find our body again intact?"

"Pooh! who knows that?" said Predu Tasca sceptically.

"Say, my son," exclaimed the old peasant, "the subject is good; let's sing of it tonight in debate."

Now, you should know that Uncle Diddinu is an extemporaneous rhymer, as his father and grandfather were before him. For this reason he seized gladly upon every occasion to propose an extemporaneous rhyming contest with rhymer of less ability.

"Oh! the subject isn't cheerful enough," said Maria Franzesca graciously, while her fiancé gazed longingly.

"You be silent. You go to bed," growled her father harshly.

Although a poet, he was a rough old man, who treated his children with almost savage severity. And his family both respected and feared him. In the presence of her father Maria Franzesca did not dare even to sit down beside "her Predu" (for the customs of the country ruled that fiancée and fiancé should remain a respectful distance apart)—and had to content herself with flirting with him from a distance, fascinating him with the motions of her splendid form, flowering in a picturesque garb of scarlet,—

and enchanting him with ardent glances from a pair of fine large eyes of greenish blue.

It was then Christmas Eve—a gray, cloudy day, yet warm; A wind that blew gently from the south brought in the distant and weakening tepor of the desert and the humid smell of the ocean. It seemed as if over there in the mountain, on whose slopes the frigid herbage of winter was verdant, and down there in the valley, where the almond trees in too early blossom were swaying, offering, as if in spite of the wind, their petals, white as flakes of snow—there was burning a great fire, whose flame was invisible, yet whose heat was felt.

And the clouds which appeared on the mountain slopes, climbing and scattering in the heavens, seemed formed by the smoke of this invisible fire. The country resounded with activity; the people wandered through the streets and houses planning how to celebrate Christmas.

* * * * *

Towards evening Predu came over again to Frau's house. He pressed Maria's hand significantly, and when she, blushing and laughing with pleasure, withdrew her hand, warm with the amorous pressure, she found in it a piece of gold. Immediately she went about through the house, secretly showing to everyone Predu's fine present.

The country was resonant with the joyful sound and the wind spread metallic echo through the damp, tepid evening. Predu had put on his fine, mediæval looking cloak of blue velvet, his black jacket of wool, finely embroidered grewith velvet, his embroidered leather belt and his fine fli-greed gold buttons.

His long black hair, well combed and annointed with olive oil, fell down over his ears. And because of the wine and Anice he had drunk, his black eyes burned and his lips gleamed red in his black beard. He was handsome and fresh as a rural god.

“Good evening,” said Predu, seating himself beside his father-in-law before the fireplace in which an old log was burning. “May the Lord let you see a hundred Christ-masses—and how do you feel?”

“Like an old vulture who has lost his claws,” answered the old peasant, who was growing old; and said, “Man is no good when he becomes old.”

Then he spoke of his birth on Christmas Eve.

“Let’s go to mass,” said Uncle Diddinu, “and when we return we will have a fine supper and then we will sing.”

“Before, also, if you wish.”

“No; not before,” said Uncle Diddinu, beating his stick on the hearth—“because we should respect the holy Eve. Maria Franzesca! something to drink.”

The girl brought the drinks, bending before her lover to offer him the glass (gleaming like a ruby), with a fascinating glance and an ardent smile.

Meanwhile the newly-arrived named the guests who were coming. The women had already begun to prepare supper around the fireplace in the centre of the room. On one side the men were seated and on the other the women were cooking. Already on a long spit Predu Tasca’s porker was roasting, and the light smoke, odorous of food, spread through the room. Then there came two other relatives, two brothers who had not married, in order not to divide their patrimony. They looked like two old patriarchs, with long curly hair falling down to their long white beards. Then came an old blind man, who touched the walls with a thin stick of oleander.

One of the two old brothers took Maria Franzesca by the waist, turned her toward her fiancé, and said: “What are you doing, you lambs? Why are you standing apart there like two stars? Take each other by the hand and embrace.”

The young people looked at each other longingly, but Uncle Diddinu spoke growlingly: “Let them alone; they don’t need your advice.”

"I know it—nor your's either. They will find a way themselves," answered the old man.

"Maybe so," said the peasant: "Something to drink, Maria!"

The girl twisted, a little mortified, in the arms of the old man, and Predu said, fixing his bonnet and smiling: "If we can't eat or sing or anything else, we can drink; yes!"

And how they did drink! Predu alone only touched the edge of the glass with his lips. Outside, the country resounded. Gusts of wind brought in screams and songs. About eleven o'clock all got up to go to the midnight mass. Only the oldest grandmother remained in the house. She in her youth had heard it said that the dead returned on Christmas Eve night to visit the homes of their kinspeople. She since had practiced an ancient rite: she prepared a plate of food and a bottle of wine for the dead. Also, to-night, before the sun rose, she placed some wine and food on a ladder on the eastern side of the house, that led from the ground to the upper room of the house.

A pauper nearby also knew of the old belief and rite, climbed the enclosure, and emptied the platter and bottle.

Then they returned from mass and young and old began feasting. They all ate, seated on the ground on mats and sacks. A bright fire crackled on the hearth throwing a reddish glimmer on the guests. They looked like an old homeric picture. And how they drank!

After supper the women, at the command of the host, withdrew, and the men seated themselves or reclined around the fireplace and began to sing. They were all red up to the ears, with their eyes languid in the light. Then the old peasant began to sing.

"Is it better to rot into seven ounces of dust, or to have the body intact at Judgment Day?"

Predu straightened his bonnet and answered: "The subject is melancholy. Let's think of other things. Let's sing of love, of pleasure, of beautiful Venus."

All applauded but the old peasant, who became angry, and said, in verse that his opponent did not wish to answer because he wasn't capable of so high a subject.

Then Predu turned and answered, always in Sardinian verse: "Well, I will answer you. The subject doesn't please me, because it is sad. I do not wish to think of death, just on this happy night of my life. But since you desire it, I will say: I don't care whether our bodies rot or remain intact after death. What are we after death! Nothing. It only concerns me that my body is vigorous and healthy during life, to work and to enjoy."

The peasant replied, and Predu answered also, always in the strain of pleasure and joy of life. The two old brothers applauded. Even the old blind man gave signs of approval. The old peasant appeared angry, but in reality was pleased that his future son-in-law rivalled him in rhyming. For so would be continued the glorious traditions of the family.

But while he sought to demonstrate the vanity of earthly pleasure, Uncle Diddinu drank and encouraged the others to drink. About three o'clock all were drunk except the old blind man, a formidable drinker, and Predu, who had drunk but little.

Predu, however, was drunk with song, and as the hours passed shuddered with joy, remembering a promise of Maria Franzesca. The old peasant commenced to babble; the young man appeared to go to sleep.

Finally, all were asleep except the old blind man, who remained sitting, mouthing the red head of his stick.

Suddenly a cock crowed in the yard. Predu opened his eyes and looked at the old blind man.

"He doesn't see me," he thought, rising cautiously, and went out into the courtyard.

Maria Franzesca, who had descended the eastern stairs, fell into his arms. The old blind man knew well enough that someone had gone out, and thought it was Predu. But he did not move. On the other hand, he murmured: "Glory to

God in heaven and peace and good will on earth to man.

Outside, the moon slipped behind transparent clouds and in the silvery night the wind from the south bore in the smell of the sea and the tepor of the desert.

Editorial

WHAT IS A COLLEGE?

In Israel Zangwill's recent drama "The Melting Pot," American life is presented as a huge crucible into which all bloods with their weakness but with their strengths are fused; Hungarian, Hebrew, German, Slavonic, Teutonic, all in the act of becoming a homogeneous people. This picture is accurate enough from the sociological standpoint, but the United States, in a far deeper sense, may be thought of as being a vast Melting Pot, not of Races, but of Ideas.

Time was, when any idea, or ideal, provided it were crystallized into a traditional institution or convention, and were sufficiently hallowed, and concealed, by the dust of past ages, needed never to be called into account,—needed never to defend itself against scoffs and skeptics,—needed never to stand before the bar of Human Reason and show cause why it should not be wiped from the commonwealth of Thought. That time died when democracy was born. To-day, in every field of endeavor or of achievement, traditions and customs and organizations are being put to the test in that great crucible which has become, and justly so, inevitable, because its voice is the "vox Dei": in whose hot flames of public opinion the *raison d'être* of all social organisms are even now being tried.

A bit utilitarian, this Crucible of the *Vox Populi*, but nevertheless we must submit to its practical tests. And just such a test is being put to the educational institutions of this country in the words of our heading: "What is a College," or more emphatically, "Why is a College?" What good is a college anyway? What does it do? What does it pay?

There is no use, as we said before, in dismissing these questions with a shrug of academic indifference. We had better face the issue and answer: What *is* a college?

Not so easy a question to answer when we once face it. The fact is, it seems to be a complex product of the intellectual standards of all ages, of all civilizations. The classic world gave it its characteristic as a sort of culture gymnasium, where the various faculties of the human trinity, mind, body, soul, may be expanded and cultivated. The Middle Ages gave the college its idea of aloofness from the world, of retirement into monastic solitudes for reflection and meditation, the idea of being different from the rest of the world, which lingers in our intellectual halls unto this day. The centuries succeeding the Renaissance gave to the college its idea of cold, hard reason, of submitting everything to lifeless and formal standards of fossilized classicism. All these, together with the manifold ideas of the Nineteenth century which have been grafted on the college concept, have produced a somewhat irrational and grotesque growth. And we have yet to reconcile many of these opposing principles; some of which are fighting even now for the mastery, or for their life. The classics have almost yielded up the ghost before the influx of new sciences and philosophies. Science itself is being objected to as engrossing more than her share of the curriculum; even the wisdom of staid old Mathematics as a required study is sometimes, though faintly, questioned. Meantime, the student goes through the college, as the process is called; imbibes a little chemistry, physics, biology, which clings but slightly to the cells of his brain; labors over a few works of Latin and Greek antiquity, forgetting each day the few words he learned yesterday; is vaguely impressed by the inspiring lectures of the English department; goes in enthusiastically for football, or tennis; enjoys himself in a social way (but no more than he would among cultured people anywhere, whether college bred or not) and finally departs this life,—educated?

Meantime, also, the chorus of anxious mothers, bill-paying fathers, and materialistic employers, who compose the General Public, continue to ask, "WHY is a College?"

Too often, defenders of the college attempt to prove that it really gives one that which the world of practical experience gives, i. e., that the college really come up to what the practical business man thinks it ought to be. This is a mistake, we think. The best way to get at what a college is or ought to be is to consider what it is that it gives, or tries to give, and that the outside world cannot give. Don't let it be thought that we urge young men to come to college because we can make them better engineers, or farmers, or grocerymen, when as a matter of fact we don't even try to do such a thing. What the college tries to do is to make the engineer, or farmer, or groceryman, a better man, the inference being that he will therefore be a better craftsman, whatever his work. The college must not tend too much toward the ideal of an apprentice shop: the college is no place for the acquiring of tools, but of a mind to use those tools. The learning of a trade is a very necessary thing, for the laborer, but the college-bred man has, or ought to have, something more than the mere knowledge of some craft, or profession which, after all, is a higher sort of craft. He ought to have a headpiece, as the expression is,—a broader background from which to direct his craftsmanship. A college man should be a thinker first, a worker afterwards.

But is this the only thing which the college gives exclusively? What of the wide outlook upon human life and its destiny, whereby all endeavor, all knowledge, all purposes, all professions, are seen to be the component parts of one great living creature—Society? What of high purposes, ambitions which lift the eyes above the ground, and toward the skies—which nerve the arm and thrill the pulse, and which, even though they are destroyed by the great disillusioner, Life, have not been entirely in vain?

“ What I aspired to be
And was not, comforts me.”

What of altruism, of that broad love of others which, spreading beyond the narrow confines of the individual circle, embraces all the world, and becomes, in turn, civic pride, patriotism, humanitarianism, religion? Which, taking practical form, is the motive power behind all progress, all social uplift, all charity?

These things *do* have a practical value; there is still room in the world for such feelings, such ideals; and, in spite of utilitarianism and blind material selfishness, there must continue to be, so long as men are men, and love and hope, and work, and pray. And if the college makes not for these things, be its culture ever so refined, its scholarship ever so high, be its work ever so practical; it will become as nothing.

Wayside Wares

THE POET'S LICENSE.

To begin with, I'm a Genius.

(Of that I am quite sure.)

My Natural Bent is Poetry,

So a License I'll procure.

That can give a fellow rights
Which nothing else can do,
Such as — well, just this —
Inflicting Verse on you!

My hair is long and wavy,

(It's a la Pompadour);

My eyes are dark and dreamy —

A Soul within their lure!

I have a Fire within me,
(I suppose it is divine);
The Open Road before me
To art I all resign!

A Muse doth lead me onward,

The way of Temperament.

Alas! the way is thorny —

I cannot pay my rent!

I sometimes kiss a pretty girl
Just for Experience;
And sometimes—but a Poet's life
Requires some recompense!

—*Edna Wilson.*

A SONNET.

(After Wordsworth.)

N. I. WHITE.

This beef is too much with us: late and soon
 Eating such stuff we waste our stomach's powers.
 Little we see the college man devours;
 We've paid board in advance—a sordid boon!
 This butter, which the cow that jumped the moon
 Denounced as ancient, over us still lowers;
 These grits, that weak digestion overpowers—
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune.
 It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
 As Fletcher, suckled in a creed new-born;
 So might I, if such luck would come to me,
 Have my digestion make me less forlorn,
 Have sight of some old farm, whereto I'd flee,
 And hear again that old-time dinner horn.

LOVE.

Love is a sort of warfare to which civilization has not yet turned its attention. Broken pledges in such a campaign are regarded as good diplomacy, condemnations without court martial are condoned and shooting in the back is not only regarded as good form but felicitations upon such marksmanship are in order.

RECIPROCITY.

w. '12.

“I would that thou would'st call me ‘Beau’,”
 I heard a love-lorn lover say;
 “And then,” I heard him whisper low,
 “I'd call thee, Sweetest, my Bou-quet.”

DIPPY DOPE.

"All the world's a stage:" yes, and a good many of us are doing ballet stunts with little chance of an ovation when we shuffle off the boards.

Every man should be a hero worshiper, but it's a tough day for us, Bones, when a college professor hits on Spartan Leonidas for his heart's ideal.

Just everyday darn foolishness has Hope beat to a frazzle when it comes to springing eternal in the human breast.

"Beauty draws us with a single hair:" so sang the poet, but if Beauty be a conscientious artist and prices remain at the present level, she will be drawing us ere long without even a 'single hair.'

 A FAREWELL TO "MATH."

O, ye circles, polyedrals, cylinders and lines and arcs,
 Sweeter than the milkweed blossoms, kinder than the
 ocean sharks,
 Now I leave thee for a season; would our lines were parallel
 And I'd never meet thee after: but we meet again—farewell.

 BEFORE AND AFTER.

N. I. W. '13.

A philosopher, in all probability on his honeymoon for the initial time, once observed that he was a lump of clay but that a Rose had been planted near him and he had caught its fragrance. Many a man has opined similarly so since and found out later that the Rose had thorns and that what he thought would be a lifetime aroma was only an ephemeral fragrance too volatile for everyday sniffing.

"O, Consistency! thou art a jewel:" and some wag added, "And Consistency is the only jewel which woman doesn't envy." Then, Ye Immortal Shades of Departed Wags, there

is something—something—which woman does not envy! Brothers, there is hope! Let us hug this, phantom though it may be, to our breasts, and as the environing phalanxes of the hobbled hosts press us back, let us stand firm upon this, our last, entrenchment and die—if die we must—still bathed in its amethystine light and secure in the consciousness that we never forsook it.

POLYGLOT POETRY.

J. '11.

Il y avait une jeune femme de la Niger
Who smiled as she rode sur une tigre
Quand they returned from the ride
La jeune femme was inside
Et le smile on la face de la tigre

AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

After four years association with the fairer sex in educational colleges, with the opportunities offered thereby for observation of the sex, we have decided to write a treatise on "The Psychology of Feminine Conduct," including discussions of such subjects as the influence of Millinery upon the feminine mind, why a Co-Ed. powders her nose in the morning and forgets to do it after dinner, the unwritten law concerning the non-polishing of shoe heels, and many other similar matters of much pith and some moment.

Translations and Reprints

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

BEALE J. FAUCETTE.

It is Christmas Eve, although there is no snow upon the streets and the air feels more like autumn than winter. The twilight, which on this day means something, is rapidly approaching.

“Mother, it is almost dark. Does it not grow dark quickly?”

“Yes, husband; haven’t you finished yet? We will be as intolerably late this year as we were last. Do make haste.”

“Oh! Well, I will take it, Fraülein. The price is too high, but it is already twilight and I have no more time to haggle with you.”

“Just one more rattle, sir? It is almost night and I have sold only one. Please buy it, sir.”

In the brightly lighted shops and booths along the streets, the Christmas shopping is still going on. Harmonicas are blowing, pipes are sounding, drums are beating, everywhere there is noise and activity. The shifting lights and shadows blend beautifully on the pavement. The same effect is carved out in the faces of the shoppers; one side of the face is illuminated with a golden light; the other side, the one in the shadow, is entirely dark.

The soft light from one of the booths falls upon a doorway in which a small child stands, between whose bare feet a kitten has curled up. There are children who appear upon the earth like the snow; they come from somewhere, no one knows where. This child is one of these. He appears in the door-way so suddenly that no one sees him come. Now

he timidly peeps over into the splendidly lighted shop, and at once such an expression of sorrow and hopeless desire passes over his face that if, instead of being a scene in real life, it were a picture, it must from necessity have been entitled: "*Forgotten.*" From time to time the kitten, between the bare feet of the child, piteously cries out:

"Mir auch! Mir auch!"

Two ladies, clad in costly furs, stop before the group in the door-way.

"The poor little wretch!" exclaims one of the ladies. The child must be cold, but see, he is so interested in the sights that he seems not to feel it. Indeed, these poor creatures receive little pleasure from the holiday, except the mere sight of the many beautiful things that others buy and enjoy."

"Oh! Don't worry about them," the other replies. "They fare well enough. From early youth they accustom themselves to hardships; besides we have associations founded for the purpose of giving Christmas gifts to poor children. Come, then; let us go."

"Such a holiday costs me at least two hundred thalers," a well-dressed man informs the lady with whom he is walking.

"Oh! see that poor little creature. How pitiful he looks," cries the lady, turning toward the child in the door-way.

"Pray, come on," the man replies. "We have not a minute's time to lose." During the entire time the child has not spoken, but, as the man and woman turn to leave, the kitten moves slightly, and cries:

"Mir auch! Mir auch!"

Two young men hear the cry of the kitten and turn in that direction.

"There," says the taller of the men, "stands a child whose mother has doubtless stationed him there to beg. Oh, well, I suppose one must give something today." Then, carelessly, he tosses a coin to the child who fails to catch it.

"There it is; pick it up for yourself," he says, and turns away.

"You are a spendthrift," says the other. "I make it a rule to give only to people whose circumstances I know. Now and then these beggars fare well and live in very nice houses." He spoke these words so loudly that the child standing in the door-way heard every word. The young men then leave the child who stands looking after them. The coin still lies upon the ground where it has fallen.

Some one else approaches; again the kitten cries:

"Mir auch! Mir auch!"

"Oh, Papa! Will the Christ child bring him anything?" a little girl asks of her father, and points to the group in the door-way.

"I don't think so," the father replies. "Most poor children are rude and lazy. It is quite natural that the greatest number and the most beautiful presents should be carried to the most beautiful homes."

"Then, may I give him something?"

"No; come on. We will let the Christ child do that."

The child, still holding the kitten between his feet, sends a furtive glance in the direction of the little girl; and at the same time, there is a quivering around the deep corners of his little cherry-red mouth.

Then a man, who is shabbily dressed, and carries a few small packages in his arms, passes by and mutters:

"I would like to help him; but what can one do when he is so poor and has five children of his own?"

In the booths the packing up for the night is now begun. The bells ring and the lights are gradually extinguished; only here and there one sees in a few windows the lights of Christmas trees. Still the child remains in the door-way.

A boy comes hurriedly out of a nearby shop and walks rapidly toward the child. The boy carries a child's rattle, carved from wood in the shape of a devil, between his teeth;

and at the same time, he eagerly counts the money in his hand.

“Mir auch! Mir auch!” the kitten cries.

The boy leaves off his counting, glances around, and sees the pair in the door-way.

“Heaven forbid!” he sympathetically exclaims through the teeth which hold the rattle.

“Take this rattle; it is the only thing I have. Just turn it this way—do you see? Don’t thank me; the rattle doesn’t make any difference. I must keep the money for my mother.” The boy nods to the child and walks on, still counting his money. The child smiles, timidly shakes the rattle, and, taking the kitten in his arms, quietly follows the boy.

The boy enters the door of a dilapidated building and climbs a long flight of stairs; still the child follows him, his bare feet making no noise as he walks. The boy stops before a door, opens it and enters. He now stands in a small room, which contains as furniture a stove, a table, a bench, a bed, a bundle of straw. In one corner there is a little heap of ragged clothing, which comprises his entire wardrobe.

The boy hastens across the room to the bed on which a sick woman lies.

“Mother,” he says, “I sold every rattle I made except one; I gave that to a little bare-footed—— Heavens! there must be something burning next door.” Bright gleams of light fall through the many cracks of the door; the boy springs up, rushes across the room and opens the door.

There, in the hall-way, the child stands, holding the rattle in one hand while with his other arm he presses the kitten close to his side. The child is surrounded by a halo of light—a soft, trembling and mysterious brilliancy—which seems to find its way through his ragged clothing. His large eyes were full of love and his little mouth smiled as he said:

“Blessed are the charitable.”

The light fades out; the child is vanished.

DECEMBER.

Solemnly, softly, the snow-flakes are falling—
 Down from the dull, leaden, dome of the sky;
 Plaintively sighing the wind fans are calling—
 Crooning a dirge for the leaflets that die.
 Dreamily drift,
 Silently sift,
 Whisper o'er corpses of leaves that are sere;
 Hark to the wail of the forest forestalling
 The days of December, December the dear.

—*Amherst Monthly*, 1900.

CHRISTMAS.

Most joyful time of all the year,
 We gladly hail your coming cheer—
 'Tis meet that ransomed subjects sing
 The glories of their conq'ring King,
 The Heavenly Child.

The Natal day of Christ, the Lord,
 When true, according to His Word,
 The Star of Hope o'er Bethle'm's height
 Dispelled Death's darkness by a light
 Of Heavenly sheen.

That day should still remembered be
 In praises sweetest harmony,
 In lib'ral care for others' needs,
 And kindly words and knightly deeds,
 And Christmas love.

May all the world its meaning know—
Jehovah's birth on earth below—
And sing as sang the angels there,
Of peace on earth, good will to men,
For aye, good will.

— J. F. BIVINS in Tr. Archive, Dec. 1895.

Editor's Table

INVIOLATE.

L. C. M.

I searched through the rose for its beauty,
 The secret of God in its heart;
 But my fingers in seeking destroyed it
 And shattered its petals apart.
 For my fingers had crushed and bruised it,
 And God had still hidden His Art.

And the love that once flooded my spirit,
 When I sought for its secret, had fled.
 For the secret was holy and sacred,—
 I questioned it—lo, it was dead!
 And I found not the soul of its beauty,
 But an empty heart left in its stead.

—*University of Virginia Magazine.*

Autumn has been inspiring to the young poets. There is scarcely a magazine that does not contain a poem on "Autumn." *The Wake Forest Student* contains a sonnet "To Autumn," which is perfect in meter and suggestive in its descriptions. It is an adaptation of Wordsworth's sonnet, "The world is too much with us—" A feeling of thanksgiving pervades the poem. In the other poems of autumn there is a feeling of sadness—"the autumn days, the saddest of the year."

The Wake Forest Student is by all means the best balanced exchange this month. The essay, "The Reconstruction of Korea," and "Customs and Manners of the Old Vir-

ginia Colonists" deserve special mention. The first shows a careful study of the subject on the part of the author. It is worth reading, especially by one interested in Korean affairs. The good clear style is compatible with the subject matter. The second gives an insight into the life of old Virginia colonists. Although there is nothing startlingly new in the information given, the essay is a well written one. "Over on Banjo Branch" is a clever bit of nonsense.

Essays occupy a more prominent place in the magazines this month. They are so much better than the short stories which show little originality. The essay "Shakespeare's Heroines In Male Attire," which, by the way, appears in the *Southwestern University Magazine* is exceptionally good. The interpretation of the characters is marked by originality and true comprehension. Viola, Rosalind, Portia and Imogen are considered. Is there any wonder that the essay is delightful when such beautiful characters are treated?

The Georgian contains two excellent poems — "Aspiration" and "A Song." The theme of the first is the hopelessness of reaching the goal of one's aspiration:

" Ah! but our leaping, frantic spirits soar
 Far up the airy heights; the misty sky,
 The clouds surpassed, attempts the void on high;
 Each star attained, a step we rise, to more—
 But never goal."

A (In a debate in the Literary Society:)—"I tell you, Hoke Smith is Presidential timber."

B. (In reply)—"Yes; but he's too full of gubernatorial peckerwood holes now."—*Ex.*

THE WITHERED LEAF.

T. A. P.

I saw it trembling on the stem,
I heard it sighing in the breeze,
I caught the burden o' its hymn,
"A withered leaf upon the trees."

It seemed another realm to long
And join its comrades of the way;
The wind responsive grew more strong
And whirled the withered leaf away.

But not to where its comrades sleep,
Nor where gay birds their matins sing,
But far o'er plain and hilly steep,
It hopeless rode the tempest's wing.

'Tis thus when once the fatal fires,
Enkindled by ambition's flame,
Stir in the lonely soul desires
To ride the treacherous blasts of Fame.

Soon as she quits her native sphere,
She loses all her self control,
And approbation turns severe,
And to oblivion hurls the soul.

—*Niagara Index.*

The Trinity Archive



Volume XXIV

Number Four



MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

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Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *alma mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., February, 1911

The New Year

MARY YEULA WESCOTT

Ring out a welcome to the young New Year
How care-free are his ways,
How fair his brow.
How glad the smile he turns to all who gaze,
How joyous is the life that waits us now,
Welcome, thrice welcome to the young New Year.

Sing out your welcome for the young New Year,
The Old Year is no more,
His form is cold;
His faults loom bare as wintry mountains hoar
Against a starry sky, His tale is told,
So sing your welcome for the young New Year.

Alas! blame not too much the dead Old Year,
His faults now all are past,
He meant no harm;
He could not know the scars he left would last,
He did not dream the hurts would find no balm,
Have pity, mercy on the dead Old Year.

A Violet By a Mossy Stone

F.S.B

Everyone called him Doc, and it may be he had cured somebody's headache, or set a few broken limbs. It was generally understood by the neighbors that the young man had studied medicine in some large school; perhaps a university, but he had not come to the mountains in search of practice. The truth is that when John Anderson returned from Lyden he had found a great opportunity awaiting him for gaining wealth and distinction in medical and surgical work. Not only had he inherited a high social position because of the prestige of a good family; he had also the advantage of following his father, who was chief surgeon of the hospital in his city. But after a half year's work in the hospital, he lost interest in the profession, finding that his old school boy pastimes, painting and writing, held a much stronger attraction for him. In his school days he had formed a friendship with a boy from the mountains of Eastern Tennessee. He remembered the boy as having more pride in his native land than anyone else he had known. Like the Swiss, who, when away from his hills never tires of talking of them, his friend dreamed always of the hills and plains, the mountains and valleys, and the rivers of his own country. One day when the time drew near for them to leave school, he had said to Anderson: "Old fellow, if life ever gets to hard for you; if you should want to find some place where a man can find real freedom; next to Sweet Bye and Bye, the best place I know of is back in Sunny Tennessee, where the air is purest and the birds sing sweetest, and the sun knows his job and sticks to it." The time came when the doctor made use of this advice.

May had come into the Cumberlands about a month before time, for it was only the first of April. The peach trees on the ridges had been in bloom for two weeks; here and there the green bud-like signs of fruit showed where the flowers

had already fallen. The dense forest had already gone through a change. Among the stretches of dark green made by the pine tops, large patches of a lighter shade, showed that leaves were out on the oak trees.

“ It air the most for’ard season they’s been ’ez I know, fer nigh on ter ten years. Wheat pears likely, and if that thar Easter cold spell don’t wait tel ther last of April, they’l be more fruit ’n ther’s been about yer for many a year.” So said old Si Lukens; and of the whole settlement he ought to have been the authority on the weather, for it had been apparently his sole theme and study for a life time.

Dr. Anderson exchanged a few more words with the old man; then set out again down the road toward Heddon’s Notch. It had been cold in the early morning when he started, but the mid-day sun was extremely hot for April. At Andy Lawson’s he found a real mountaineer’s dinner in readiness. Lawson told him of a shorter path than the one which he had been directed to take, so that only two hours after dinner had been eaten he came to a rocky gorge in the mountain’s side. A clear stream ran down through the gorge, dashing over falls and cataracts, as he climbed along its path upward toward the source.

Soon the loud roar of the water came to him, growing louder as he moved along the path. In a short time he stood in the shadow of a cliff. His feet tired and sore from the long tramp, were sunk in the dank softness of mint and other water-loving weeds, while his eyes rested on the scene which he had come so far to see. For some distance up the side of the cliff moss, ferns, and beautiful vines grew out from the little ledges and other places where earth had accumulated on the face of the great rock. Fifty feet or more above the ground a mountain stream fell headlong through a deep niche which it had worn for itself in the cliff. Anderson was startled by a movement in the bushes behind him. Turning quickly, he caught sight of a slender girl in the act of step-

ping back out of sight. Their eyes met for an instant; then she said:

"I kum purt' nigh bein' 'feard, but ye ain't none o' them thair officers air ye?" Her eyes rested on him with assurance showing in their dreamy light.

"No, no;" he said after a time. "I am only here to rest awhile and to look at the beautiful fall."

"O, does yer like the falls? Them is my falls; Dad give 'm to me when ma died. Ma user ter come down here with me, an' I'd play an' gether flowers, jes't same ez I do now. Ma said ez I wuz a fairy, like that 'un frum the settlemint told her 'bout onc't when she wuz a gal. She said ez I wuz a fairy, an' 'at I like ter stay down here in this kind o' place whar fairies live. Did ye think I wuz a fairy?"

"Why—er—yes," answered the doctor. "You are very much like a fairy." And really it seemed to him that she was more fairy than human. There was a kind of hazy blue light emanating from her eyes that only be seen sometimes at the close of a day when the glow of purple sunset clouds gleams with a veiled light through the pale blue mists of the mountains. Her fair, almost colorless, face was set off by dull brown hair about the color of faded sunbeams. But that which made her most like a fairy was the rippling melody of her voice. He had heard it before in the trickle of a certain rivulet whose water ran over a bed of moss-covered rocks. Standing there in the shade of the cliff, she seemed scarcely more human than the tender little flowers that bloom tall and lily-white in the deep shade of the copse.

He had so little in common with these people of the mountains that for a moment he could think of nothing to say; then, noticing a pretty cluster of ferns and honeysuckles in her hand, he asked what she was going to do with them.

"Oh, these here?" she said. "Them ain't fittin' fur nuthin'. I jes gethered 'em ter look at. They's plenty of 'em 'round about—" She suddenly stopped talking, and looked upward toward the top of the rock. Then, turning

quickly, said to the doctor: "Ye'd better hide yerself in them bushes. Quick! Jim's up thar lookin' fer me, an' he oughtn't ter see you. I wish ye could come agin."

As she ran fleetly along the path which led to the top of the cliff, Anderson saw for the first time how coarsely she was clothed. In another moment he heard her clear trill in answer to a call from above. He had lived there long enough to know that there was reason in the girl's warning. Far back in the mountains there are men who, though they do not own an inch of land, regard the territory around them as if it always had been and always would be theirs by an inalienable right of ownership. They rule over their wild demesne like petty despots.

Falling back quickly into the dense shadows of the shrubbery, he was soon away from the roar of the water, following the backward path to Lawson's. While he walked the subtle mists began gradually to envelop the slopes of the mountain. Far down the divide, between Haddon's Ridge and Little Frog Mountain, the big red disk seemed to stand for a while before sinking down below the pine tops into the hazy blue which overlaid all. Still, on the summit of the cliff behind him, there was a glow as of burnished bronze. Among the immense dark areas of crowded pine tops a few patches of oaks and maples caught on their lighter foliage the strange white glow of the dying day. Along his path it was already dark. The masses of gray rocks standing out here and there on both sides seemed to hurry him on.

The family had eaten supper when he reached Lawson's, but all of them gathered around the rough table for a social chat. However, as the Doctor was tired, they didn't talk long. In a short time after he had finished supper, Lawson showed him his bed, and within a few minutes he was under the fat comfort sleeping soundly.

He dreamed, as he slept, that he found himself in a veritable fairyland of nature. It seemed as if he were walking alone through a deep woods. Only here and there the day-

light shimmered through the veil of green leaves. Soon he came to the bank of a clear mountain rivulet. Over the mossy stones of its bed he heard the water trickling and tinkling as if it sang to the few dancing sunbeams that played here and there on its bosom.

Beside the stream grew wild flowers of many kinds. On its very brink the violets and wild pansies grew taller than any others, as if they had become vain and were trying to see their images in the mirror of the water. He was tired from walking, and sat down upon a rock near by to rest and look at the pretty scene around him. Then his eyes turned to the ground at the foot of the rock upon which he sat. There he saw the most beautifully colored flower that he had ever seen. It was the frank, open face of a pansy turned half upward to him, and its color was of such a kind as if it had caught the tints of all the sunbeams and the brightness of every rain drop; which had been tempered with the shade of the place and softened by the little breezes which must have played around the rock sometimes. But even while he looked, a great snake came from the grass nearby, and crushed the flower as it glided over it.

He awoke suddenly, with the realization that someone outside had been calling him.

“Hello, in thar! Hello! Doc.”

He jumped out of bed and, looking out the little window, saw a man standing near the fence holding a horse. Telling the visitor that he would be ready immediately, he dressed, and in a short time went out the gate leading his horse.

By a few questions the Doctor found that the man, looking for a doctor, had been told by one of the neighbors that he must have stopped at Lawson's for the night, and from the fellow he also learned that there was a bad case ahead which might be too far gone before they could get there.

In a short time he was riding behind the mountaineer along the same path which he had followed that afternoon. It seemed as if he were going through a nightmare. He won-

dered if the little girl whom he had seen only a few hours before could be mixed up in this affair; but this thought was so unpleasant that he quickly put it from his mind. He didn't even venture to inquire about the nature of the case, knowing well enough that he could get but little explanation out of this man.

The moon was half way down and its light helped them to ride rapidly. For some minutes they kept the path which Anderson had followed that afternoon; then, to his surprise, and somewhat to his relief, they turned that path and made a detour through the edge of a large strip of woodland. Here the moonlight no longer helped them. Trusting in the ability of the mountaineer to keep the way, the doctor followed as closely as possible, in order not to get lost.

They had ridden for an hour and had penetrated till deeper into the woods, when a murmuring sound was heard. It was soft, yet of great volume, as if a thousand bees were humming in an acre of clover. He tried to think where he could be. Hadn't he heard the sound before?

Soon the woods became less dense. The moonlight again fell on the path now and then as they began to climb the almost treeless slope of the mountain. The rumbling sound grew into a roar, and in riding around a steep slope the men came upon a sight which thrilled the doctor more than any that he had ever seen. He knew that it was the same place which he had seen that afternoon, but there had been such a change, as if had taken an age to bring it about. Instead of the beautifully flowered cliff and sparkling falls, the rock reared dark and gruesomely above them. The cliff itself was terrible to behold. It seemed to glower upon him like a dark and hostile spirit, while from its top the stream came in a roaring flood. All light of the moon was cut off by the mountain towering above. The water, falling in a black, fuming spray from the top of the cliff, struck the pool at the bottom, spurning and raving as if a mighty whirlwind had

been changed to water and was tearing madly down the mountain side.

A horrible fear and dread of something came over him. Was it the dream, or the mad falls, which had caused this fear? Or was it something more than that—something real? He wondered why his companion had turned into the dark path through the woods, instead of the path which he had begun to follow. The other way was shorter and could have been followed much more easily. As if he were again asleep, the dream came over his mind, and then, with a shudder the white face of the little girl whom he had seen at the same falls came before his eyes. He startled; his horse had slipped suddenly. He had so lost himself in the dream that he hadn't seen his guide dismount. When he looked ahead to find out the trouble, he could plainly see the eyes of the man fastened upon him. But, to his relief, the man only gave an order to dismount; explaining that they would have to walk and lead the horses. For several minutes they trudged up a steep, narrow path, which was *worn through the rock* of the mountain side. At last they came upon a kind of tableland, upon reaching which they again mounted. After riding rapidly over the level ground for a short while, a light was seen shining dimly just ahead on one side of the path.

The mountaineer then took charge of the horses, telling the Doctor to wait for his return. He came back in a few minutes and led the way up to the door of a cottage, which he opened, stepping back while the doctor passed within. There, in the small but tidy room of the cottage, the first thing which met his glance was the girl whom he had seen at the foot of the falls. She was on a rough bed in the corner of the room, lying between coarse, clean, home-made quilts. He went over and knelt beside the bed. The blood was gone from her cheeks. The lips, once as rich and red as a fresh damasked rose, had changed to a pale, delicate crimson. The brown, lustreless masses of hair spread over her pillow, ex-

cept a few clustering tendrils which had become separated and lay almost black against the ivory whiteness of her throat.

Rising and looking about for a seat, he noticed, for the first time, a man sitting on a box in the corner. He was bent over, his face buried deep in his hands. Not finding a seat, he kneeled again beside the bed, and put out his hand toward the girl, when a voice from the corner said,

“Wait, Doc! ’Tain’t no use, so don’t tech her now. I reckon she don’t need anything ye kin do.”

The doctor rose as the man continued:

“Her ma brung her up, en when her ma died I wuz ’feard ez her wouldn’t git ter stay hyar long. Thar wuz some ez said her ma wuz furrin’ ter we’uns, ez she hed kurus noshuns, en oughter a been down thar with ’siety fokes. Wal, I’ll tell ye lak this, Doc; I ain’t fittin’ fer much en I ain’t overly fond o’ wimmin’, but I wouldn’t of traded her off fer all the farms ’n hosses ’n gold ’n silver in this here world.

“The little gal wuz jest lak her ma. Fokes ’lowed ez she hed kurus noshuns, too. She growed up purty ez any of yer fine gals in town, Doc, en she wuz lak her ma fer the world. I began ter get peart, fer hit wuz purt nigh lak her ma had kum back ter me agin. En then, one day some o’ the fokes tells me ez Joe Gompers hed been a getherin’ flowers fer her, en done other things lak that, fer he ’nowed how she liked ’em. En one day he axed the gal to marry him. She didn’t know what marryin’ wuz, en axed me ’bout it. I guess I got purty mad, Doc. Joe wuz jist ’bout ez no ’count a feller ez ever kum ter these mountains. He never put that hand o’ his’n ter work of no sort, en spent all his time huntin’. En then, Doc, I didn’t want her ter leave me, fer I ’nowed how it would be fer me if she wuz gone. En, Doc, she wuz so little en young, fer marryin’. I layed my gun out thar on a bench whut wuz in here, en said that if Joe Gompers kum in this cabin he wouldn’t stay long. En, Doc,

the little gal cried. She said ez Joe had been good ter her, en that I oughtn't ter be hard on 'im that way. En then she throwed her arms 'round m' neck en jist cried lak her ma used ter do, en told me ez she wern't never goin' ter leave me, en thet she wuz sorry thet she had told me what Joe hed said 'bout marryin'; that she didn't know it wuz somethin' thet would hurt me.

"Arter that she told me ez he'd give her flowers now 'n then, but thet he'd never said anythin' more.

"Things went on ez always till yisterdy, when Joe kum ter me down thar at the still en says ez how he must have the gal. He'd no mor 'n said that than he had ter git out o' thar, fer I pinte my gun blank into his face.

"When I went ter the house fer ter eat, Jim kum in drunk en lookin' mean. Jim wuz my son by my first wife, en he's jist lak bein' no kin ter the gal thar. She wuz on-easy fer fear 'at he'd make mischief, en she warn't long findin' out thet she wuz right. Fer arter a quarter hour they wuz some shootin' a hundred yard frum here. The gal wuz gone fore I 'nowed it, an' when I got 'n sight of the place she wuz holdin' on ter Jim beggin' of him not ter shoot. Jist then he flung her off'n him en fore I could git thar he shot a hole clar through her breast. Then I seen a man rise up on his elbows a little piece ahead. A streak of fire flashed through the air an' Jim fell over dead. The other fellow fell over again, en while's I wuz standin' thar by him, he said, 'Things is even now,' and died, too. That wuz Joe, Doc.

"Tain't no use o' techin' her now. I reckon ez she don't belong here no more. If ye could have come a little sooner yer might of helped some, but she's with her ma now; en Doc, I reckon ez the angels is pickin' flowers fer her now."

The old man's head fell, his face again became hidden within his hands, and the room was still as death.

An Idyll in Silhouette

The moon, in pale and chastened hands
 Clear-filtered through the purple-blue;
 Dim shadows on the level sands;
 A city dark against the view;

Two forms beyond the heavy gate,
 That move and meet in quick delight;
 Low words of Love, and Life, and Fate;
 A vanishing into the night;

And silent all. The city still,
 Beneath its film of filtered gold,
 The actors gone, for good or ill,
 To live a drama ages old.

* * * * *

These lovers — whom? I cannot say;
 The place, itself, I do not know.
 Perchance, faint Egypt, far away;
 Mayhap, Judea, long ago.

Some maid of sweet Provençal grace,
 Or, blue-eyed, in a Northern home?
 Some Chloë, in a classic Thrace,
 Or laughing Lalage from Rome?

An empty quest, for time has proved
 From every moment's crowded page,
 That men have dared and women loved
 In every clime and every age.

Some College Questions

E. J. LONDON.

One of the most striking phenomena of our social life today is the interest that the governed take in the means whereby the governors affect their welfare. In all modern communities where intellectual activity is astir, men are keenly aware of the problems that have arisen out of the complex conditions about them, whether their state be a democracy or not. They are not prone to accept without questioning what their rulers may choose to do for them. They have confidence enough in themselves to believe they should be intrusted with the power to act; having acted according to their convictions, they are willing to abide by the outcome. This is the tendency in the modern democratic movement.

The college, it stands to reason, can never become the democracy the state is today. The young men who gather here to be instructed and guided, that their lives in the future may include a wider expanse of usefulness and cultured happiness, cannot assume the authority of the instructors and guiders. Even the state never has and never will assign the suffrage to minors. The very purpose that brings them together permits of no other condition than that those who guide and instruct have complete and undivided power in their work. Democracy, as far as the term implies self-government, is, then, a *reductio ad absurdum* in college communities.

There is a sort of democracy, however, which is not inconsistent with the purpose of education. Intelligent public opinion is a force to be reckoned with even though self-government is not possible. Upon the many regulations made by the authorities for the governing of the students, there are opinions which should be taken into account. Moreover, there have arisen problems (not as serious, of course, as the

labor problem, the woman suffrage problem) that have their origin in student life, and that are not directly, because of their nature, questions for the administration. Their solution must depend on the attitude the students themselves take toward them. Not only is it best that the students take some sort of attitude toward the peculiar problems, independent of the administration, but it is also necessary that this attitude be based on a study of actual conditions with the view that the hearty cooperation between the authorities and an educated student-body opinion may go so far toward bringing about needed reforms. The college democracy that is supposed here is not that condition where the authorities are relegated to a sphere of powerless inactivity, but one where they, by dint of their age, experience, and wide knowledge, become the natural leaders of thought and activity among undergraduates.

Of the problems that confront college communities, and that must be met by fair, intelligent opinion, several may be discussed here. Much has been said in public discussion of the fraternity problem. We have, it is argued on the one hand, organizations of wealthy or make-believe aristocratic students for snobbish purposes. Clannish to an obnoxious degree, they present a condition unknown in any real democracy. They would combine, we further hear, all their membership for the control of athletics and other student activities. In short, fraternities form a class not in harmony with American democratic ideals, and should, therefore, be eliminated from college life.

The fraternity men, on the other hand, argue that organization of men of similar types of breeding and ways of thinking is natural. In a large aggregation of men it is impossible for all to live together on the same terms of intimacy. For mutual help, better understanding of each other, and agreeable fellowships, groups will be found, and inasmuch as these ends are reached, the *raison d'être* of fraternities is self-evident.

Now, what is the proper attitude toward fraternities? One fact is plain: If the scope of fraternities is limited to the idea of brotherhoods, their elimination cannot be demanded. I have a right to say with whom I am going to associate, whose time and money I may require in exchange for mine. But fraternities are making a serious mistake when they subordinate the interest of the college to their particular organization. When fraternity A fights against all other fraternities, and when they together attempt to overshadow the college, they become objectionable. Nor is the effort made by fraternities in some institutions to control and dominate over student politics compatible with its democracy. The man who will vote for only a fraternity candidate, without weighing his qualifications, and the man who always votes against fraternity men, lacks the proper spirit of patriotism and devotion to their college. Domination by cliques and bosses is as obnoxious, and should be more so, in the college than in the state. Contempt for the non-fraternity man and an unwillingness to cooperate with him in any work tend to but aggravate the prejudice against what ought to be mere brotherhood. This question, above all others, requires fairness and the proper sort of college spirit from both sides for its solution.

The growth of an organization is certainly a sign of healthy activity, an indication of life and spirit. But the day may not be so far off when colleges will be compelled to take note of the ever-increasing number of societies and clubs that consume so much of a student's life, and make such demand on the energy of the enthusiastic worker. As a faculty member of a certain student-life committee pointed out, every new organization singles out for its officers prominent leaders of the older ones, and consequently does not attain the highest efficiency. Sophie Newcomb College, of Louisiana, has already attempted some solution of the problem by dividing all officers into two divisions — major and minor — and allowing any one student to hold no more than one major office

and two minor offices. Would it not be wise to question also the right of a student to belong to every club that calls him? Certainly, these societies that are devoted to such scholastic work in their particular departments as class-room study does not permit, could limit membership to those taking several courses in that particular field.

With a distinct arrangement of student organizations, the purely literary societies — now nothing more than debating societies — can serve a particular function. Where no institution for the gathering of all students, irrespective of their work, and for the discussion of problems of common interest, exists, the literary societies should be the forum. Not as students of German, or Science, or History, or Engineering, but as men who in later years must face common problems in politics, and as members of one social commonwealth must have some accepted medium. All members of the college community should assemble in these *fora* for the discussion of questions of political and cultural interest. A proper system of societies should, in conclusion, allow every man ample opportunity of meeting his fellows of different tastes and training in the literary society.

The present status of Athletics in American institutions has given rise to a question that is, perhaps, of the most vital concern to the student-body. Whatever one's opinion as to the aims of American athletics, certainly no one can help admiring the English system of play. It were a commonplace now to add that in England almost every college man engages in some form of athletics. In the modern American college the few men who compose the varsity eleven, nine, and five, are the men who obtain those benefits that all should enjoy. This is said without in any way wishing to disparage varsity teams. But it can hardly be contended that the rooting that goes with an intercollegiate game is all that is needed by the average man. To eliminate the successful and the well-developed to make place for the weak and inefficient is out of the question. But varsity teams

do not preclude the necessity for the development of the love of play inherent in every man. Until it is possible for the average student to engage in some sort of game and contest which he could enjoy were he encouraged, the contention that the college develops the best in the boy will not hold. Doctor Eliot may be right in his theory of developing "spots," but the development of the few "spots" should follow, not precede, the development of the average man.

I'm Uh Ole-Time Darkey

BYRON L. CONLEY.

I'm uh ol'-time darky of de deys done gone,
Of de days done gone long er go ;
In de Car'lina lan' my cabin used ter stan',
Where de cotton and de sugar canes grow.

In de Car'lina lan' whar de sun shone bright,
And de rivers went glidin' er-long,
And de darkies were happy in de cotton fields white,
Er singin' of der ol-time songs.

Whar de sweet wile rose an' d e honeysuckle vine
Climbed high 'bove my ol' cabin do',
An' de moon shone bright 'bove de willow an' de pine,
In de lan' whar de watermillions grow.

I'm uh ol'time darky ; my days are mighty few ;
I ain't got long ter remain ;
But my heart's still young, an' my love am true,
To de lan' of cotton an' de cane.

'Twas a lonesome day an' my head bowed low
When ol' massa an' ol' mistis died,
Away down South whar de magnolias grow,
We buried dem side by side.

How my sad heart ached I neber can tell,
'Twuz so dark an' col' whar dey lay ;
Oh, win's sad moan an' de tears dat fell
As we knelt down beside dem ter pray.

I'm er gittin' mighty ol' an' ma heart beats slow,
Ma eyes are too weak to see,
De win' is callin' thro' de pine tops low,
An' maybe it's er-callin' fer me.

A War Reminiscence

MARY R. GORMAN.

It was early in April, '63, when the incident occurred which I am about to relate.

Our army had been steadily on the march for three days, snatching a much-needed rest only when it was absolutely necessary. Still there were no signs of the enemy. At the end of the third day word came that the Yankees were some ten or twelve miles to the north — the number of their force unknown. General Johnson immediately called a halt and gave the order to make camp for the night.

As commander of a small detachment of scouts, I was sent on ahead to reconnoiter. We rode forward on the main road for three or four miles; then turned off the highway and proceeded more cautiously skirting the road to the right. By this time it had grown so dark it was dangerous to proceed farther; so a halt was called, and pickets stationed, to be relieved every few hours; so as to enable the worn-out men to get a few hours rest.

Our camp was situated on a bluff overlooking a narrow stream, thickly wooded on the opposite side. The night was inky black, and very still, no signs of an enemy anywhere.

In half an hour the camp was as still as its surroundings; the pickets were at their posts, and the men were sound asleep. Before turning in myself, I determined to inspect the pickets once more, to be sure all was well. I went the rounds, finding every man at his post, until I reached the last post. The fellow who had been stationed there was hardly more than a boy, and though he was sticking to his place manfully, I saw that in five minutes, in spite of all he could do, sleep would claim him. If he should be caught asleep at his post, death, I knew, would be the penalty. As commander of the detachment, it was my privilege to change sentinels at will; so I ordered him off to sleep, protesting as

he stumbled away, and pulled my horse up where he had been standing. As the sound of his footsteps died away, quiet reigned again; not a sound broke the stillness; even Nature, herself, seemed sleeping, refreshing herself for the coming day. I turned over in my mind the events of the day and the plans for the morrow; then my thoughts flew back to that far-away home in Carolina. Still thinking of home, and those I had left behind, overcome with weariness, I must have dozed off for a minute. Suddenly I saw the trees and bushes at the other side of the stream part, and a small company of Yankees push through. I saw them stop, quickly scan the bluff on which our camp was situated, then jumping from stone to stone cross the stream and start up the bank in my direction. It seemed to me my every muscle was paralyzed. I could not utter a sound, and on they came, nearer and nearer. At last they reached the top of the bluff, made a dash forward and surrounded me; then I awoke. Great beads of perspiration stood out on my forehead; I was shivering from head to foot. I looked around me — all was calm and serene. Here and there a star had come out in the dark heavens above; below me, at the foot of the bluff the little stream rippled placidly along. It was only a dream, but so vivid and real I could not shake the impression off. Again and again I saw those Yankees cross the stream and make toward me. A dread forboding possessed me. What could the dream mean? It clung so persistently to me that I finally determined to move the picket post a hundred yards or more up the stream. I turned my horse and rode forward to the new position. Hardly had I reached the point when, looking back, past the spot I had just left, I saw the bushes on the other side of the stream part. It was no dream this time — I was never more wide awake in my life. They were real Yankee soldiers this time — no phantoms of a dream — but they crossed the stream just as they had done in my dream, and started up the slope. I waited to see them surround the spot on which, a few minutes before, I had been standing; then

I turned and dashed into camp. Instantly the men were aroused; horses were made ready; pickets called in, and we were off. On reaching the main road we came upon an old farmer hurrying on toward the Confederate lines. He informed us that the Union army was only a few miles away. Having heard of Johnson's approach they had marched all night in the hope of surprising him, and were now within a few miles. That was enough for us; with lightning speed we raced our horses down the road in the direction of our lines. By this time a faint pearly light had begun to appear in the east. Our way was clearer now and we had no fear of the small detachment of the enemy which had almost surprised our little camp. On we sped through the fast disappearing shadows, until finally, just as the great red ball of fire burst forth in the eastern sky, we sighted the camp ahead. At a word we rushed by the sentinel and up to Johnson's tent.

Word that the enemy was approaching spread like wildfire throughout the camp. Sharp commands were given on every side, and in an incredibly short time everything was in readiness, and the army moved forward to meet the enemy.

Hecate

“Nocturnisque HECATE triviis ululata per urbes.”

I.

A wandering voice, a whimpering wind;
 Grey stones, where Phrygian cities stood;
 Clustered pillars left behind,
 Pale with too long solitude:
 Two way-worn roads that meet here still:
 A Syrian's hut on the desert hill:
 These were once the haunts of thee,
 Hecate!

II.

Where the women wailed in the lonesome street,
 And the heart went blind with the midnight fear;
 The muffled cry; the hurrying feet;
 The witch-chant over hellish bier;
 Where now the lizard sprawls content,
 And the black-bat clings to the cypress bent,
 Still stands an altar unto thee,
 Hecate!

III.

But ah! when the night is waning and old,
 And the winds are hushed and low,
 And a lone wolf sings mid the ruins cold,
 (And the moon pales as a tale is told)
 And the pulse of Time beats slow:
 Do not there gather from some dead place,
 (With mouldering voice and ancient face)
 Thy worshippers, come to call on thee,
 Hecate?

His Greatest Case

PAUL W. BEST.

“No; I don't love you; I hate you.”

The girl's voice faltered as she stamped her tiny foot impatiently. She turned away to conceal from his piercing gaze the quiver of her lip and the trace of tears in her dark brown eyes.

John Leonard, too, was silent, apparently entranced by the music that floated from across the lake on the gentle evening breeze, and seemed to awake the still leaves of the branches overhead to sighs as of consolation for him in his wretchedness. The music ceased, and he awoke to the consciousness that he had been drawing for he did not know how long in the turbulent sea of his unhappy thoughts while Dorothy Wilton waited for him to speak.

“Will you — can you learn to love me sometime?”

This time there was a note of pleading in his voice, and an air of hopelessness enveloped him as the girl again turned impatiently upon him.

“Love you? You who have trampled under foot the golden opportunities lying open before you with the promise of future worth to yourself and the world in which you live; you, who have bartered your talents for popularity, a mere bubble, and as a result have nothing that you can be proud of except the most unenviable distinction of being a ‘rich man's son.’”

She paused, and as no words of reply shaped themselves upon his lips he remained silent, gazing vacantly out across the lake. Her words had cut deep, and had formed in line a train of thoughts that had never troubled him before and in fact had never found lodgment in his consciousness. As he reflected that since he had graduated in distinction from a famous law school and had since done nothing but play the part of a parasite upon his father, the thoughts of the wasted

possibilities of a future loomed up before him as a frightful ghost, to haunt and accuse. He knew only too well that the girl was right.

“ You will love me; I will achieve something; but for the present let us say goodbye. I am going away.”

There was a ring of determination in his voice, and a new glitter in his eye as he held out his hand in farewell; and the girl felt that her words had stirred in his soul a chord that had never vibrated before.

He left her thus, standing by the water's edge, staring wistfully into the transparent depths as if she hoped in some way to read the secret of her future,— and his. Motionless she remained, the breeze blowing her hair in unrestrained confusion and imprinting a more youthful flush upon her cheeks, until the sound of his footsteps along the graveled lakeside path grew fainter and fainter and finally ceased.

* * * * *

Seven years had passed, and one might again observe the same man and woman wandering, apparently without forethought, to the spot where they had parted so long ago.

The girl's face was little changed, with the exception that perhaps there was a more wistful look about her eyes and a less youthful flush upon her cheek. One would hardly recognize, however, in the tall, grave man the happy-go-lucky boy of seven years ago. The girl felt the change in him, and she no longer felt the mastery and independence which had characterized her conduct of the past. She now looked at him rather shyly, and waited eagerly for him to tell her what he had been doing in all those years during which she had never once heard from him.

It was a long story, but he did not leave out a detail. He told how he had had a hard struggle in the far-off city which he had chosen for his home, and where he had begun the practice of law. The reminiscences of his first experiences seemed to give him pleasure in the telling, but he was rather vague in his story about the success of his more recent years, but

the girl understood, for she had read the papers eagerly which told how he had stood forth as the champion of the people and how the force of his appeal and his simple eloquence had won many a famous case.

He finished, and the pleasure which he had shown in relating his past was succeeded by a sudden manner of seriousness.

“Dorothy, do you still hate me?”

The question came with the suddenness of a bomb-shell, but the girl did not hesitate to answer, although she did not look into his face when she spoke.

“I—I—did not hate you when you went away. I love you now.”

Neither spoke, but words were unnecessary. As the rays of the sinking Indian summer sun sifted through the leaves they lighted up for a moment the faces of the two who sat unconscious of all the world beside. As the man whispered in words not even as loud as the ripple of the water, “At last I have won my greatest case.”

Rousseau and the Revolutionary Constitutions

LOUIS I. JAFFE.

(Concluded from December Archive.)

LAW.

All laws, Rousseau points out, arise from three general relations. First, there is the relation of all to all, or of the sovereign to the state. The laws which govern this relation bear the name of political laws and may be called fundamental laws only when they are wise and beneficial, for why, he argues, should a law be accepted as fundamental if it is inimical to the best development of a people. The people is always master and can change its laws. (1) The second relation is that of the members between themselves or with the whole body. The laws regulating this relation are called civil laws and should always tend to make as slight as possible the relation of man to man so that each citizen may be independent of all others; and to strengthen as much as possible the relation of each individual to all, placing him thus in a position of excessive dependence on the state, for it is the strength of the state alone which insures the liberty of its members. The third relation is that between man and law itself; that of disobedience and punishment, and out of this relation arises the establishment of criminal law. Of these three classes, political laws, which constitute the form of government, are the only ones which Rousseau treats, and are therefore the only ones with which we shall deal.

Only an act of the sovereign, that is, of the general will, may be called law, says our author, and perfect gener-

1. Such a right is claimed for the people by the Constitution of the Year I, which asserts in Rights, Art. 28, "A people has always the right to review, to reform, and alter its Constitution. One generation cannot subject to its law the future generations."

ality must be the essence of it. Thus a command or rule, he argues, lacks the essential quality of law if it emanates from any source other than the community as a body politic. Conversely it lacks the character of law if, coming from that body, it affects the interests which are not general. Any law which the people have not ratified in its assembly is null—it is not a law. The following quotation from the “Social Contract” is apropos and in Rousseau’s characteristic style:

“When I say that the object of law is always general, I mean that the law considers subjects in a body, and actions as abstract; a man is never considered as an individual nor an action as an individual action. The law may order that there shall be privileges but it cannot grant them to anyone individually; . . . it can establish a royal government and an hereditary succession, but it cannot elect a king or name a royal family.” (1) It is no longer necessary then, he contends, to ask whose business it is to make laws, for they are acts of the general will; nor if the prince (i. e. the chosen instrument of the sovereign to execute its laws) is himself above the law, for he is but a member of the state.

Beginning with the Constitution of 1791, every constitution of the revolutionary period incorporated provisions defining law in practically the same terms in which it is defined in the “Social Contract.” The first named asserts that “Law is the expression of the general will. All citizens have the right to take part personally, or by their representatives, in its formation. It must be the same for all, whether it protects or punishes. All citizens being equal in its eyes, are equally eligible to all public dignities, places and employments, according to their capacities, and without other distinction than that of their virtues and their talents. It asserts further that “There is no longer for any part of the

1. S. C., II, 6.

nation nor for any individual any privilege or exception to the law that is common to all Frenchmen.” (1)

While Rousseau insists that laws are properly but conditions of civil association and that the people, which is subject to laws, should be their author, he has little confidence in the people as a legislative body. The general will is always right but the judgment guiding it is not always enlightened. The people desire always the good, but cannot always see what is good. Their wills conflict, their intelligence is limited, their experience still more so. “How will a blind multitude which does not often know its own wishes, because it rarely knows what is good for it, execute of itself an enterprise so great and difficult as a system of legislation?” (2) There must be in the body politic an organ for the enunciation of its will; a being wise, experienced, and unselfish, who, by teaching the public to know what it wants, will discover the rules of social government best suited for the nation. Here arises the necessity of a legislator, a seer of superior intelligence “who sees all the passions of mankind and experiences none of them; who has no relation to our nature but knows it thoroughly,” a sort of vague and impossible demi-god of distinctly Rousseauian creation. The office of this legislator is neither sovereignty nor magistracy; it is a special superior function which has nothing in common with human empire. It directs, regenerates, and builds up a backward nation by framing wise laws which, however, do not become laws without the consent of the people. Such a doctrine must have been of remarkable convenience to a Committee of Public Safety which undertook with notorious vigor the role of legislator to the “blind multitude,” usurping at the same time those other prerogatives, belonging peculiarly to the people, which Rousseau was so careful to withhold from his divine lawgiver. Six years later too,

1. Const. 1791, Rights 6; the same ideas are expressed with minor differences in phraseology in: Robespierre's Decl. of Rights, Art. 7, 8, and 17; Const. Year I, Rights 3 and 4; Const. Year III, Rights 6.

2. Soc. Con., II, 6.

the French invited a heaven-sent legislator from Corsica to make laws for them, but not until he had set his foot upon their neck.

There is yet a fourth kind of law, Rousseau says, which is "graven neither upon marble nor upon brass, but in the hearts of the citizens." When other laws become obsolete and pass away it animates or replaces them. It maintains the sympathy of the people with the spirit of its establishment and substitutes force of habit for authority. This law is public opinion; upon it must depend the success of all the others. The great legislator has it always in mind; it is the most important of all laws. Just how public opinion does all these things is not made clear by our author. That it is desirable to give public opinion free expression is a doctrine that was generally accepted in the early stages of the Revolution. The Constitution of 1791 declares that "No one should be disturbed on account of his opinions . . . provided their manifestation does not derange the public order established by law." And that, "The free communication of ideas and opinions is one of the most precious of the rights of man; every citizen then can freely speak, write, and print, subject to responsibility for the abuse of this freedom in the cases determined by law." (1) Without formally abandoning the principle of the free expression of public opinion, the National Assembly suppressed the royalist newspapers after the establishment of the Republic, and later, upon the proscription of the Girondist deputies, it prohibited the publication of the newspapers of that party. (2).

GOVERNMENT.

Considered in its entirety, Rousseau's somewhat lengthy treatment of the form and nature of government can be said to contribute very little that is useful to political science.

1. Cf. also Robespierre's Dec. of Rights, 6; Const. Year I, Rights 7.
2. Decree Upon the Press, March 29, 1793.

A great many of his theories are mere abstractions and inapplicable to any human society as it is now constituted. A few of even these, however, merit notice rather as representing Rousseau's characteristic vagaries than for their practical value. It is the greatest fault of his theories upon the organization of government, that they ignore almost entirely the divergent forces, the active rivalry, the conflict of personal aims, in normal human life, and, with postulating and impossible disinterestedness and nobility, seek to erect a machine which is to work without reference to the only forces which can properly impart movement to it. Rousseau, expounding his conception of the political state, leaves entirely out of account the history of human experience except in so far as certain historical examples seem to support his theories. He knew hardly any history; (1) and the illustrations which are scantily dispersed in his pages are about as unfortunate as he could have fallen in with. Most of them are merely illustrations for conclusions arrived at independently, and not the historical foundations of his conclusions. Nearly all are drawn from the annals of the small states of ancient Greece, and from the early Roman Republic. Plato, Minos, Aristotle, and Lycurgus are synonymous to him with all that is inspired and incontrovertible in the realm of law and government. We shall have occasion to notice the cavalier way Rousseau has of treating history, and his habit of driving home a geometrically derived notion of government by a final appeal to one of these divinely constituted legislators. In justice to him, it must be borne in mind, always, that the democratic ideas developed in his "Social Contract" were not intended by him to apply to a France just emerging from political ignorance and political inexperience, even though he presents an ideal of government very different from the existing absolutism. He clearly stresses, as absolutely essential to his scheme of government, the possession by the masses of a large degree of intelligence and enlightenment. Nor

1. John Morley, "Rousseau," Chapter III, Vol. II.

does it follow that there were not portions of his political system which would have been of immense value to France had they been correctly applied. Nothing is more certain than that many of his phrases like, "Liberty," "Fraternity," "popular sovereignty," "general will," were caught up by leaders of the type of Abbe Sieyès, Desmoulins, and Robespierre; that in the course of the Revolution they were often distorted in meaning; that an attempt was made to set up a government for which his approval was claimed; and that the result was anarchy followed by a despotism as powerful as that which had preceded it. It was not the complete programme which Rousseau developed in all of his writings that was adopted when the time came for constructive work, but a hasty plan based on a few phrases from one of his writings, the "Social Contract." With these remarks by way of preface, we may now proceed to examine a few of his most fruitful ideas with regard to government.

Government, he declares, is "an intermediate body established between subject and sovereign for their mutual intercourse, charged with the execution of the laws and the maintenance of liberty — civil as well as political." (1) The members comprising this body he calls *magistrates* or *kings*, and to the whole body so composed he gives the collective name of *Prince*. It is important to remember the significance of this last term, as we shall have occasion to use it constantly in its restricted and exact sense. He distinguishes clearly between sovereignty, which is created by compact, and is supreme legislative power, and government, which is created by a decree of the sovereign and whose function is in no sense to make, but only to administer law. Government, then, is merely executive power, entrusted to the Prince by his superior, the people, and may be modified, curtailed, or entirely withdrawn at the discretion of that superior. In this way Rousseau refutes the contention of the older writers on politics, notably Grotius and Hobbes,

1. S. C., III. 1.

that the act by which a people submits to a chief is a contract. It is absolutely only a commission, in which, as simple officers of the sovereign, they exercise in his name the power of which he has made them the temporary depository, and which he can take away when he wishes. The alienation of such a right, he holds, is incompatible with the nature of the social contract, and contrary to the object of the association. This clear distinction between sovereignty and government appears authoritatively for the first time in France in the Constitution of 1791, which states, under the head of Public Powers, Title III, that "it (sovereignty) belongs to the nation; no section of the people or any individual can attribute to himself the exercise thereof. The nation, from which alone emanates all the powers, can exercise them only by delegation. . . . The government is monarchical: the executive power is delegated to the King . . ." It is sufficient to notice the word *delegated* to understand the radical departure from the divine right theory which these few basic provisions connote. It was Robespierre, however, who, a tradition affirms, never permitted a week to pass without reading over the "Social Contract" at least once, who expressed most clearly Rousseau's idea. In the Declaration of Rights brought forward by him in the Convention during the debate over the Constitution of the Year I (1793), he paraphrases Rousseau in these words: "The people are sovereign, the government is their creation, the public functionaries are their agents; the people can, when they please, change their government and recall their mandates." (1) There is this essential difference between the two powers, Rousseau points out, sovereignty exists by itself, will of the Prince, therefore, should be only the general will or the law; its strength is only the public force concentrated in it. "If it happens that the Prince has an individual will more active than the sovereign, and that it uses, to enforce

1. Robesp. Decl. of Rights, Art. 18. April 24, 1793. For the "Social Contract" as the "Gospel of the Jacobins" and the inspirer of Robespierre, see Morley's "Rousseau," Vol. II, Ch. III.

this will, the public force which is in its hands in such a way that there would be, so to speak, two sovereign; one *de jure*, and the other *de facto*, the civil union vanishes at once and the political body will be dissolved." (1)

The remainder of Rousseau's treatment of government is interesting not for its practical value, but as showing his plausible method of developing systems from the interior germs of phrases. He elaborates a symmetrical governmental machine by a series of logical deductions from mathematical formulas, which become meaningless upon the slightest attempt to confront it with the visible working of human affairs. His scheme gives us hardly any help toward the solution of any of the problems of actual government because these are naturally decided by considerations of expediency and improvement. His cardinal fault, namely, that of dealing with man and his mutable will as with so many angles and figures in a proposition of Euclid which needs only the guiding spirit of pure mathematics for its solution, is nowhere so apparent as in his chapters on government. A quotation from the third book of the Social Contract will illustrate well this peculiar quality of his writings:

"The government or supreme administration is the legitimate exercise of executive power, and the prince or magistrate is the man or body charged with this administration. In the government are found the intermediate forces, whose relations compose those of all to all—of the sovereign to the state. This last relation may be represented by the extremes of a continuous proportion, of which the mean proportional is the government. The government receives from the sovereign the orders which it gives to the people; and in order that the state may be in perfect equilibrium there must be an equality between the product and the power of the citizens, who are sovereign, on the one hand, and subjects on the other.

"Further, none of these terms can be altered without immediately destroying the proportion. If the sovereign desires

1. S. C., III, 1.

to govern, or if one magistrate wishes to give laws, or if the subjects refuse to obey, disorder succeeds to order, force and will no longer act together, and the state falls either into despotism or anarchy.

“Finally, as there is but one mean proportional in each relation, there is but one good government possible in a state; but as a thousand events may occur to change the relations of a people, not only may different governments be good for different peoples, but for the same people at different times.” (1)

Two ideas even in this mystical citation stand out with comparative clearness. The legislative and executive bodies must always remain separate and distinct from each other — a governmental axiom that dates with the Revolution, in France, and is explicitly stated in every constitution from 1791 to 1795. (2) The Napoleonic constitution of the Year VIII, while nominally retaining this distinction between the legislative and executive powers, really beclouded it by the numerous prerogatives it granted the First Consul and his associates. (3) Again, different governments may be good for the same people at different times — a half-truth that seems to justify revolution if the end in view be a conceivably better form of government. In a former chapter (4) Rousseau states that the instant the government usurps the sovereignty, then the social pact is broken, and all the citizens, restored by right to their natural liberty, are forced but not morally obliged to obey. (5) Taken in conjunction, it is hard to imagine doctrines more calculated to breed political unrest than these last two. It makes peaceable government impossible, by basing the right or duty of resistance

1. S. C., III, 1.

2. Const. 1791, Chaps. II, III; Const. Year I, Secs. 39-83; Const. Year III, Title V, 45, 46, Title VI, 132.

3. Const. Year VIII, Title IV, Secs. 39-42.

4. S. C., II, 1.

5. Robespierre in his “Declaration of Rights,” Sec. 29, has the same thought: “When the government violates the rights of the people, insurrection is for the people . . . the most sacred of rights and the most indispensable of duties.”

and revolt on questions which cannot be reached by positive evidence, but must always be decided by an arbitrary interpretation of an arbitrarily assumed theory. Some such popular obsession of the general duty of rebellion must have been rife in France if we are to account for the fervid eagerness that all oppressed nations should rise and throw off the yoke, which was one of the most astonishing anxieties of the French during their revolution. (1)

Considering it axiomatic that the people are the only true possessors of legislative power, Rousseau concerns himself only with considering the best form in which the delegated authority shall be organized. Democracy, the immediate government of all by all, he rejects as too perfect for men. For its ideal maintenance it requires a state so small that each citizen knows all the others, manners so simple that the business may be small and mode of discussion easy; it requires also equality of rank and fortune, little or no luxury, a fine and universal virtue, and so forth. This applies, of course, only to democracy in the ideal form, in which the people exercise all the functions of government without delegating any of them. He concludes, therefore, that "If there were a people of Gods, its government would be democratic. So perfect a government is not suitable for men." (2)

Monarchy, he says, labors under a number of obvious disadvantages. It is to the interest of the monarch that the people be weak, miserable, and never able to resist him. Another great inconvenience in the government of one person is the lack of that continuous succession which in a republic forms an uninterrupted connection. One king being dead, there must be another; elections leave dangerous intervals, and unless the citizens are of a disinterestedness and integrity which is seldom found under this form of government, intrigue and corruption will arise.

1. See the two remarkable decrees of the National Convention, one Nov. 19, 1792, "The Declaration for Assistance and Fraternity to Foreign Peoples;" the other, a "Decree for Proclaiming the Liberty and Sovereignty of all Peoples." Dec. 15, 1792.

2. S. C., III, 4.

There remains then aristocracy, of which he distinguishes three sorts, natural, elective, and hereditary. The first is suitable only to primitive people; such, he points out with his usual misleading recourse to history, was the government of the North American Indian. The last is the worst form of all governments. The second, elective aristocracy, is the best, for it is aristocracy properly so called. When men only acquire rule by virtue of election, then uprightness, enlightenment, experience, and all other grounds of public esteem and preference, become so many new guarantees that the government will be wisely administered. It is the best and most natural order that the wisest govern the multitude, if it is certain that the government will be for the benefit of the people. This form of government makes for moderation in the rich, and contentment in the poor, since it comports with a certain inequality of fortune for the reason that it is well to confide the administration of government to men who can give their whole time to it. Monarchy, Rousseau then concludes, is the form of government best suited to large states, aristocracy for middle-sized states, and democracy for small states.

Many conditions, however, may combine to shape the particular form of government suitable to a state, such as insularity, position inland, inaccessibility, sparsity of population, and so forth, which makes it impossible to establish hard and fast rules. Rousseau contents himself finally with pointing out what he considers to be the only true sign that a state is well governed. It is interesting chiefly for the many times that it has been shown to be false by subsequent history. We can do no better than quote his own words:

“What is the object of political association? The preservation and prosperity of its members. And what is the surest sign that they are preserved and prospered? It is their number and population. Do not look elsewhere for this much disputed sign. Other things being equal, the govern-

ment under which—without outside means, without naturalization, without colonies — the citizens increase and multiply most, is invariably the best. That under which a people diminishes and perishes is the worst. Statisticians, it is now your affair; count, measure, compare.” (1)

Having indicated the general principles which should govern the establishment of government, Rousseau now provides for the retention of sovereign power by the people. There must be periodical assemblies, for since the sovereign, having no other force than legislative power, acts only through the laws, and laws are only authentic acts of the general will, the sovereign cannot act except when the people is assembled. Having established the constitution of a state in giving sanction to a body of laws; and having elected magistrates, either temporary or permanent, and established a perpetual government; the people in order to retain their sovereignty, must assemble regularly. Aside from the extraordinary assemblages which unexpected cases might require, there must be fixed, periodical ones which nothing can abolish. In general, Rousseau establishes the rule that, “the more force the government has the more frequently should the sovereign be visible.” (2) Such a doctrine in the days of Louis XV is startling enough, when we consider that at the time of Rousseau’s utterance nothing even approaching an assembly of the sovereign people had taken place in France for nearly two hundred and fifty years. (3) In view of this fact, the provisions of the still monarchical constitution of 1791, for the renewal of the legislative body independently of the king, may be said to be truly revolutionary in their nature. They declare that “The National Assembly, forming the legislative body, is permanent. . . . It is formed every two years by new elections. . . . The renewal of the legislative body

1. S. C., III, 4.

2. S. C., III, 14.

3. The Estates General had last met in 1614.

takes place *ipso facto*. . . The legislative body shall not be dissolved by the King." (4)

In deputies or representatives Rousseau has no faith. In the old Roman Republic, he points out, the entire body of citizens, numbering 400,000 who bore arms, assembled in the Campus Martius on all matters of state, while the sacred tribunes of the people never attributed to themselves the functions of a sovereign people. Sovereignty cannot be represented for the same reason that it cannot be alienated; it consists essentially of the general will, and the will cannot be represented; it is the same or it is different, there is no mean. The deputies of the people then are not, cannot be, it representatives; they are only commissioners; they can conclude nothing definitely. Any law which the people in person has not ratified is null; it is not law. But Rousseau realizes that a general assembly of all the citizens is possible only in very small states, and that popular sovereignty would, therefore, be impossible in a large empire of modern times. His remedy is subdivision into small self-governing states, properly confederated. He hints at a later work in which he would show "how the external power of a great people may be united with the easy government and good order of a small state," (1) supposedly by confederation, but the book was never written.

There is yet a further reason for the frequent assemblies of the people. They prevent usurpations on the part of the government. It is the regular procedure of tyrants and despots, and all those contemplating a usurpation of power, to prevent popular assemblages of the people. Thus the decemvirs of ancient Rome, he says, having first been elected for a year, tried to maintain their power in perpetuity by not allowing the meeting of the people. He concludes then that, although "the established government should never be touched except when it becomes incompatible with the public

4. Const. 1791, Title III, 1-5. The Constitutions of the Years I and III contain similar provisions.

1. S. C., III, 16.

good," this circumspection is a principle of politics, not a rule of law, and therefore, to prevent usurpations, these assemblies, which are the guardian of the social treaty, should always open with, and pass upon, these two propositions:

"First:—If it pleases the sovereign to preserve the present form of government.

"Second:—If it pleases the people to leave the administration of it to those who have it actually in charge." (2)

With regard to suffrage and plurality Rousseau is again extremely vague. One thing, however, he takes pains to make clear. The social contract, one of the provisions of which is the submission of all the members to the will of the majority, alone requires a vote that is unanimous. For the promulgation of laws, then, only the will of the majority is necessary. The means by which he justifies the submission of the minority is questionable and need not here be discussed. It remains only for the several states, he says, to decide upon the size of the majority to be required for the passage of any law. This should differ with the importance and nature of the proposed law. The difference of a single vote breaks equality; a single opposer breaks unanimity. Between unanimity and equality there are therefore possible many degrees of majority which may be fixed according to the needs of the political body. Two general maxims should be followed: one, "that the more important and grave the deliberation, the more should the prevailing opinion approach unanimity; the other, that the greater the necessity for celerity in the affair at hand, the more restricted should be the prescribed difference in the division of opinions." (1)

Rousseau is no believer in the perennial usefulness of a system of laws, it matters not how wise they were at the time they were formulated. He conceives of laws which may, in some rare cases, become so inflexible and unyielding to circumstances, as to threaten the ruin of a state in a crisis. A

2. S. C., III, 18.

1. S. C., IV, 3.

period of extraordinary stress may present problems for which the legislators had not provided, and which, because of their urgency, do not permit of their being considered in the usual manner. "It is very necessary foresightedness to realize that one cannot foresee everything." Against these rare and dire extremities Rousseau insures the state by providing for the institution of dictatorship. A political establishment, he says, should never be allowed to become so rigid as not to admit, in a period of great public danger, of the delegation of all authority to a leader "who silences all laws and suspends for a moment the sovereign authority." (2) This dictatorship, he carefully points out, is only the suspension of legislative authority, not its abolition. The dictator dominates all; he can do everything but make laws. In whatever manner this important commission be conferred, its duration must be limited to a very short term, which can never be prolonged. Crises, which alone justify its establishment, are transitory, the state is soon either destroyed or saved. When the need is passed the dictatorship becomes useless and tyrannical.

The "Decree for Suspending the King," passed by the Legislative Assembly on August 10, 1792, however justifiable it may have been on other grounds, was nothing more nor less in essence than a suspension and usurpation of authority such as Rousseau justifies in his discussion of the dictatorship. The phraseology, after due allowance is made for the fact that similar subjects are dealt with, is remarkably similar to that employed by Rousseau. It declares that: "The National Assembly, considering that the dangers of the fatherland have reached their height; that it is for the legislative body the most sacred of duties to employ all means to save it; that . . . misgivings have provoked from different parts of the kingdom a desire tending to the revocation of the authority delegated to Louis XVI; . . . that in the extraordinary circumstances wherein events un-

2. S. C., IV, 8.

provided by any of the laws have placed it, it can not reconcile what it owes, in its unshaken fidelity to the constitution, with the firm resolve to be buried under the ruins of the temple of liberty rather than to permit it to perish, except by recurring to the sovereignty of the people; . . .

decrees as follows: The head of the executive power is provisionally suspended from its functions until the convention has pronounced upon the measures which it believes ought to be adopted in order to assure the sovereignty of the people and the reign of liberty and equality." (1) This declaration is then followed by a number of articles providing for the enforcement of the dictatorial rulings of the Assembly. Instead of a Sulla or a Cromwell for a dictator, we have here a whole assembly, a difference only in quantity, not in kind. A dictator was demanded by the Terrorists several times during the Revolution, notably by Marat during the struggle against the Girondists, and on grounds which were much the same as those developed by Rousseau. The great Committee of Public Safety, to which unlimited powers were given, and which, in the words of one of its leaders, was compelled to "establish the despotism of liberty in order to crush the despotism of kings," was itself a body wielding the powers of a dictator.

In his short treatment of government in the "Social Contract," Rousseau, as we have seen, has brought together several of the most insidious errors which afflicted the statesmen of the revolutionary period. There is hardly a limit to the tyranny which he allows to the multitude. He frees the individual from the interference of a single master, only to make him helplessly dependent upon a corporate despot who is to control his actions and even dominate his thought. Public opinion, according to him, is the most important of all laws. Individuality is to be absolutely abolished. He points out the danger of usurpation of power by the Prince, but fails to provide for security. A statutory system, however des-

1. Decree for Suspending the King, Aug. 10, 1792.

potic, has at least the virtue of enabling a man to know this year what he is to expect ten years hence, and to lay his plans accordingly. But Rousseau carefully reserves for his corporate tyrant the right of being capricious. The whole form of government shall be brought into question at every public meeting; what the multitude has today decided it may reverse tomorrow.

While there are no actual provisions in any of the revolutionary documents which are as radical as those proposed by Rousseau, one has only to consider the rapidity with which one form of government followed another form of government, one constitution another constitution, one *coup d'état* another *coup d'état*, to trace in the maze of revolutionary theory of that troubled period a distinctly Rousseauite heresy that mere government is the servant of the people's mutable will, and that rebellion is a duty when the sovereignty of the people is infringed.

CIVIL RELIGION.

Of religion in its relation to the state, Rousseau distinguishes three kinds. First, a religion without temples, altars, or rites, which is limited to the purely mental worship of the Supreme God, and to the eternal duties of correct living. This is the true theism, the simple religion of the Gospel, and might be said to be established by natural divine right. Second, a local, civil, or positive religion, with dogmas, rites, and its external worship prescribed by law. Outside of the nation which follows this religion all are infidels and barbarians; "it extends the duties and rights of man no further than the altar." Such a civil or positive religion was that of all the primitive peoples. Third, a religion like the Christianity of the Roman Church, which gives to man two systems of laws, two chiefs, two countries, and, by submitting him to duties which conflict, prevent him from being at the same time devout and patriotic.

Considering them politically, all three of these systems are open to serious objection. The one last mentioned Rousseau dismisses with the statement that it is so evidently pestilential and opposed to true political unity, that it merits no discussion. The second, although it is good in that it unites divine worship with the love of the law, and teaches its votaries that to serve the state is to serve its God, is nevertheless bad in that it is founded on error and falsehood. It renders man credulous and superstitious, and changes the true worship of the divinity into an idle ceremony. It tends to become exclusive and tyrannical, and to make people intolerant. It consecrates as a holy action the killing of all those who do not worship their gods. There remains the religion of man or Christianity; not the Christianity of the day, but that of the Gospel, which is quite different. In this true religion all mankind are children of the same God, own each other for brothers, and the social bond which unites them is indissoluble even in death. But this religion, too, has its faults. It has no special relation to the body politic, and adds no force to the laws. Containing nothing to attach the hearts of the citizens to the state, it even teaches aloofness and indifference to all earthly things — a doctrine most contrary to the social spirit. What, then, is to be done? Rousseau meets the difficulty with his state religion, a purely civil profession of faith to be established by the sovereign. The few and simple tenets of this faith the sovereign shall formulate, not precisely as dogmas of a religion, but as “sentiments of sociality without which it is impossible to be a good citizen or faithful subject.” (1) Without being able to compel any one to believe them, he can banish from the state whoever does not subscribe to them, not as being impious, but as being unsocial, and incapable of sincere attachment to the laws or of sacrificing, at need, his life to his duty. Rousseau’s sentences outlining the principles of this simple profession of faith are in his most vigorous style and are worth quoting:

1. S. C., IV, 8.

“The dogmas of civil religion should be simple, few in number, announced with precision, without explanation or commentary. The existence of a powerful, intelligent, benevolent, prescient, and provident Divinity, the life to come, the happiness of the just, the punishment of the wicked, the sacredness of the social contract and the law: these are the positive dogmas. As to the negative dogmas, I limit them to one: intolerance; it enters into the religions which we have excluded.” (2) Furthermore, if any one, after having publicly acknowledged these dogmas, conducts himself as if he did not acknowledge them, he should be put to death. He is guilty of the greatest of crimes, that of lying before the law.

It is characteristic of Rousseau's contradictory method that he should at the same time denounce intolerance and assert the right of the sovereign to exile from the state all those who do not subscribe to the dogmas of civil religion. It is a good instance, too, of his boundless faith in the infallibility of his own dreams that he should not have seen the impossibility of limiting the profession of civil faith to three or four articles which conveniently happened to be his own belief. Neither can it be said that the idea of a civil religion was originated by Rousseau. His creed, with its characteristic concluding paradox, is hardly more than an adaptation of a device which had already been made use of by Spinoza and others. (1) None of his predecessors, however, had ventured to denounce Catholicism as a religion incapacitating its adherents for good citizenship, and this, too, in a plea for toleration. In its essence Rousseau's civil creed was a rigorous subordination of the church to the state, and represents his solution of the century-long struggle between the state and the Pope, whose most melodramatic incident had been the scene in the courtyard of Canossa.

The famous Civil Constitution of the Clergy, drawn up by the National Assembly, was aimed at the Catholic Church,

2. S. C., IV, 8.

1. W. A. Dunning, “Political Theories, Luther to Montesquieu.”

and represents a practical effort on the part of the Revolution to eliminate papal influence and weaken the power of Rome. In so far, at least, it may be said to represent the anti-Catholic ideas first advanced by Rousseau in his treatment of civil religion. Among other things, it provides for the election of bishops by the people, instead of by the Pope, and places the clergy on the same footing with other public officials, to be paid salaries by the state. It abolished bishoprics and substitutes in their stead eighty-three dioceses, corresponding to the eighty-three departmental divisions of the country. It decrees that, "No church or parish of France, nor any French citizen, may acknowledge upon any occasion or upon any pretext whatever, the authority of any ordinary bishop or of an archbishop whose see shall be under the supremacy of a foreign power, nor that of their representatives residing in France or elsewhere . . ." Furthermore, it provides that ". . . the bishop-elect shall take a solemn oath in the presence of the municipal officers, the people, and the clergy, . . . to be loyal to the nation, the law, and the king, and to support with all his power the constitution decreed by the National Assembly and accepted by the King."

(1) This radical reorganization of the most venerable institution in France, following closely upon the confiscation of its vast possessions, illustrates well the revolutionary spirit of the reformers. While it is apparent that the civil constitution of the clergy did not, in any sense, create a civil faith with four or five simple dogmas, such as Rousseau dreamed of, it did go a long way toward undermining that obstacle to patriotic and devout citizenship, so strongly denounced by him, "Romish Christianity . . . which gives to a man two legislations, two chiefs, and two countries." (2)

It is during the Reign of Terror, however, that the most consistent attempt was made to establish a state religion like the ideal one proposed by Rousseau. In the winter of 1793 two parties in Paris stood face to face; the rationalistic party

1. Civil Const. of the Clergy, July 12, 1790.
2. S. C., IV, 8.

of the Commune holding to the ideals of Voltaire, and led by such men as Hébert and Chaumette; and the sentimental Rousseauite party of St. Just and Robespierre. The first had industriously desecrated the churches as vestiges of powers inimical to the republic; it had broken definitely with the Christianity and gods of the old time, and set up in its place the worship of the Goddess of Reason, the deity of the new time. It had provided a service in the Cathedral of Notre Dame in which Reason, in the person of a handsome actress, took her place on the altar. (3) When, shortly after, the tide of affairs placed Robespierre in power, he retaliated by executing Hébert and Chaumette on the charge of conspiracy "to destroy all notion of Divinity and base the government of France on Atheism." The mummeries of the Supreme Being, and of the Festivals, which St. Just and Robespierre now instituted, are accountable only by the fact that both of them had read their Rousseau and his simple dogmas of civil religion with prayerful attention. These declarations from the decree of the Convention establishing the worship of the Supreme Being bear no more than an accidental resemblance to Rousseau's simple dogmas of civil religion.

"1. The French people recognize the existence of the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul.

"2. They recognize that the worship worthy of the Supreme Being is the practice of the duties of man.

"3. They place in the first rank of these duties, to detest bad faith and tyranny, to punish tyrants and traitors, to relieve the unfortunate, to respect the weak, to defend the oppressed . . ." (1)

The act provides further for the establishment of numerous festivals in honor of such abstractions as justice, modesty, friendship, stoicism, frugality, patriotism, etc., and for the annual celebration of the great Festival of the Supreme Being. It was, of course, impossible that such a religion should

3. Matthews "French Revolution," Ch. XVII.

1. Decree for Establishing Worship of the Supreme Being. May, 7, 1794.

last, and with the overthrow and execution, two months after its establishment, of its high-priest, Robespierre, it died a natural death. Such a result might have been expected. It was not the fault of the ideal faith which Rousseau had developed but the degraded adaptation of that faith which Robespierre had evolved, which made it impossible that such a fantastic religion should live.

We sum up in a few words Rousseau's real contribution to the religious thought of the Revolution when we say that to his treatment of civil religion in the "Social Contract" is attributed to a large extent the decided conviction, in the minds of the revolutionary reformers, that in an enlightened nation the church must always occupy a position subordinate to the state. The Civil Constitution of the Clergy marked the beginning of this subordination of the church to state, a movement which continued without interruption until their complete separation in 1905.

In every country whose institutions are decaying, writers appear who decry abuses and attempt to elaborate new systems. It cannot be doubted that the literary men of France who entered the field of complaint exerted much influence in hastening the Revolution, and even, in a measure, dictated the particular form which the Revolution took. In the great literature of discontent which flooded France in the dark days which preceded the light-bringing cataclysm, Rousseau's name stands foremost. He it was who first asserted, in homely phrase intelligible to the humblest, the dignity of man. From him the great body of Frenchmen imbibed the inspiring truth that the real sovereign is the people, and not some pompous fraud "annointed of God." Rousseau did not teach; he lighted up, and the French people saw and arose.

Editorial

THE OLD MAIN BUILDING

It is the nature of Americans, as a class, to forget very rapidly. Events, successes, calamities, which in the less plastic minds of an older and more "set" people would make an eternal impression, can be thrown aside by the mobile dispositions of our citizens with as little after effect as the rippling of a stone cast into swift waters. In many respects this is a most fortunate trait. A great fire, like that of San Francisco, to give only one illustration of this trait, instead of blighting forever the hopes of a great world-city upon the Pacific coast, served only as incubation for the phoenix hopes of her inhabitants, and so far from making a permanent impression upon the national mind, we venture to say that the average schoolboy in this country is better acquainted with the details of the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum than with those of a similar catastrophe some eighteen hundred years nearer, some thousand miles nearer, and in many respects immeasurably greater. So with college students. For example—

The old Washington Duke building had stood so long in the most eminent and conspicuous part of the Trinity Campus, for so many years had its hourly bells become a part of the daily life of the college and of the town, so many students had labored, and laughed, and flunked on analytics, and murdered Livy, and on Saturday nights stood up and solved the problems of life and death, destiny and history, under those august walls,—that the visual concept, when one thought of Trinity, was that of the old Main Building. In fact, the writer finds it hard even now when going on class in the

morning, not to turn his footsteps toward that heap of bricks and debris and one lone standing tower.

And yet, we have to all intents and purposes, forgotten her. Already the daily work goes on to the horrible tune of a steam whistle, and the old bell is forgotten. The literary societies still meet, and when sophomores in strident tones dispose of woman suffrage and child-labor, and initiative and referendum, and railroad regulation, who now ever thinks of the old halls where the former orators of Trinity were trained,—the halls of the old Main Building?

If, as some sages have thought, there dwells a sort of living spirit even in things inanimate, may we not think of the soul of the old Washington Duke Building still hovering about the spot where her ashes lie, and where only her blasted skeleton stands? That spirit, compounded of the aspirations of all who ever lived and labored in those now dynamited walls—into the making of which entered a little of the spirit of the men who made the old Trinity,—the best and truest and bravest of her sons? No energy can ever be lost in this world; and all these unspoken thoughts germinated in the class-rooms of the old building, all those dreams dreamt in the secrecy of those dormitories, all those aspirations told only to the still chamber walls, which have known and kept always true—who knows—how many secrets,—all those have entered into the building, and become as it were its soul.

The body is in ruins,—its brick and mortar fire-scorched and shattered; but the soul: Is it not also the soul of the New Trinity? Has it not spread out with the “widening of the suns,” become a greater and higher, and more noble, even than the old?

“Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at last art free,
Leaving thy out-grown shell, by life’s unending sea.”

Wayside Wares

Blushing.—A lost art.

A few days ago we read a novel; it was quite an old story and the few illustrations were old-fashioned prints of slender ladies in hoop skirts and still more slender gentlemen in beaver hats and queer trousers. The little love story in the book is simple and sweet, one of the sort that is perennially new and even an up-to-date school girl might find it worth reading if it were only illustrated with a few ready-made clothing ads here and there, and given a Wenzell or Gibson cover design. Nay, she might even read the entire book in blissful ignorance that she was wasting time over a novel that had "been out" over three seasons.

If, however, our reader be a careful observer, she will no doubt be struck by one peculiarity about this book—the characters, and especially the young lady characters blush a good deal. In every chapter the heroine blushes at least once, and even the housemaid crimsones furiously when the footman kisses her. In fact, a soft, mellow light is shed over the whole story by these blushes and the simple, unassuming way in which the author makes his characters "blushing look up," or "with crimson cheeks turn aside" is in most delightful contrasts with the extensive preparations which a present-day writer of fiction goes through to prepare you for a blush; one blush in current fiction, usually marking the climax, and for a second the author may be severely criticized for weakening his story by an anti-climax.

But to draw real life one must have living models, and after all, blushes belong to an age that's past. People, and especially young ladies, seldom blush now-a-days, and the gentle art of blushing is in real danger of being forgot—for-

got by most, that is, for there will always linger around a blush, for some of us, an atmosphere faint and sweet, calling up memories of lavender and tea roses, and for the girl who blushes, even if it be the girl in the old-fashion miniature with sloping shoulders and eyes that the lids half hide, whom we never know, we will always have a feeling of deep respect and real admiration.

If a laddie on the street
 Spy a lassie that is sweet
 In a bookstore where there's magazines to sell,
 Wouldn't you if you were he
 Cross a muddy street to see
 If she sold Atlantic Monthlys? — Well,
 One lad stopped an aimless walk,
 Bought a paper, had a talk,
 With a Venus, or an angel as I guess —
 Grey eyes shining like a star —
 He'll return some day afar,
 Hoping, longing, that this time he'll find "Success."

N. I.

WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG.

Not long ago we were coming home in a rather crowded car. Just opposite sat a man and a maid; the man was about twenty, the maid somewhere between the schoolgirl age and that period of feminine development when men are looked upon as somewhat extenuated, necessary evils, to say the least. The man seemed a bit nervous and his efforts to adjust his tie, which was factory tied, aroused our suspicions and we gave the couple the major part of our attention. Presently, the man gave a little introductory cough, and to the accompaniment of a rather foolish smile, he hazarded the following:

"You ever been in love?"

"You know I ain't," came back without hesitation between

the juicy smacks of chewing gum.

"How does anybody know when they're in love?" he tried again, and the following dialogue is just as we caught it:

"I don't know; do you?"

"Naw; don't you, sure 'nough?"

"Naw; I don't; but I bet you do."

"Well, if you don't know better'n I do, 't's all right."

"I didn't say I knew better'n you did."

"Didn't you? I thought you did."

"Aw, quit your fooling."

"I ain't trying to fool you; I'm serious."

"I don't care if you are serious, you can't fool me."

"I wouldn't fool you if I could, but you'd fool me; now, wouldn't you?"

"I ain't ever tried to fool you; have I?"

"I don't reckon you have, but you might."

"I ain't ever fooled anybody."

"I bet you have."

"Well, I haven't, and I don't care if you don't believe it."

"I ain't said I didn't believe it."

"You talk like it."

"I don't care if I did; I don't."

But just here the conductor called for fares and made room for a fat man in the aisle between us, and I caught no more.

Translations and Reprints

TO DEATH.

(FROM THE ITALIAN.)

O, Death, why hast thou me so ill opposed
 To take from me my Lady whom I mourn.
 My flower of beauty is dead and earth-enclosed,
 And life's desire is from my heart outworn.
 O villian, Death; who hast not any measure
 Of pity, parting loves and blighting pleasure,
 And giving sorrow!
 Truly my joy is turned now to woe,
 And all that gladness of the long-ago
 Is not for morrow.

For once, no other knight in any wise
 Had with his lady more of love and laughter . . .
 That was before She went to Paradise,—
 She, and my sweet hopes that follow'd after.
 Now:— All is languor, sighing, and heart-wringing,
 And dearth of all her old sweet mirth—sweet singing—
 Sweet company.
 I see her now no more — she does not greet me
 Now, nor that dear form, my Lady, haste to meet me.
 (That used to be.)

Where is my Lady, with her manner meet,
 Her beauty and her virtue, 'yond esteeming,—
 Her sweet discourse and eke her laughter sweet,—
 Her eyes, her cheeks, and all her lovely seeming?
 Alas! I find her not in any place . . .

Lady, who hath thee? Who beholds thy face
 In his demesne?
 Thy sweet allurement, which I e'en have known,
 Thy heart naive, the which I called my own?
 Oh, my heart's queen!

If longing for thee, dear one, be no wrong,
 Then I would say to God that all the day
 I think of thee, remembering all night long
 How thou didst love me ere thou went away.
 And I would say to God, behold I long
 For her who called me "Love" in sweetest song
 Which late did cease.
 But — since He took thee and forever near
 Doth hold thee — be His virtue with thee, dear,
 And His peace.

DREAM PEDLARY.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

If there were dreams to sell,
 What would you buy?
 Some cost a passing bell;
 Some a light sigh,
 That shakes from Life's fresh crown
 Only a rose-leaf down.
 If there were dreams to sell,
 Merry and sad to tell,
 And the crier rang the bell,
 What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,
 With bowers nigh,
 Shadowy, with woes to still,
 Until I die.
 Such pearl from Life's fresh crown

Fain would I shake me down,
 Were dreams to have at will,
 This would best heal my will,
 This would I buy.

But were there dreams to sell,
 Ill didst thou buy.
 Life is a dream, they tell;
 Waking: to die.
 Dreaming a dream to prize
 Is: wishing ghosts to rise;
 And, if I had the spell
 To call the buried well,
 Which one would I?

If there are ghosts to raise,
 What shall I call,
 Out of hell's murky maze,
 Heaven's blue pall?
 Raise my loved-lost boy
 To lead me to his joy,——
 There are no ghosts to raise;
 Out of death lead no ways;
 Vain is the call.

Know'st thou not ghosts to sue,
 No love thou hast.
 Else lie, as I will do,
 And breathe thy last.
 So, out of Life's fresh crown
 Fall, like a rose-leaf down.
 Thus are the ghosts to woo;
 Thus are all dreams made true,
 Ever to last!

SECRETS AMONG WOMEN.

LOTHAR SMITH.

How women are: It was a full quarter of an hour until Mrs. Lieutenant Colonel came to speak on that subject, which was the exact occasion of her visit to Mrs. Privy Councillor.

But then, abruptly, as with a sudden thought: "By the way, dear, just what was the matter with the artist's wife yesterday evening? You know I am not curious, but I have never yet seen such a change of disposition. She was radiant; she sparkled and laughed the whole evening; she—the pretty, the really charming person ——"

"She certainly looked ravishing, didn't she?"

"En —chanting. And she evidently felt it. Mrs. President of the Senate, who has often met her in social gatherings, has never found her in such good humor and so charming. Probably never before was she paid court to in such a manner by young and old, by men and women, as yesterday at the soiree at Consul Megenscheidt's."

"Yes; I can testify to that. Would you believe it, dear Mrs. Lieutenant Colonel, that I was quite proud of her. That is to say, I introduced the Artist Culip and his wife there."

"I know, I know——yes, what I was about to say——oh yes: but then, shortly before the departure, did I see your protege pale, tired, with her eyes extraordinarily reddened——?"

"Oh, she was possibly a little fatigued at the last."

"No, no, there was bound to have been a deeper reason. I noticed her; she had been crying."

"Oh, forbid! What are you thinking of?"

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Privy Councillor!"

"You must have been mistaken."

"Don't deny, most adored one. You know it as well as I or even better, for you were alone with her in the green room,

when Mrs. Culip began to sob bitterly. I was accidentally just close by and was obliged to hear it whether I wanted to or not."

"Well, to be sure, if you observed us——"

"You unpremeditated, of course."

"Well, then, poor Mrs. Culip suddenly had such a fearful toothache, that she unwillingly broke into tears—you are smiling incredulously?—Then, what do you know or what do you want to know about the tears of my dear little friend?"

"O, that is far from me. I should not like to appear indiscreet at all. If you misdoubt my upright interest—— Besides, I can imagine the reason myself. Tell me only one thing: 'Cherchez l'homme'——am I right, or not?"

"You are not right."

"Then, perhaps, I shall do you a service after all, if I tell you——but, I pray, in strict confidence——that yesterday various ladies were whispering something similiar."

"Malicious—idle gossip."

"Of course, I personally, am quite innocent of such speech."

"That I take for granted. But, what do they say?"

"I personally protested quite decidedly——"

"Pray, what do they say?"

"That she must——oh, some people are such gossips! That she must have a rich lover."

"Ha, ha, ha. A good joke! So, if a pretty woman who was entrancing, ravishing, charming the whole evening, suddenly sheds hot tears, then she must have a rich lover?"

"No, of course that does not follow at all. But she wore a hat that was bound to have cost at least eight hundred marks, and——well, the artist Culip may have a fortune to be sure, but for the present he still has to live in rather meager circumstances——"

"Oh!——So that's it! Well, then, Mrs. Lieutenant Colo-

nel, will you compel me to defend the good reputation of my young friend.....?"

"By no means, Mrs. Privy Councillor, you are not forced at all——"

"Pardon me, will you compel me to defend this good reputation; I must do it, at the danger of exposing a secret on the importance of which to the suspected one very much rests——"

"I will hear nothing! I will hear nothing!"

"You must: I need an ally in the protection of the honor of Mrs. Culip. I have no other choice. So listen:

"Listen: In the strict observation which you have shown, it will scarcely have escaped you, that the otherwise so very dashing Mrs. Long, was not in her usual mood yesterday evening. She was, through the concurrence of other things, depressed, annoyed, poisoned — indeed; poisoned — I don't know a more suitable expression. After Mrs. Long had openly cut my little Mother Culip the longest kind of a time, she suddenly approached her with the most friendly countenance, hung on her arm, deplored much the fact that she had not yet had the privilege today, and wondered at the select taste of her toilette. At the same time she looked at her costumes from every angle through her gold lorgnette. It is a peculiar thing, that she, Mrs. Long, had had exactly the same 'poiret' dress some weeks ago, but had worn it only twice because she had the misfortune to stain it with Burgundy in consequence of the clumsiness of a table companion who jostled her elbow. What was to be done? The stain, large as a five-mark piece could not be taken out of the 'crepe-de-chine' by any kind of chemical tricks. So she gave the costume to her maid, who in turn sold it for a soveý to a lady dealer, who enjoys a large trade in certain circles. This person, a very respectable widow of an official, acts as an agent in well-to-do houses on so-called occasions and thus, thanks to this practical arrangement, many a dress, which formerly might have adorned a princess, is now worn with applaud by

clever housewives, and before she could suspect it, the spiteful thing lifted the rose on Mother's breast a little and said: "Look, look, there was exactly such a spot on my 'poiret' dress!" Well, Mrs. Lieutenant Colonel, thus you know the cause of those tears. Go and destroy with a good conscience the hateful tales of a rich lover of the poor artist's wife, and I am convinced that you will preserve what concerns the secret of the toilette deep in your bosom, for I know a woman who stands very near you who wore yesterday evening a muslin dress which was very becoming to me months ago, when I was slimmer."

Editor's Table

AS OTHERS SEE US.

TRINITY ARCHIVE.—The *Archive* resembles a real magazine more than any other college journal we have yet received. When we say a real magazine we do not mean an ideal one, for there are dozens of poor magazines coming out monthly, and yet they are what one would term a modern magazine; but the meaning is that it resembles the current literary journals of the day. . . . The *Archive* has listed the main story of the issue on the front of the cover and has several illustrated articles besides in its pages. The *Archive*, in our opinion, is only setting the example, and other college publications will not be long in following suit. To get the largest number of readers we have to get the old, stale, catalogue effect separated from our magazines, and make them look absorbing as well as read that way. We do not consider it best to go into detail in connection with the contents of this issue as they are nothing extraordinary. However, the story of the "Inheritance of the Spirit," well deserves its mention on the cover, and the essay "The Non-Dramatic Poems of Schiller" shows careful preparation and ability upon the part of the author. . . . The *Archive* has added a new department, "Translations and Reprints," which promises to interest the readers. In this department the "*creme de la creme*" of all that can be found in print will be copied, no matter in what language it may appear. We are particularly struck with the editor's motto, "Boost, but don't knock."—*Mercerian*.

The *Trinity Archive* has an attractive cover design this month, but we would suggest that four different kinds of

type on one page are too many. The magazine, as a whole, is the best that has come to our table so far, and we commend it especially for the perfect balance of stories, essays, and poems. "The Inheritance of the Spirit" is, to say the least, an unusual story, but it falls down in the last part. "At a Molasses Boiling" is merely an excuse to work in two ghost stories that are not at all above the ordinary. The dialect is well handled and the conversation good. "Weariness" and "The Demagogue" we take the liberty to reprint elsewhere in this issue. "Anecdotes of a Southern Trip" is a succession of humorous events on a baseball trip. The caricatures are fine and the jokes well told.—*Wake Forest Student*.

"The Non-Dramatic Poems of Schiller" shows careful study and true appreciation of poetic beauties of thought and phrasing. Mr. London discusses qualities of Schiller which are not so well known by the poet's admirers. The article has a particularly pleasing style and gives evidence of the originality of the author. None of the sophomoric appears as so often occurs when the undergraduate essays are serious. Mr. London is to be congratulated on so fine a contribution to college journalism.—*Emory Phoenix*.

The exchanges that have accumulated upon our table since the last issue of the ARCHIVE are, on the whole, the most excellent bunch of college periodicals that have yet come to our notice. Space and time will prevent our mentioning a number of these,—and ones that certainly deserve mention. But, after all, a brief, awkward attempt to describe verbally the merits of a magazine is inadequate, to say the least. "We know a trick worth two of that." The students of this community are earnestly directed to the perusal of our Exchanges when placed upon the stand for that purpose in the Library. They will while away many an otherwise dull hour very pleasantly and profitably in this way, and will be better able to form their own opinions of our exchanges than we could pos-

sibly give them second hand. We can merely act as a sort of guide post to purple patches.

For splendid get-up and appearance the Wake Forest Benefactors' Number, and the Furman Echo (December), demand attention.

Fiction has, of course, become the chief drawing card of modern college magazines. To specify out of the mass of recent excellent fiction on our table is a difficult and unfair undertaking. However—

The Wake Forest Student for December has several good stories. "The Revenge of Oconee Shein," "The Little Stranger with Pointed Ears," "The Mystery of Gile's Cave," in fact, all the stories in this issue will repay reading. The Davidson College Magazine for December, besides such excellent fiction as "The Losing Fight," etc., is especially rich in good verse. Of the University of Virginia Magazine we hardly feel presumptuous enough to speak, except to say that it is one of the best publications of the kind in the United States. "The Beetle of Catalapeque" is a piece of good serious fiction.

The Guilford Collegian, The Mercerian, The Transylvania, The Vanderbilt Observer, The Buff and Blue, and the Wofford College Journal all deserve special mention as being best among the best.

A SONG OF THE ROAD.

SAMUEL H. LYLE, JR.

A lashing fringe of dripping hedge
Along the wet roadway;
The night shuts in with thunder's din,
And lightnings flame and play.

A wanderer over the world am I,
With never a tie to bind;
I sing a song as I swing along,
Nor care for storm or wind.

Oh, what avails the wild wind's roar,
 Or lightning's flash and flare?
 Somewhere, I know, a light burns low,
 And a woman is waiting there.

Somewhere beyond the hills of Doubt,
 In the Valley Where Dreams Come True,
 Flowers are bright as the starlit night,
 And skies are clear and blue.

The Past is in the dust of things,
 The Present an empty cry;
 We may weep tonight, but tomorrow's light
 Will bring a cloudless sky.

Beyond the hills a light burns low,
 And a woman is waiting there;
 A laugh for the rain, the stress and the pain,
 The morrow, I know, dawns fair!

—*University of Va.*

NIGHT.

R. E. LEDBETTER.

Upon the horizon a wavering light,
 The last reminder of the vanished day,
 Still seems to linger as it fades from sight,
 Like a departing angel on his way.

Low-lying hills have stretched their tortuous forms
 Beneath their coverlets of shadow deep,
 And hid beneath the Darkness' sombre arms,
 Seem sinking into an eternal sleep.

From out the myst'ry of the settled gloom
The voices that by day were hushed and still,
Softer than whispers o'er a new-made tomb,
Now all the listening darkness flood and fill.

“Slumber and sleep beneath the silent sky,
With dreams as airy as a houri's flight,”
The langorous breezes whisper, rustling by,
And murmur with a sigh, a last good night.

—*Vanderbilt Univ. Observer.*

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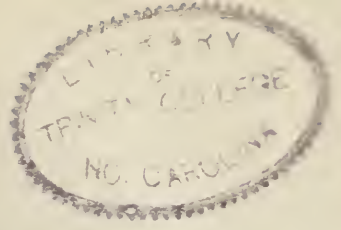
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The Trinity Archive



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MANAGER'S NOTICE

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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., March, 1911

Catullus and the Alexandrian School of Literature

N. I. WHITE

Before attempting to trace the connection between Catullus and the Alexandrian School of Literature, it would not be inadvisable, perhaps, to take a running review of the history and literary principles of that celebrated school.

Alexandria was founded by Alexander the Great when the military and intellectual supremacy of Greece had already reached its culmination. Thus when Alexander's Egyptian successor invited the literary leaders of Greece to his court and began the collection of the famous Alexandrian library, that city found itself admirably well fitted to assume the intellectual leadership of the world. Under the early Ptolemies it soon became the only home of pure literature in the world. Several minor schools, like that of Rhodes, were thrown off from it, but retained its characteristics. The term Alexandrian school, it may be here remarked, has rather a broad meaning, and includes many authors who did not reside at Alexandria, but who were nevertheless permeated with its peculiar literary principles.

The Alexandrian writers were thus only a later school of Greek literature, but with entirely different principles of production. The classic Greek literature had been based on natural and perfect freedom of thought: the Alexandrians, not enjoying the ancient Greek liberty, but amply provided with means of acquiring information replaced the classic originality with learned research. This spirit of minute research

into details of grammar, prosody, metre, and mythology is the great distinguishing characteristic of the Alexandrian school.

Their chief forms of poetry were the epic, lyric, and elegiac. They were especially fond of the historical and didactic epic, which gave them a chance to display their command of verse and also their ability to make infinite obscure allusions. These epics were used principally as a method of expression of scientific and mythological knowledge, and, as might be expected, while admirable from a technical standpoint they are lacking in originality and power.

Their lyric and elegiac poetry is much more enjoyable, and possesses an especially happy art of expression, but frequently deals with subjects thoroughly incapable of poetic treatment. Callimachus was undoubtedly their greatest writer of lyrics and elegies.

As might be expected from their court life, among the best productions of the Alexandrian poets are their epigrams and satires, which possess an admirable terseness and neatness of form and expression.

It may be said in general that Alexandrian poetry is to a greater extent the product of culture and knowledge than a manifestation of original poetic feeling. Its very language is artificial and far removed from the language of common life, not only in phraseology, but also in dialectical forms.

The Alexandrians did not seek especially to impart any too learned meaning to Greek mythology. They endeavored to carry themselves back to the period of Greek glory. They were thoroughly imbued with the old Greek spirit of philosophic inquiry, which they turned to a study of the sciences; many traces of which is revealed in their poetry.

The poetry of Alexandria touched most on the realities of human life in its treatment of the passion of love, and the enjoyments of the beauty of nature. In these qualities Callimachus and Euphorion were pre-eminent.

Briefly summed up, the greatest faults of the Alexandrian school were its lack of true poetic inspiration and a love of

obscure allusions; its great virtue is its purity and perfection of poetic form. Its chief importance in the literary world is its presentation of the literature of Greece, and its influence on the rising poetical genius of Rome.

Catullus was not, as has sometimes been inaccurately supposed, the first Latin poet to borrow from the Alexandrian literature, although he and his contemporaries by their endorsement popularized it, and practically assured its permanent standing in Roman poetry. While the early Latin poets looked to the ancient Greeks as their literary models, they were also profoundly imbued with the literary culture of a more recent date, and they continued in a rather rude language the delicate and refined work of the third century Alexandrians. Their principal desire was to appear modern, and it was precisely to place their fellow citizens in a favorable light before the present Greece that they wished to imitate recent Greek literature. There was also a number of Alexandrian political refugees in Rome, who taught the Roman youth the literature of their country. It would therefore be inaccurate to conclude that Catullus was introducing a hitherto unknown element into Roman poetry.

It may be truthfully claimed, however, that Catullus was the first writer of any consequence to make an *extended* use of this source.

Speaking first in general, Catullus seems to have taken from the Alexandrians his ideas on woman's social position for, like them, he recognizes her power, even when uttering malediction against it. He also agrees with the Alexandrians in his idea of symmetrical composition, in accordance with which he divides his subjects into small groups of related ideas. In metre he adheres very closely to Alexandrian models, and his treatment of the spondaic hexameter and the iamb mark him as a pupil of Callimachus.

The second part of his work shows a much more marked Alexandrian influence than the first part. The LXIIIrd

piece, on Attis, is an imitation of the galliambs of Callimachus, and a masterpiece in spirit and form.

The rather laboriously constructed epic of Peleus and Thetis, according to Teuffel, is in plan and versification a clear imitation of the Alexandrians, but while it contains a translation from the poet Euphion, it must not be considered entirely a translation. The elegy on the hair of Berenice is a translation from Callimachus, and the other epigrams and elegies offer a close resemblance to the types established by the Alexandrians of the third and second centuries.

The dividing line with Catullus between the classical and Alexandrian influence is not, as some classicists contend between the long and short poems of Catullus, but between the Lyric poems in the first part of his collection and his other productions. Baehrens draws the dividing line on the supposition that Catullus at first leaned toward Sappho and the Aeolian school, but later yielded to the advice of his friend Calvus and became a follower of the Alexandrians. Thus the Alexandrian influence should be more strongly marked in his later production. If this is the case, Catullus becomes a reformer who suddenly in the midst of his career abandons classic models and concludes that only recent Greek poetry can give to Latin poetry the elements needed to perfect it. If, on the other hand, he began with the Alexandrians, and, as his ambition increased, gradually raised himself to classic models he would have followed the same course as both Virgil and Horace. This point can never be settled definitely, because we have not sufficient data to determine the dates of the different poems, but from certain allusions within themselves we are almost justified in concluding that the LXV, LXVI and LXVIII, which show the most decided Alexandrine influence, were among the very first written. This would show that Catullus started out under Alexandrine influence but gradually drew away from it. Indeed, as Lafaye very pertinently asks, why should Catullus, one of the most ardent and impetuous writers who ever lived, have

abandoned *Sappho* for the soft and cautious utterances of the Alexandrian Callimachus, and especially at a time when his passion, initiated by obstacles, was redoubling in violence? However that may be, he never entirely abandoned the Alexandrian influence.

Catullus differed most from the Alexandrians in his personal poems. Here he has the poetic tact to refrain from learned allusions. The unpretending simplicity of these poems and their spontaneous and natural effusions of elemental love, hatred, friendship, and scathing bitterness can nowhere be approached among the Alexandrians. On these personal poems is based the great esteem in which Catullus is held.

Although the Alexandrian style was undoubtedly more popular in Rome than the classic, yet when we see that the greatest Roman poets, Virgil and Horace, followed the classics more faithfully than the Alexandrians, we cannot help but be glad, both for Catullus and the future of Roman poetry, that his own good judgment led him to discard most of the pedantic affection of the Alexandrians and effect a harmonious combination of Alexandrian elegance with the classical beauty and freedom.

Sea Floods

MARY YEULA WESCOTT

O the waves leap high on the coast to-night,
And the maddened breakers roar;
The Storm King laughs in his savage might,
And lashes the storm-swept shore,
The lighthouse gleams o'er the sullen deep
And the winds rule in their might—
But I long to sail in the teeth of the gale
Out where the waves leap high and white,
Out where the waves leap white.

Tonight the waves on the sandy strand
Sing songs that are hushed and still;
The night breeze wanders across the land
And the stars shine out at will,
The wave-song echoes call me back,
(I think that they understand)
And I long to go where the waves sing low
At home on the far off sandy strand,
At home on the sandy strand.

The Dripping of Water

C. M. HUTCHINGS

Anyone who has ever made the journey by road between Little Manassas and Hamilton must remember the point in the road which they call Mill Bend. A somber looking sort of place it is enough, when you come upon it out of the thick, dark, maple woods. In one side, just the grey old mumbling river, slipping past the dilapidated, worm-eaten relic of the mill. The dam is probably swept away by now, and thirty years ago the dark waters gurgled through it with hardly a pretence of restraint, so warped and creviced were its old timbers.

On the other side of the road, set back in a clump of grizened oaks, stands the old Chester place, staring blindly out, through the empty sockets of its now unshuttered windows, as though it were groping in vain for a sight of the old days and the old faces of antebellum times. A plain shingled house, but wide and capacious in its plainness, as though it despised the petty tawdriness of Queen Anne gables or corinthian pillars.

The first Philipp Chester himself had built it, and each successive generation had felt more and more what a desecration it would be to change in one jot or tittle the originally conceived and wrought out Chester House.

In 1875 the sole occupant of the house was Mrs. Strowther Mitchell, nee Chester, a widow of some seventy odd years. Since the death of her only child, a son of about seventeen, the old lady, with a particularly strong Chester will-of-her-own, had insisted on remaining in the old home. With the exception of one short visit to the nearest of kin, a second cousin on the Chester side of the family, she had maintained this resolution to the letter. She never went off the bounds of her own property for any reason. All communication with the outside world, such as the purchase of necessities, she had

had through an old family darky, that last of the old slaves that in earlier years had swarmed about the then lordly estate. Despite occasional touches of the rheumatism, old Laban, or uncle Labe, was active and ever ready to wait on his "young missis" as he persisted in calling her, overlooking the inconsistency with her many years and wrinkles. The term "Ole Miss" he seemed to keep sacred to the dust that had so long reposed under the foot of one of the grey old oaks at the bend of the road.

Mrs. Mitchell passed her days knitting (by feeling rather than sight)' in tending to a somewhat diminished flower garden, and in overseeing the preparation of her frugal meals, with Labe acting in the capacity of scullion and dish-washer. She was never lonely, however, for an active and retentive mind is never that. The memory of the long past events, dim in point of time but ever vivid to her minute and clear mental vision, and the plots, scenes and character of the few books she had read, but read over and over, kept her always cheerful in the company of shadowy friends from the land of the past or from the land of literature.

Mrs. Mitchell never strained her eyes by reading in those latter years. Fortunately, Uncle Labe had been one of those rare exception to the general ignorance of the before-the-war negroes. His "Massa" had given him, then his valet and "house nigger," a sort of rudimentary education, which went as far as to include the three R's, reading, writing, arithmetic. Writing the old man had forgotten, obviously, as never having to make use of it. But he could still read after a fashion, (a very quaint fashion it was) and he was enormously fond of his phenomenal accomplishment. Partly to humor the old man, partly as a means of keeping up with the events of the day, Mrs. Mitchell used to let Uncle Labe read the *Richmond Times* to her every evening before the broad kitchen fireplace. This, with much sputtering over hard words and much glibness of tongue over familiar phrases, the old darky performed every night, with as much

dignity as though it were a religious rite, not to be lightly regarded.

* * * * *

“Labe, isn’t it about time you read me the news?”

Laban assumed an air of studied indifference, and after assenting that it “*Was* gittin’ sorter late,” drew forth nonchalantly the much folded newspaper from his ragged coat pocket.

“Dey looks like dey’s a lot o’ informashun in de paper dis evenin’. Never saw so many big letters at one time, less’n hit was ’lection time. -Er, less’ see, now. “Reverlushun an- er- anticipated in Bra-zil.”

“Skip all that Labe,—revolutions may always be anticipated in South America.”

“Yessum. Dat’s de way I looks at hit myself. Ain’t got much use fer dese yere an-ti-ci-pations an’ sich. Now here sum’m auspicious.”

“‘Sleep-in’ fam-i-ly mur-dered by a fiend. Bo-dies found by in-surance a-gent.’” The old man intoned this information in the monotonous sing-song characteristic of an uncertain reader.

“Sleeping family murdered—well, go on, Labe!”

“Dis mornin’ at er-bout nine o-clock Mr. X—— an- a-gent for de Mutual Life In-su-rance Co., called at de house of Mr. Y——in de sububs of dis city, an’ in doin’ so dis-covered one of de mos’ hei-nous crimes dat has been com-mit-ted in dis part of de country.

“De Y—— House is very is-o-lated in its po-si-tion, and for dis reason de out-rage was not discovered earlier. Mr. g——, after knockin’ re-peat-ed-ly, en-tered an’ foun’ Mr. Y——lyin’ in a pool of blood on his bed, an’ his wife in de nex’ room in de same con-di-tion. On further in-ves-ti-ga-tin’ he foun’ dat de only oder oc-cu-pant of de house, a negro ser-vant by de name of Wilkins Russell, had lef’ early in de night, as his bed was un-touched.

“De negro is of course the mos’ likely sus-pec’. He has

not been seen yet, but sev'ral bands of men are out searchin' for him. No cause for such a crime is known."

So Uncle Laban read on, his monotonous voice resounding like the intoning of high mass,—or of a funeral office. He chanted on, slowly and unimpressively, and yet the effect was ghastly.

As he thus read, Mrs. Mitchell sat silently rocking to and fro. Her eyes were fixed rigidly on the flaring open wood fire; hardly a muscle quivered; only with her lips she half unconsciously followed the droned and dragging story of the murder. The idea seemed to have made an impression on her out of all proportion to the circumstances.

Laban had read on for an hour or more, one article after another, and was starting in on the advertisements when his mistress suddenly seemed to recover her full consciousness, and become aware of the place and the hour.

"That will do for the night, Labe. Go lock up everything and go to your cabin. I want to sit up a bit longer myself."

* * * * *

Far into the night she sat, still rocking, still sitting almost motionless, with her lips still making little half formed words as she thought and thought.

The family had been killed so easily,—probably without a struggle. In their beds; as they slept. They had hardly waked at all, even when the knife was plunged home into the heart. To die thus, sleeping.

But how ridiculously easy it had been. This household negro of theirs,—of course he knew every nook and cranny of the building,—knew all their habits and hours for sleeping and waking. It had been an easy thing to plan and to do, and get way from.

The house was completely isolated, too. Hardly anyone ever visited it perhaps. They might have lain there in their beds for weeks. And that would give the negro ample time to escape. Yes, ample time.

So there they lay in their beds, sleeping just as I will sleep

tonight (If I can) while the black beast, with that quiet purpose in his heart, stole into the darkened room, with sure step toward the bed.

Nearer and nearer,—oh, why didn't they wake up and suddenly with a start, and shrink from the terror that walketh by night?

A thing like that seems so easy, so puerile, so simple in execution. Some slight quarrel may have aroused his anger,—the black anger of the African, which may seize any of them with a sudden fury of revenge,—and then the silent step,—the,—the blow,—the dripping knife—ugh!

Suppose—suppose it were I, an old woman, sound asleep, just as I have slept a thousand times, with the door unlocked; and suppose—just suppose that old Labe, poor old Labe, for some reason or other, (and the reason might be trivial enough, yes, some temporary thing or other) wanted to kill—yes, wanted to kill me. Suppose he was the one who had crept some night through the shielding darkness, unseen but for the tiniest little glimmer of a white knife in his hand,—not bright enough to wake me. And suppose I lay, just as they, asleep and perhaps dreaming,—pleasant dreams.

And suppose that knife were poised above me, and it was into *my* heart that it suddenly were plunged
Oh, what am I thinking of?

But suppose!

* * * * *

“What ails you, dese days, Missis?” Uncle Labe was again sitting in the chimney corner, a few days later, paper in his wrinkled old hand.

“Why, what do you mean, Labe?” Mrs. Mitchell turned upon him with a half embarrassed, quick motion of the head. “Is there anything the matter with me?”

“I dunno, Ma'am. I was jes a thinkin', mebbe you was lookin' kine er peeked. Mebbe you er got sump'm on yo mind?”

The old darky shifted his eyes toward the fireplace under her steady gaze, and turned uneasily in his seat.

"Perhaps what you say may be true, Labe. Maybe I *have* got something on my mind. But it appeared to me, and I was just going to ask you, isn't there just a little something or other on *your* mind, Labe?"

Laban straightened up, as though shot.

"Wherefo' you as' me that, Missis? What yo' think a po' ole nigger got any business havin' anything on his mind? What makes you as' me dat, Missis?"

"Wherefo' you as' me dat, I say?"

"Fo' de love of Gawd, Missis, what for you look at me like dat?"

Mrs. Mitchell attempted a laugh, but failed signally. "I guess you and I are developing nervousness in our old age," she said. "I expect you had better run on now to your cabin."

"Yes'm." He stood fumbling with his coat pockets, shifting gradually toward the door.

"Dey was jes' one thing I was wantin' to as' you, Ma'am. You an' dis ole nigger is gettin' sorter feeble like, dese days. Done you think you had better move into town? I mebbe get down in de baid some day, an' den you be in a bad fix, young Missis. Excuse me for speakin' dat away but I was jes' a thinkin'."

"You've got no business thinking, Labe. Run on now, and stop your talking about remote possibilities."

"Yes'm." He slowly put his hand on the door handle, and shuffled into the hall. His footsteps could be heard dying away down the long hall, as he went about his last chores, bolting doors and fastening windows. Finally, the back door clinked and the sound of his retreating footsteps on the gravel walk died away.

At last Mrs. Mitchell was again left alone with her constant, brooding thought of the past few days, a thought that, absurd and irrational as such trivial *fixed ideas* usually are, seemed to burn ceaselessly in her mind, upon her lips, be-

fore her eyes,—as monotonously re-iterative as some strain of music, that we fain would forget, but that plays itself over and over and over, until that way lies madness.

This was the idea that made her picture over and over the scene of that other tragedy, of the newspaper: Suppose!

* * * * *

Laban scraped together some pieces of wood, and made himself a bit of fire upon the hearth of his cabin. Then he sat himself slowly down, and buried his head in his hands.

“Oh, Lord, Missis, what make me keep on thinking such things about you? De good Lord knows I wouldn’t tech a hair of your head.

“But somehow somep’m inside er my haid keep a-saying’ to me: ‘Laban, you got to kill yo’ Missis. You *got* to kill yo’ Missis.’

“What make me keep thinkin’ dat? It ain’ me what’s a thinkin’ it. Gawd knows tain’ me. Its somebody else, or something else what’s putting this all-time in my haid. I’m hoodooed, dat’s it.

“Dat Somep’m talks mighty persuaidin’, but Gawd help me, I ain’ goin’ to lissen to it. It keep a sayin’: ‘Young Missis a-gettin’ mighty ole an’ feeble. She ain’ willin’ to go live in town,—you cain’ make her. Spose you die, and leave her sick on her baid, mebbe. Den’ It keep on a sayin’ to me, twell I near bout goes crazy: Labe, you got to kill yo’ Missis. You *got* to kill yo’ Missis.’”

The old man sank on his knees and leant his face up against the “chimney-jam.” “O Gawd Almighty, what knoweth dat it aint me a-thinkin’ dat evil thought. It ain’ me. O Lord, make whoever’s a puttin’ dat thought in my mine, stop it, fo I does go an’ kill my own young Missis.

“O Gawd Almighty, I don’ know who it is, but it sho’ ain’t me. Somep’m evil, somep’m dat’s a hangin’ round me all de time, a whisperin’ and a persuadin’ and a sayin’ Labe, you *got* to—

“No! I shan’t. I shan’t! Its in dis very room, a talkin’

to me dis very minute, Gawd Almighty. An' it ain't a whisperin' now, it's a shoutin': You got to kill her, you *got* to kill her.

O Lordy, I kin almos' see it,—a-pointin' its finger at me right over dere in de corner, an' a starin' at me with its hell-eyes.

An' O God, it's got de look of de Missis herself!"

* * * * *

The Mitchell murder will always remain much of a mystery to the world. No cause for such a crime could be found, so the coroner's verdict read. As for Laban, the accused, nothin' could be got out of him but a mass of incoherent and wild references to unseen powers, and newspapers, and burning eyes, and hoodoos, and the "Missis" making him kill her, and so forth, while the prosecuting attorney characterized as mere drivel. However that may be, the old negro died in his prison, thus "forestalling justice, and receiving his just punishment from heaven itself," as one of the Manassas preachers remarked in his sermon. And so the Mitchell case remains a mystery.

The Soldier's Complaint

Hang up your old brown Hotchkiss and your blood-stained
bayonet,
For the world has got religion now, and we are the goats,
you bet;
And the little Laird of Skibo an awful oath has sworn
(And backed it up with his dollars): that "War shall be no
more."

(Maybe!)

That war shall be no more.

There'll be no more good fightin', boys, it's home for yours
and mine,
And we'll never follow the flag again, along the firin' line;
Get back to your stuffy old cities, and leave God's out-of-
door,
Your're a mob of dirty civilians now, since war shall be no
more,

(Maybe!)

Since war shall be no more.

So yield to the agents at the Hague, boys, for they are the
masters now,
With their shiny hats and their frock-tail coats, and their
jabber and scrape and bow;
We bossed the world with bay'net and butt, and the bark of
a fourteen bore,
But *they'll* do the trick with a bottle of ink, and war shall
be no more.

Truth: A Parable

“ALETHIOS”

Now it befell upon a time that I did make journey and come unto a place the likeness of which is not the likeness of any place upon earth. For as I journeyed on past all worlds I did come upon a land lying outside all bounds of space; outside all life and time and light o' the sun; outside those golden bars which are as a limit and a bound unto God's kingdom; yea, even unto the shores of that still sea which is Eternity.

There was no light there; nor any sweetness of flowers; nor any blowing wind; but there seemed in the midst of a desert and a fearful place. And the name of that place no man knoweth save that it is the Desert of All Dead Things.

And, howbeit there was not any light at all, I did perceive at my feet white sepulchres of marble,—a thousand and ten thousand stretching on all sides on forever, even as the sands of the desert. And I knelt that I might read thereon, but could not for the darkness of that place; and yet each grave was bedecked with all manner of *withered wreaths, and long-plucked flowers, and rosaries of tears, and the hearts of dead men*. And thereat was I exceeding sorrowful.

And so, turning unto the Demon of that place, (for he did sit at his ease in the midst, and in the likeness of a huge and loathsome Toad with red, smiling lips) I made question thus:

“Wherefore are these graves, and who lieth therein? For I am sore troubled?”

And the Demon made answer and said: “Know you not that this is the graveyard of Lost Ideals; and here lie buried all the vain Gods and Illusions of men; religion, virtue, hope, love, and fairyland.

“For lo men have grown exceeding wise in this latter day, and have given up from following all ideals, and all illusion, and such like figments of the fantastic brain. Nowadays one Science, a bold fellow, hath shown them that there is but one

god and his name is Truth. So all men now worship Goddess Truth. And there shall be no false gods any more; only Truth."

And the Demon threw back his head and laughed, and laughed, and (while my hands did grope among the ashes) laughed.

* * * * *

Now it was grown late in the eventide, and all the world whence I had come was transfigured by the red sun. But where I was only there was no manner of light. And so I turned my face again backward unto the place from whence I had come,—unto the red sunset world.

And behold as I looked backward thither, saw I a vast and smoke-encanopied city. And her streets were without number, and those that walketh thereon. And a thousand black and ugly structures of stone and steel towered athwart the red west; a thousand black-chimneyed factories, and mills, and smelteries, whose black maws opened wide glowed with all the fires of Hell. And all this vast and smoke encanopied city was besmeared and outlined upon the entablatures of twilight sky.

And there I beheld pale faces, and hurrying, weary feet, and eyes of hate, and greed, and hunger,—and lips that forever are torn with gnawing teeth; and the noise of that city was as of a mighty wind, that bloweth where it listeth, blind and chainless. And there came up from the hell of those furnaces, and mills, the voice of weeping and lamentation; and the old, old cries of the virgin and terrible forests. And yet withal my blood leaped with the glory of that turbulent city, and I was near to returning thereto.

Then spake the Demon of the place, (who now did strangely resembled one Mephistopheles, whom I saw at the play) and said:

"Come with me, thou fool, and let us go down and worship also at the altar of Goddess Truth. For she has a shrine in the midst of the city, and all men do worship her, and her

high priest Science. And there is good sport in yond city, and blood to be drunk, and fighting to be done, and progress, and civilization, and the devil take the hindmost. And I grow weary of my place among these dead ones. Come with me, for these here be but snares and delusions, and fables, and unattainable ideals. Come and worship there below; for there is no more God."

Then wept I sore, and bent my head unto the sepulchres, and did hide my countenance in the withered leaves. And yet I made answer, saying:

"Woe is me, for all old things are dead. And all men have grown exceeding wise and sorrowful and the fairies play upon the moonlit hills no more; and there is no more mirth nor love, and no more hearts of little children. The Gods which I did worship are become Dust, and I only am left to mourn them. Therefore get thee unto the Black City, but as for me I shall abide here among the ashes. For thus perchance I may die and be at rest."

And I looked upon the face of the Demon, and behold it was the face of one I had known long since. And his eyes were the eyes of a God. And he did make a strange answer:

"Fool. The rivers of a thousand hills still flow into the great sea; and the great Sun sets; and the little birds mate among the willows; even as of old time. Think ye that man can change more than they? Suns will rise again; and the green earth rejoice; and men shall get themselves new Gods. And this same Truth, whomafter they do follow; how do they know her, what she is; or what is her real name among the Gods? Have no fear; for new illusions will old Time beget, whereby men may make themselves blind. Stay here fool and die. I go unto the other fools." And he was no more there.

And then I did look upward unto the east; and it was exceeding dark. But I was not afraid. And so I spake:

"Yea, I shall abide here against the morning. *For happily these dead shall rise again.*"

Musicæ Paraclites

All night the widened circles of mine eyes
 Stared into the darkness grown fantastical
With writhing shapes, and strange beyond surmise,
 Woven in flame upon my chamber wall.

But while the luminous shadows of despair
 Dimmed the tumultuous lake that was my soul,
I seemed to dream . . . But what the dream—or where—
 I knew not: only twilight . . . vesper's toll . . .

A din of sounds confused. Then, in some wise,
 All faded to some path, without a name,
Blue wood enshrined, winding beneath still skies,—
A stream of wind-kissed grass, down which there came

One, who—But what her fashion, face, or mien,
 My tongue knows not,—only, that she was fair
And holy, white feet twinkling through the green,
 And all ablaze of silver was her hair.

She came: and leaning over my dark bed
 Whereon my tears were not yet dry: "My name
Is Music. Follow me, and die," she said
 In voice as sweet and solemn as a flame.

And I did follow. Winged as a sigh
 She led me, through that wood and pathway wild,
And on forever 'neath that awful sky.
 (And all things changed to music when she smiled.)

The Dissolution of the South

D. R. KIRKMAN

The greatest question concerning the Southern people of to-day is whether we remained solid or dissolve, and is one which is being constantly urged by our Northern friends as detrimental to our interests.

Who made the "Solid South?" The answer is plain and unmistakable, the Republican party is responsible for this thing. At the beginning of the war, almost the entire Whig party and a large and influential portion of the Democratic, were in favor of the Union, and they deprecated with their whole souls the attempt at its destruction. But, through love of their native state and sympathy with their kindred and neighbors, they were drawn into the support of the war. What became of these men after the war? Their wisdom shown in opposing it was justified by the results. When the war ended, they were in high favor in the south, while the Secessionists, as the original advocates of the disastrous policy, were lowered in the estimation of the public eye. If the North had then come forward with terms of peace and taken these men by the hand, they would have established a party in the South that would have perpetuated their power for a generation, provided they had listened to their views and respected their policies on questions touching their secession. But instead, they pursued the very opposite course, a course which compelled almost every decent, intelligent man of Anglo-Saxon prejudices and traditions, to take a determined stand against them; a course which consolidated all shades of political opinions into one resolute mass to defend what they considered to be their ancient forms of government, laws, liberties, and civilization, itself.

By confiscation and the destruction of war, they had already stripped us of property to the extent of three billion dollars, and left our land desolate, rent and torn, our homes

consumed by fire, and our pleasant places a wasted wilderness.

Peace then came—No, not peace, the end of the war—No, not the end of the war, but the end of legitimate, civilized war, and for three years, they dallied with us. One day we were treated as though we were a part of the Union, and entitled to legitimate State government; another day, we were treated as though we were out of the Union, and our state governments as rebellious usurpations. It was a regular game of “Now you see it, now you don’t.” Finally, seeing that we were Democratic, the Union was dissolved, in order that we might be brought back in such a way as to guarantee us a Republican form of government. At least ten per cent. of our chief citizens were disfranchised, while the entire mass of emancipated slaves were enfranchised, with men placed over them who attained the highest positions of infamy known to modern ages. The fact that “Governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed” was lost sight of when the negro was given the power of deciding whether he should vote and hold office, while the white man could not even vote, because he had aided in the recent rebellion. Constitutions were framed and adopted and the new government went to work. Such feats of larceny have not been recorded in the annals of the race from which we spring, for in the short space of four years, they plundered the eleven Southern states to the extent of \$262,000,000; that is to say, they took all that was amenable to theft, and they doubtlessly would have taken more, but for the same reason that the weather could not get any colder in Minnesota, as described by a returned emigrant, from that state, “Because the thermometer was too short.”

And now, recalling these facts, and many more, can any candid man wonder that we became solid? Can he wonder that old Whigs and Democrats, Union men and Secessionists should unite in a desperate effort to throw off the domination of a party which had inflicted these things upon them? Can

the North wonder that their following in this country had dwindled into insignificance and that the lonely native Republicans make their lair in some custom-house, postoffice, or revenue headquarters? Was it the Union the North fought for, or was it political supremacy? What great injury has the Democratic party done to the South? The fixing of a safe race policy, the reconstructing of our government, the making of this fair land of ours to seem as if God had specially intended it for the chosen seat of liberty and the noblest development of man, and the increasing of our wealth last year to the amount of \$7,650,000,000! can this be called an injury? Hardly!

Yet, we have been told that we should dissolve and get what ought to be ours. Do they think we cannot see what they would like to give us? It was their interference which caused our solidity, and it will be their interference that will maintain it. Such is the nature of man. We prefer to do things of our volition, that we would refuse to do at the dictation of those who have no right to order.

The first inquiry I would make, would be, "Why so much objection to the Solid South, while nothing is said of the Solid New England?" The solidity of the latter is as obdurate and persistent as the solidity of the former, and doubtless, for much the same reason. There is no Solid West (i. e. North and Central) because the West has been settled by a variety of people and its population is too heterogenous to be solid.

By our solidity, we work out for ourselves the best results and thereby make the best contributions to the well-being of the entire country. In a land which is fast being filled with people from every part of the globe, it is vastly important that in one or two sections, at least, there should be found some stable form of life and civilization. The South especially possesses certain characteristics which should be perpetuated at all costs. They are of the utmost value to the Republic and should not be minimized or modified. In the

South may be found the purest type of Americanism. Among its people are more men and women who can trace their descent directly to colonial sires than in any other section.

Its religious life is orthodox in creed and evangelical in spirit. The variegated and eccentric ecclesiastical bodies which abound in the North and New England, have but a small and negligible following in the South. Southern Christianity has not been weakened by sending forth from its roots all sorts of "isms," which, like suckers, weaken the main stem without producing any fruit themselves. We have more church members in proportion to our population than can be found in any part of the United States. Here, we have the best observance of the Sabbath and in so far as we have fallen from grace in this important matter, our fall may be traced to influences which have come on us from without. The South is the soberest part of the Union. We have fewer grafters and less graft than in any other section of the Union. Pennsylvania is immovably Republican, because it believes that party will save it from cheap labor, and it is by no means saved from cheap labor. "Wages so low as to be inadequate for maintenance of a normal American standard of living" were what the Sage Foundation found to be quite prevalent at Pittsburg mills. This same state, the land of William Penn and the great solidity has shown more corruption in the building of her Capitol and the government of the one city of Pittsburg than has been known in the South for half a century. We are not without our faults, but we have been remarkably clear from stealing.

It has been said that we must change our views of the relative powers of the state and federal government. There is a time for everything, and certainly this is not time for that. Well informed men of to-day say there is going on in our country a perilous concentration of wealth in the hands of a few. Suppose we centralize the government, at the same time this is going on, and eventually the concentrated wealth seizes the centralized government!

What then would become of the rights of the people? What would be done would be simply a question of what men wielding such an immense combination of financial and political power might desire. There have existed in every age and every country two distinct orders of men—the lovers of freedom, and the devoted advocates of power. And the people of whom I speak are the descendants of those who brought with them to this country as the most precious of their possessions, “an ardent love of liberty,” and while that will be preserved, they will be found manfully struggling against the consolidation of the government “as the worst of evils.” Although our soil may be over-run, the spirit of our people is invincible. We are working to help build up a great nation and in the building of it, we must start at the bottom with a firm foundation, for the security of the Union is in the Sovereignty of the State.

Our view of the tariff is one which every true American ought to adopt for his own. It is one which requires a careful supervision and regulation of immigration, one which prevents foreign competition of American goods by underselling them and a tariff, which in working out these ends, includes every people under our flag. We have no right to adopt one which favors the North at the expense of the South, or the white race at the expense of the negro race, or the people of the U. S. at the expense of the Filipinos. The object of the tariff should be not to protect infant industries, but the American people; not special interests, but industrial Democracy. Any tariff which allows foreign products to compel reduction of American wages, to the foreign level, is inadequate; any tariff which allows American goods to be habitually sold abroad for less money than at home, is unnecessary and unjust. To employ the taxing powers of the government to enrich certain individuals at the expense of the people comes dangerously near robbery, under the guise of legislation. If other sections wish to unite with us in embodying

law, the sound and honest views which we hold on this subject, we will welcome their assistance.

What is to be gained by a division? Let me first inquire with reference to the principles or set of principles which have operated as cohesive forces to make the South solid in her place as New England is solid, and which principles it is now proposed that we should renounce. If we all go together into some new movement, will we not be as solid as ever? If we divide, will we be happier, more prosperous, and harmonious among ourselves? Will we be more influential with other sections, by reason of the strife that division will engender, if it should take place now? Were any people every made more powerful or prosperous by discord? Wily enemies have been known to pursue the policy of dividing a country in order to conquer it, and those who have experienced the resisting of such tactics always insist that their security was in their unity. Let us not allow a Trojan horse to be admitted within our gates. We may gaze on such advice with a certain reverential interest, but we are not so simple as not to see the contents of such an animal are far more warlike than grass.

In the language of one of the best known newspapers in the South, let me say: "That the South is dissimilar from other parts of the Republic in important social, political and religious matter, is a proposition too plain to be disputed for a moment. That those differences are radical, historic and persistent it would be easy to show. That they are to the advantage of our section is a belief that we hold without asking lief or license of any. The South is the social, political, and religious residuary legatee of American civilization. Its day is coming, indeed, is now. It has no need to fret or be impatient of fortune; for it holds the illuminating lamp of the future of our national life. Only we must preserve our vantage and push our way toward a complete realization of our historic ideals. Nor must we be in haste to give up either our solidarity or our isolation. This may seem a re-

actionary or non-progressive sentiment, but it is neither. Both the solidarity and the isolation of peculiar peoples have been employed of history and providence in hastening the world's better destinies. This isolation and solidarity is no barrier to intercourse and co-operation in all common enterprises but is that electism of a people which puts their exceptional ideals above the thought of compromise or accommodation. The South can agree to no coalescences, ecclesiastical or otherwise; that it will for a moment jeopardize its ideals." This may be or seemed to be stretched a little, but Southern courtesy and hospitality must not be mistaken for the renunciation of Southern convictions.

The task of breaking the "Solid South" will not be found an easy one. We have no need of a change of principals just yet. The unifying processes of more than a century are not arrested and turned backward in a day. Blood and tradition, history and ancestry, the compacting power of war and the solidifying struggles of peace, common interests and common dangers, common memories and common hopes count for something, and must be reckoned with when men undertake to break up the "Solid South." It may be well to add that telling us we are still a part of the Union is a weak effort at dissolving us. We must not suffer ourselves to be betrayed by a kiss. Where can men find a solvent powerful enough to disintegrate in a moment what has been forming for more than a century? Can a crafty pleading of a crafty expediency compass such an end? Can the saccharine sentiments which are wont to flow around banqueting boards dissolve the affiliations of generations? Hardly! The "New South" is just the "Old South" going on her way, and happy on the way. The people of the South are not wanting in independence of thought. They are not terrified into being solid, but if it must be most of all in the sacred things which lie deeper down in the soul than mere passing policies or party politics, let us declare with frankness, consider it with respect, defend it with firmness, and in dignity abide its coming up fraternal strife, and who infamously fan embers of

sequence. A thing that impresses us more than anything else is that articles in all the leading magazines and papers, have expressed as their ultimate desire the dissolving of the South. There may be men and there are, who insist on get-war that they may raise them again into a blaze. But just as certain as there is a God in the Heavens, when those noisy insects of the hour have perished in the heat that gave them life and their pestilent tongues have ceased, the great clock of the Republic will strike the slow-moving, tranquil hours, and the watchman from the street will cry: "All is well with the South; All is well."

What Shall it Profit a Man?

J. N. AIKEN

Softly on the still air of the summer evening rose the strains of a song dear to all hearts. The band was playing "Annie Laurie." This was the first week of the customary open-air concerts, for summer had just begun, and the trees had not yet put on their full foliage. This evening, as usual, the young people of the town were assembled in groups in front of the stores around the public square, and the sound of mellow Southern voices, together with an occasional peal of laughter, as some young man made a happy remark, formed a meet combination with the music. Across the square could be seen the lighted stand in which the band was playing; and around it a crowd of boys were having an exciting game of "Barbaree." It seemed as if nothing could happen to mar the happy simplicity of the occasion, or to introduce into the almost ideal setting a disturbing element. Truly the little city "had gathered then her beauty and her chivalry," and it may have been that somewhere, away from the jolly crowds, "soft eyes" were looking "love to eyes that spake again."

In front of the open window of his office that looked out over the happy square below, the Honorable Jerome Vincent sat at his desk with his face buried in his hands. Probably he was the only person within the sound of the music whose pulse did not stir with the feeling of it; and that may have been because his mind was so occupied with other things that its own passion was greater than that which any melodies could arouse. For over an hour he had sat thus while the twilight deepened into darkness, and the sounds of trade and traffic in the street below had been succeeded by the voices of pleasure. Only once at the whirr of a passing automobile, had he raised his head and caught a glimpse of a quartette of beautiful young women by which at any other time he would have been elated, for one of them was the daughter of the pres-

ident of the People's National Bank, against whose charms Vincent was by no means proof. This evening, however, he only sighed and again buried his face in his hands; it was entirely probable that the aforesaid young women did not know that he was anywhere within a thousand miles of them at that particular instant.

For it was only that morning that Vincent had stepped off the fast train at the Westervelt station. His business, no one who had seen him, knew, for Congress was still in session and Vincent was the representative of the seventh district of the state, in the House of Representatives. Since his coming he had spoken to no one save Gurley Green, the Chairman of the Democratic District Congressional Committee, with whom he had had a few minutes conference on his way up to his office.

Eight years before, at the age of twenty-three, Vincent had come to Westervelt, fresh from his law school, but with no particular talent for anything, and seeming to attach no special importance to the degree of Bachelor of Laws, which he had just attained. Everybody thought him somewhat queer, but despite that fact, he had made himself felt in the community, not so much by his ability as a lawyer—and even his practice was not at all to be despised—but by the active interest he had taken in politics. He had no power of speaking to mention, and it was solely on account of his skill in organizing and managing men that he had been sent to the Legislature, when he was twenty-seven years of age. After he had served one term in that body, it happened that the representative of the Congressional district in which Westervelt was situated died of old age and long service, a few weeks before the election. The political leaders of the district could not for the moment put their hands on a man to take the place and were at a loss to know what to do. Somebody said send, "Send Vincent." The suggestion had found favor in the sight of the powers that were, so they had taken the risk and sent Vincent up to Washington. There he had

served one term, and despite the fact that he had rendered his district no especial service in the matter of appropriations, and had not made a single speech he had been re-elected by a substantial majority when the next election had rolled around. It was now June of his second long session.

Vincent had never stopped to question the advisability of following the instructions of his superiors. Bosses were, to him a necessary part of a political organization. Up to the last few months he had shown no signs of breaking away from the well worn paths that had been trodden by his predecessors. The instructions of the chairman of the district committee, he had always followed; the committee was the people to him—and was he not representing the people?

But he had shown a little disposition to balk during his first term at the matter of the appropriation for the Gate City postoffice, and on account of his majority in Brackford County had been cut down to a mere twenty-seven. Gurlley Green had only shaken his head at this and muttered under his breath, "The boy will learn, the boy will learn." It seemed that now was to be the time for testing his knowledge.

The sound of music and voices in the street still came in through the open window, when about eight o'clock the ringing of the phone at his side caused Vincent to raise his head and take the receiver from the hook. The few sounds of the voice at the other end of the line that came from the instrument were harsh and seemed to betoken impatience.

"Yes, I am here," replied the lawyer; "I will be here for several minutes——"

"Certainly it will be all right for us to meet up here; come right on up——"

"Very well, then, in fifteen minutes. Goodbye." And he hung up the receiver. For a moment he sat in thought; then rousing himself, he stepped into his sleeping chamber, at the rear of the private office; for despite his advancement and age he had never married and still kept the rooms he had occupied when he first came to Westervelt. When he

returned to the office all traces of his previous pre-occupation has disappeared. He took up a book and sat down to read.

"Come in," he shouted, when after a short interval there was a knock at the door. His words were hardly spoken before the door was opened by Gurley Green, who entered, followed by two other middle-aged men, whom anyone acquainted with the persons of prominence in the locality would have recognized as Mr. J. A. Lorimer, President of the People's National Bank, and Mr. Jethro T. Hicks, capitalist and most influential citizen of Westervelt, a man whose name and power were known throughout the state.

Greetings being exchanged, Vincent offered his visitors cigars, and all four settled back in their chairs with clouds of smoke beginning to envelope their faces. At once they got down to talking what seemed to be important business. The men were evidently trying to persuade Vincent to do something against his own personal convictions.

"Now, Vincent, I'll tell you," said Hicks, when the discussion had become somewhat spirited, "if that measure goes through it will mean the complete ruin of our barite business. And you know what that means to Westervelt and Gate City and Cumberland. It will just mean that they will have to drop back and in a few years be little villages again; why man! real estate would fall fifty per cent. in one year."

"That all may be very true,—I seriously question it,—" replied the congressman, "but that does not make it right to defeat the measure and let thousands of people go on poisoning their stomachs eating flour with that stuff in it, and then have to pay two prices for their flour, to boot. Why, Mr. Hicks—"

"Now, look here," broke in the capitalist, "you know that there is not enough of that barite in any flour to hurt an ordinary flea; I've been using some of it myself in my mill up at Oberlin, and I've been eating the flour and I can't tell a bit of difference it makes in the taste of the stuff, nor see

that it has done me any harm for eating it. It certainly makes the flour lots cheaper, for you can use more of the wheat grain when you have barite to whiten the flour."

Vincent turned to his desk, and after searching a moment produced a large envelope, from which he drew a printed document, which he held out to Hicks.

"There," he said, "does that look like it were perfectly harmless? That is the report of the government chemists on specimens of seventy brands of flour examined. Does six and seven tenths per cent. on the average for seventy kinds of flour look like a very small quantity? Six per cent. of barite! And the stuff gradually causes a decrease in the flow of gastric juices—"

"Great Scott, Vincent," broke in Green, "what has the flow of gastric juices in people's stomachs got to do with the number of votes we need in the next election? Which is more important, the decrease of the business that comes to Westervelt, or this decrease in juices. If this bill is passed it will hurt business just like Hicks says, and I'll tell you right now, just like I have before, that if you take this stand you can't control a fourth of the votes—"

"Votes be damned!"

"Yes you can say be damned, if you want to but you'll see. And the party will be hurt too. That fellow Rockford from Cumberland County is getting himself pretty much before the public these days, and if the Republicans should nominate him, they'd stand a damned good chance to win in November. You can't get around that with all your argument about folks' stomachs."

During all this talk the banker had been sitting in silence puffing his cigar, apparently in deep thought. Vincent now turned to him.

"Mr. Lorimer, what do you think of this?" The man addressed, turned and faced the congressman squarely. He had always been noted for his frankness, and this time he did not fall short of his reputation.

"I think," said he, "that you are a darn fool. You know

that it means your political ruin to vote for this bill, and for a man with your future to do such a thing is nothing in the world but damned foolishness." Then he relapsed into silence. Vincent was surprised at his own composure; he had never had just such an experience before, and he had always thought that he would be angry under such conditions; instead he seemed to be cooler than ever.

"Now, just what will you do, Vincent? This bill comes up for a vote on the 14th of this month," and we want to know," Green was saying. The time had come for Vincent to deliver his ultimatum.

"Well, gentlemen, I'll tell you just exactly what I intend to do; it is what I decided long before you sent for me to come down here. When I got that wire, I knew what you wanted and it is needless to say that I have gone over the matter again since I heard from you. I have some convictions on the question that have been reached after lots of thought, and with your talk about business can't be shaken. I'm going not only to vote for this Ainger Bill, but I am going to throw every bit of influence that I have to bring about its passage. You may say that this is suicide; very well, I guess I know that about as well as you; I have not been in the party for ten years without learning that much. At least I will have the consolation that I have done what I thought I ought to have done. As for the party, it can go to Hell if it won't back up a man when he does what's right.

"That's pretty strong," interrupted Green.

"I have not come to the decision to do this without some serious thought, and lots of it at that. I believe this business of doing what the party wants is all rot anyway. Half the time the party is wrong and is only working for the interest of some one of the big leaders. I went back over the time that I have been closely associated with the state organization, and I can see lots of places where I have followed the lead of party men, when if I had stopped to think about the right and wrong of the question, I would have said "No." Take that Webster election matter in the state legislature.

The governor said, "Vote 'Yes,'" and I voted "yes"; if I had it to do over again I'd vote "no" every time, and you know yourself, Mr. Green, that I'd be right. That's exactly the way I feel about it and that's exactly what I am going to do." When he had finished speaking, there was silence for a moment; then Gurley Green spoke again.

"I have told you what it would mean," he said. "You can never hold another office in this state if you do that. Personally, for your sake, Vincent, I'm sorry, because I wanted you to stay at Washington. But if you can't beat this way of doing, all I can say for you is down and out. I'm working for the party instead of any one man."

"And because I choose to work for a body of people a little bigger than the party, and one that needs help a good sight more, the party turns me out—yes, the party!"

"Take that as you want to," said Green, lighting a fresh cigar, "what I said is the gospel truth and you know it."

It was as Vincent had said, he knew it only too well; his ten years in the service of the party had not left him without some knowledge of its workings. He knew that if he voted for this Ainger Bill, his political career was at an end so far as the Seventh Congressional District was concerned. He had seen this coming for over a year. The government investigations of the barite traffic had been going forward steadily, and he had known that when they were completed, a bill was to be introduced prohibiting the interstate traffic in barite, and also any shipments of flour containing the adulterant, from one state to another. With this had come the inevitable question as to whether he represented his own particular district or the whole people. Then came the awakening in his political moral consciousness. He had thought over carefully all the consequences of his vote one way or the other on the bill. Then he had weighed the two and thrown into the balance his feeling of duty in the matter. The scale swung unmistakably on the side of duty, and after a long fight he had reached his decision. The afternoon after he arrived in Westervelt to consult with the pow-

ers that were, he had had the last struggle, from which he had come out victorious. New plans had to be made for the future for he realized the necessity of his retirement from political life for good. It was with a sense of elation that he had made his purpose known to the "bosses." During the coming term he would be free to do what he thought best. Perhaps he might even accomplish something of lasting benefit for his country in that time. The thought stirred his breast.

The callers were leaving.

"Good evening, gentlemen?" he was saying; I hope that when we may again come together, we may be met on more pleasant business."

"Goodnight, Vincent; I wish you would change your decision." And the others added "good night."

The band had stopped playing when they descended the steps, and the streets were almost deserted; only a few stores were still open.

"That's a fool fellow," remarked Green," but he'll do just what he says. I know him. It will sure be hell for us."

"More of that later; let's go over and have a drink," invited the banker. They crossed the street in silence. Had they looked back they might have seen, through the open window the light of the electric lamp shining luminously on the figure of the congressman, bent again over his desk, with his face buried in his hands.

Editorial

CONCERNING CONVERSATION

This editorial might as well be entitled: "Concerning the deplorable deficiency of conversation in a college community."

At first blush, such a deficiency would rather appear conspicuous by its absence. The casual reader,—and thinker,—might consider any attempt toward the promotion of conversation at Trinity, for instance, as an exaggerated case of carrying Coals to Newcastle. For pity's sake, will exclaim the hypothecated reader of this editorial, let us have no more Conversation. Rather recommend some method for painlessly removing the present all-too-evident plethora of vocalization.

The hypothecated reader would be vastly mistaken. The writer makes bold to state that as a matter of fact, we have no *real conversation at Trinity*. This is a deplorable truth, but it remains a truth nevertheless. Now by conversation we do not mean idle talk. The mere exchange of flacid and fatuous remarks in order to avoid an awkward pause, does not deserve the dignified title of conversation. Such small talk is merely a makeshift. When we designate the writings of our esteemed contemporary, Wallace Irvin, as Poetry (Capitalized), and the kaleidoscope pages of the Sunday supplement as Art, then we may with propriety call the form of witless mouth-effluvium now prevalent upon the campus Conversation, but not till then.

The trouble lies in two facts. In the first place, the average college student is afraid of conversation. He does not realize that unless we give expression to our tumultuous ideas, these ideas (in some rare instances) arise and overwhelm

us, or they will dry up and pass away, even as the stubble of the field, and lo, our brains shall be left unto us desolate. It is not enough to acquire knowledge, and rapidly reduce the vacuum which nature has so kindly placed in the crania of most of us. We should occasionally take out our thoughts and air them. This keeps them from becoming stale and musty. In this way, college men might pass their leisure hours in discussing intelligently (we hope) matters of common intellectual interest, and in broadening their own ideas by shaking them up with those of other men in the common medium of conversation.

But college men are too bashful. To discuss any subject deeper than the weather, or safety razors, or baseball prospects, or what not, is considered priggish and pedantic. The average college man is much ashamed of his own mind (and often times justly so). He attempts, usually with success, to conceal the fact that he has any such appendage. Take our most cultured societies, for example. At a meeting of one such the average member may so far be drawn out into intelligible expression to the extent of remarking that "Yes, er, Shakspeare was a real fine writer, but I like Robert W. Chambers; say are you going to the game tomorrow; I bet two to one on Trinity," but it is always in a bashful way, and with much rubbing together of the mental feet, so to speak.

We had intended to speak of the other reason for our lack of brilliant conversation, but will not, as it is a broader one, and would apply equally well to professors as well as to students. So we refrain.

It is only just to add, however, that we have of late noticed some improvement along this line. On Biology Laboratory, for instance, we have ourselves been much edified by the general spirit and comprehensiveness with which everyone enters into all manner of truly intellectual, not to say abstruse, subjects. This is the right spirit. In time we hope to have such a high development at Trinity of what we French call

"L'esprit," that matters of common interest to the cultured world may be included in the topics considered "comme il faut," as well as the baseball and the moving picture shows. We may then not only teach the young idea how to shoot, but how to blossom forth into fair and fragrant flowers of speech.

Wayside Wares

A SPRING POEM

C. M. H.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE UNIVERSE)

O Spring!!

Hail, festive seasons of scrumtuuous delights,

Fair mother of the sniffles and the croup,

Under thy benign dominion

By every roadside springeth flowers fair,

Fair violets, and eke the early tomato,

And wire grass.

We fain would welcome thee with hearty Grippe

Thou Bringer of the songbirds and the rain,

Thaw, slush and dribble, mud and then more mud,—

Hail!

O Spring!!

Now youthful lovers, beauteous of face,

And with the mild and vacuous expression of a calf,

With brains that strongly resemble a cream puff,

(Cream puff,—what melodious phrase)

Do wander hand in hand, through Thy fair fields,

Forgetting all the care of mundane life,—

House rent, and water rent, and gas and coal,

And four squares meals a day,—and squawling babes,

And all such,

With childlike mind intent on love, and ice cream soda,

And salted peanuts.

We watch them wander, and wish we were young agin,—

And just such glorious damfools. Alas.

Hail. (And likewise H—L.)

O Spring!!

Now doth the perennial and hardy crop of spring poet
 Clad in deep thought, and an overcoat,
 Bedight with macintoshes,
 And shod with swift goloshes,
 And also well provided against snake bite,
 Stroll forth to imbibe the bliss of nature,
 In large and irregular doses of bibe.
 There standing where the daises lift their heads,
 (As tho' to ask, how are the folks at Morganton)
 The poet scans the heavens with enraptured eye,
 Over a red and very drizzly nose,
 And then doth homeward wend, there to give birth
 To warbling and voluptuous baldersnatch,
 And eat quinine.

L'Envoie.

O Spring!!

Now also the indominitible spring style of humorist
 (Or near humorist)
 Doth swat his trusty typewriter at so much per swat,
 (Or less)
 And doth poke untimely and rather doubtful ridicule at
 Spring Weather, Spring Lovers, Spring Mud, Spring
 Gardeners, Spring Chickens, Spring Poets, and
 Spring Humorists.
 (Gee, what a line!)
 Hail!!!!

HOW ABOUT IT?

Her eyes were blue
 Her dress was too
 And I kissed her twice.
 Now wouldn't you,
 If she had looked up in a winning way
 With laughing eyes
 That seemed to say,
 "I dare you to?"

BOARDING HOUSE BEATITUDES

Blessed is he that cheweth his beef and sayeth naught sage mill, a steam boiler or even like unto a billy goat or an ostrich for verily he shall be fed.

Blessed is he thaot cheweth his beef and sayeth naught but attends well to the chewing thereof for he shall laugh when his neighbor cryeth for the paregoric.

Blessed is he that poketh not fun at the butter; the same shall be accounted a wise man for none save the fool taketh liberties with that which is stronger than he.

Blessed, nay thrice blessed, is he that cometh to his meals on time. The same doth his landlady love and shower her richest blessings upon—yea, she may even cut the pie a little larger which doth adorn his place.

Blessed in the eyes of the landlady above all they that board is he who payeth his bills on time. The same deservth many smiles and few prunes.

THE PASSING OF BILL

One of the local fraternal organizations has for some years owned as a part of their tormenting paraphernalia, which is yearly called into requisition in the initiation of freshmen, an old-fashioned billy goat. The goat's name was Bill and the other day Bill died. The immediate cause of the animal's death is not known; he was just found dead. Stiff and cold he lay under the drip of a woodshed with his feet wide apart in galloping attitude and his head down.

We said Bill was an old fashioned goat and he was. You don't see goats of his stamp now-a-days. He was no relation whatever to these spindley legged, knee-high, Ba!-Ba! goats that kids drive around to little carts. No, Bill was

never harnessed to a cart; his was the spirit of the primeval monarch of goatdom which no halter could curb and no bare legged youngster break to pull a cart. Bill was one of those after-their-time-spirits in whom still surged the wild, unconquerable spirit of untrammelled ancestry. The call of cliff-climbing, fleet footed forebears echoed in his brain and he spurned the back yard turf to vent his yearnings in excursions along the barn ridge and ascents up the kitchen chimney.

Bill could walk a clothes line or butt a grind-stone into assorted sized smitherenes with as much grace and accuracy as the proudest old monarch of the herd which traced him in their line could walk the ragged edge of a precipice or shatter a boulder to get pebbles to chew on. As I said, Bill was no ordinary goat, he was as large as a calf with twisted, knotty hair that hung down his sides like fringe on a couch. He had moss on his horns and blood in his eye and an air about him that was distinctly his own. He would eat anything from a Sunday supplement to safety razor blades. He looked you square in the eye unblinkingly while his stood up at right angles to the direction in which he was going and flipped a stern defiance to everything big enough to butt.

That's the kind of a goat he was—poor Bill! He deserved a better name than Bill—something a little more pretentious, like Cæsar or Theodore should have designated that proud spirit, but he's gone now and we, who shall not look upon his like again, miss him. How glad we would have been to have missed him oft times but alas! Bill's aim was always true, and few of us have missed him until now.

“Requiescat in Pace” Bill, and may there be no one around you—only a high board fence—if ever your material body responds to the all summoning trump.

A CONDENSED DRAMA

Entitled

HOW IS A MAN TO KNOW

Cordellia (at the drug store) Oh, that impossible Ben Smart! I do believe he is coming over and I detest him so.

Julia (at same place): So do I.

(Enter B. Smart) Smart: Good afternoon. How are you both?

Cordellia: Why Mr. Smart, I haven't seen you in an age.

Julia: Do sit down, won't you, and tell us why you have neglected us so. I as just saying to Corddy that I hadn't, etc., etc.

Translations and Reprints

THE SINGER OF THE SHADOWS

(BY AGNES LEE, IN ATLANTIC MONTHLY)

From far beyond all death, all spaces dark,
 With art sublime,
The Singer of the Shadows came to mark
 His land, his time.

Stranger to joy, in bitterness he trod
 The ways of men,
The hour's reality was not his god,
 Nor day his ken.

Poet of grief, he sought her loneliest cave,
 Her ultimate aisle,
Her ruined keep, her mouldering architrave
 And peristyle.

Poet of tombs, the midnight was his theme,
 Adventuring far,
He pierced the opal centre of a dream,
 Or of a star.

Poet of beauty, he bestowed her sleep,
 And rich rebirth
In music marvellous, fantastic, deep,
 To thrill the earth,—

Each note the whisper of a soul, apace
 O'er passion sped,
Driven to crowd the ghostly populace
 Of voices dead.

Let those walk with lore the beaten road,
From others ask
The daily bread of thought, cheer for the load,
Sun for the task.

An hour there is when sunshine brings to pain
Unfaith, unrest,
When she would feel the footfalls of the rain
Upon her breast.

Then, circled in a misty aureole,,
His charm distills
A craved narcotic for the fevered soul
From sorrow's hills.

And we to-day the sweeter count the soil
That drank his tears,
His dusk has powered. The darkness of his toil
The light reveres.

Too long have lettered dwarf and neophyte
Cast him their stones,
Who flesh behold, not spirit, worked their blight
Above his bones.

Enough of slander. Bolted be the gate
To evils wild,
Envies evolve and lies perpetuate,,
Art owns her child.

Cradle him soft, O Art, who only knew
To speak thy tongue,
Thou being his life, and his life's residue
The dream unsung.

The lesser planets let his glow outlive,
High and apart,

Who, earthbound, gave thee all he had to give,—
 His tortured heart.
Pride has departed, Doom has crossed the door,
Love calls farewell!
But from thy firmament forevermore
Shines Israfel!

FRAU SORGE

(HERMANN SUDERMANN)

Dame Care, the grey veiled lady of woe,
 The one, darling parents, you so well know;
 Thirty long years since that day have flown,
 When she drove with you out toward the great unknown,
 When the chill and dripping November day
 Sighing and misty o'er the meadow lay
 And the wind in the willows seemed to croon
 A dirge for a mournful wedding-tune.

When you, after long dreary days of unrest,
 Had found in the Litaur wood a nest
 And stood on the barren threshold, afright,
 Still Dame Care had not taken her flight
 But in blessing she stretched out her bony hands,
 E'en blessing the one who was yet in the deep,
 In the slumber of non-existence asleep.

Time ran on: the cradle decays,
 Which now, dark under the stair case laid,
 Is enjoying a long deserved rest,
 Saw four times a new young guest,
 Then, after thy light, when the earth was sleeping
 A shadow from out the corner came gliding, creeping
 And, arms upraised, ghost-quiet and wild,
 Tottered around the cradled child.
 What Dame Care then promised to you

Life has gradually proved too true,
In sobbing and crying, with distress and tear,
In toil of many a work day drear,
In misery of many a night unslept.
Ah! truly Dame Care her word has kept.
Meanwhile you both grew grey and old,
And again and again the veil'd one, bold
With staring eye and blessing hand,
Slipped in the home of our poor little band,
From meagre board to empty bin,
From threshold to threshold out and in,
Crouched on the hearth, blew flames 'neath the crane,
And forged day on day in continuous chains.

Darling parents, be not despaired!
And if you have honestly toiled and cared
All your hard and sad life long,
For you will come in life's twilight,
From heaven descended, a long rest night.
We youths are young—and we are strong,
And our courage has not yet slept too long,
How to fight with want and care we know,
Know too where blue luck-flowers grow,
Soon laughing we'll turn to our home once more
And chase the phantom Dame Care out the door.

Editor's Table

THE HALLS OF TIME

(JOHN W. HUFF, 11, THE FURMAN ECHO)

In the stillness of the midnight and the thick and bitter gloom
 That pervaded all the room,
 As a pall within the tomb, as a pall within the tomb,
 Meditation melancholy in a fitful dream
 Carried me down the Halls of the dark and dismal past—
 Endless corridors of the dismal, dying past,
 Till the gleam
 Of the present faded in the distance far,
 As a sinking star—
 Gone, gone, forever, and forever gone—
 And I—remained alone.

In the silence and the darkness as I stood in awe profound,
 Senseless to the gloom around,
 As a man by shackles bound, as a man by shackles bound,
 Suddenly arose a vision of departed days,
 Which in outline perfect stood in the dying, paling past,—
 As they were before in the distant paling past;
 And the days
 Of the vision faded in the distance far,
 As a sinking star—
 Gone, gone, forever, and forever gone—
 And I—remained alone.

Then the stillness and the darkness far down the lonely Hall
 Sent a voice to faintly fall
 As an echo from a call, as an echo from a call,
 On mine ears attentive. And it was some well known voice,—

Voice of friendship long unheard, of the still and silent
past—

Voice of friendship old, of the ever deepening past ;

And the voice

Of that friendship faded in the distance far,

As a sinking star—

Gone, gone, forever, and forever gone—

And I—remained alone.

And the silence and darkness of the lonely Halls of Time

Imagined there was a face sublime,

From some distant, unknown clime, from some distant, un-
known clime,

Which is language long forgotten silent and serene

Brought to me a message fair, from the distant, dying past—

Speechless message fair, from the deepening, dying past ;

But the mien

Of the phantom faded in the distance far,

As a sinking star—

Gone, gone, forever, and forever gone—

And I—remained alone.

In the stillness of the midnight and the thick and bitter gloom

That pervaded all the room,

As a fall within the tomb, as a fall within the tomb,

Messengers in a kindly spirit, from a distant gleam,

Let me forth from out the Halls of the dark and dismal past—

Gently from the Halls of the dismal, dying past ;

And the dream

Of the vision faded in the distance far,

As a sinking star—

Gone, gone, forever, and forever gone—

And I—remained alone.

A distinctive feature of this month's exchanges is the attempt of play-writing. Of course, to call these attempts plays would depend entirely upon one's standard. Despite the crudeness of their productions, the young play-wrights are

to be congratulated for their boldness in this field of literature. I hope that they will not stop with what is, perhaps, their first production of this kind of literary art, but will strive after perfection and will some day be called the Shakespeares of America. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." *The Criterion* and *The Wake Forest Student* are the magazines which publish these playlets.

The March issue of the *Wake Forest Student* is the best on the exchange list. The others contain some material which can be compared favorably with that of the *Student*, but are deficient in balance and variety. *The Student* contains a number of excellent essays, both on literary subjects and on problems of today; of serious and humorous poems; and of short stories beside the drama. In the essay on "The Short Story and the Novel" these two forms of modern fiction are compared. From the subject one might be led to expect the tracing of the development of the novel and the short story. First the author defines and illustrates the two terms; then he proceeds to give the similarities and the differences between them. The style is excellent and the treatment of the subject is decidedly original. Every statement is made plain by specific illustrations. Another essay is "The Source of the Picaresque in Spain." It too is a well written essay on a subject interesting in itself. The article shows extensive reading on the part of the author and abounds in illustrations quoted from other books. Still another essay is "Eugenics, Its Progress and Its Arch Enemy," which is instructive and well worth the time spent in reading it. "The Forming of the Third Triumvirate," is a humorous and cleverly written college story. "What Was It?" is a blood-curdling story, fascinating because of its uncanniness. "A Rag, And a Bone, And a Hank of Hair" is a real story in which an ingenious girl plays the same joke on her three suitors.

Wofford College Journal for February is a creditable number. "Up the Hudson" is the best story. It has just enough mystery about it to keep one's curiosity aroused from begin-

ning to end. The mystery is never cleared up. "The Queen of Eldorado" is a simple love story. "Oh! What Is Life?" and "Faith in Myself" are perfect in meter. The first expresses a question which confronts us all and is somewhat sad in tone. The second is more inspiring.

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The Trinity Archive



Volume XXIV

Number Five



MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

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Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *alma mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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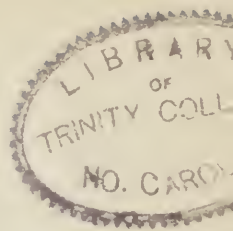
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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., April, 1911

The Twilight

God hath built us a hiding place,
A tabernacle of shadowed sky,
Where we may rest us a little space
Before we die;
The day and I.

Out of the wreck of the ruined west,
Out of the weary and wasted hours,
When the sick sun seeketh the night's sad breast,
And the night cloud lowers
In the late hours,

God hath built us a resting place
And closed it round with the star-light;
There we may cower the weary face,
And heal Day's blight,
In the Twilight.

“As You Like It”

MARY LOOMIS SMITH

The spirit of expectancy fluttered over the little village of Thelsford that bright May morning of the year 1593. One could detect it in the raptures of bird-song that burst from the surrounding woodland, and in the dewy fragrance that the spring winds wafted across the meadow—a fragrance suggestive of wild flowers full abloom. All the great heart of nature beat in harmony with that of the villagers, and most fittingly—for a wonderful event was to take place on the morrow. Lord Chamberlain’s players, of London, who were making a theatrical tour of Warwickshire were to give a performance on the village green, and everything was astir with a delightful bustle of preparation.

However, in the midst of all this joyous anticipation, there was one stormy household. At the very hour in which the company was expected, Squire Aversham was concluding a most disagreeable interview with his wife, in which he had rather doubtfully triumphed. The whole affair was occasioned by the fact that there was not sufficient accommodation for the company at the inn, and the squire, as the most prominent man of the place, had been requested to entertain one of the distinguished actors. To this he, being of a jovial and hospitable disposition, heartily agreed, but found his wife very obstinate concerning the matter.

Mistress Aversham was a woman of that narrow, Puritanical type which was even then beginning to assert itself in England. To her stern sense of propriety an actor—and she heaped the whole profession together in one ignominious pile—occupied the very lowest strata of human society, and so it was with a true horror that she heard her husband announce that they were to entertain one of those degraded beings in their home.

When she had recovered somewhat from the shock, she

rallied her forces, summoning all her powers of resistance. Many and long were the arguments she put forth—how beneath the ancient dignity of the family it would be to descend to the level of such a person; how dangerous it would be from the standpoint of health, to have under one's roof a man who had probably been in the very midst of the terrible plague that was raging in London. As she saw that these produced no visible effect on her obdurate husband, she cast her last and subtlest throw. Had he considered the degrading influence that the presence of a low actor would have on Rose, their one beloved daughter, she wondered. Ah! this had touched a venerable spot but,—after consideration, the squire shrugged his broad shoulders, and replied that of course he did not intend for the dear child to come in contact with the actor—she must be kept out of the way;—at any rate he had offered his hospitality and it could not be withdrawn. And so, after high words, he went out, slamming the door, and leaving his wife with head thrown back, and lips tightly compressed in an angry line.

Rose, the chief difficulty, had been an invisible but intensely interested spectator of the whole scene; she was even then revelling in happy anticipation—to behold one of those marvelous plays; moreover, to have a great player within the same walls——! the thought was almost too wonderful, and she leaned back against the concealing draperies in an ecstasy of joy.

She was abruptly recalled from this ecstasy to bitter realism, a few moments later, when the stern voice of Mistress Aversham announced to the maid that an early tea for herself and Miss Rose would be served in the library.

Silently Rose crept up the stairs to her little white room, to think it all over. Evidently, her mother did not intend for her to have even so much as a glimpse of the great actor, and as for seeing the play—she would be wasting words if she mentioned such a thing. She must find, for herself, a way out of the difficulty.

As Squire Aversham and his distinguished guest entered the great hall of "Avon Hill" that night, they unexpectedly encountered its mistress who, after a brief introduction, stiffly excused herself. The stranger's eyes followed her, musingly down the hall until she disappeared through one of the doors at the rear.

For a country squire this was a luxurious home with its rich draperies and carved wood-work, he thought, and glanced at the broad stair case of polished oak—there his eyes rested as if spell-bound. The dim light from the hallway below shone on the panelled banister, and flickeringly revealed, half in light, half in shadow the face of a girl. A sweet winsome face it was, framed in a black confusion of curls, and there was an eager questioning look in the dark eyes. At first, he thought it was one of the rich paintings that adorned the wall, but no—under his steady gaze the shy, sweet eyes drooped until they were almost veiled by their dark lashes, and the rose-color in the delicate face warmed to a deep glow. The slender stranger looked even more intensely into the charming girl-face, now almost withdrawn, and—smiled.

Just then Squire Aversham glanced up to see what had caught the fancy of his guest. "Yond's a rare old painting over the stair-case," remarked the stranger, in a deep melodious voice.

Alone, in her little room, Rose sat by the open window and wistfully looked into the night until she almost became a part of its dreamy fragrance. Somewhere out in the darkness a nightingale offered up her heart in a thrill of song that ended in a little tender break; above, the kindly stars twinkled and twinkled until the whole heavens seemed to meet into a dazzling smile.

The morrow dawned bright and fair, and a gala-day it was in the life of the village-folk—a time of almost universal rejoicing.

At the very moment that Mistress Aversham was congratu-

lating herself that her daughter had proved so docile and obedient, that young lady was remorsefully and anxiously donning her brother's hunting suit.

She surveyed the slight green figure in the long mirror with rosy concern—"if it were only the fashion for men to wear very long doublets—"; another glance—"how could one venture out in those things!" She must resign herself to the fact that she could not go to the play, that she could never again see—unbearable thought! She must go! Impulsively she turned the face of the offending mirror to the wall, and began to fashion her mode of escape from her mother's best linen sheet.

A large, loudly appreciative audience greeted Lord Chamberlain's players on the village green that afternoon. The play was an opportunity not to be missed, and almost the entire populace, even such 'prentice lads as were the fortunate possessors of a few pence,—or the ability to slip in—took advantage of that opportunity.

In the midst of all the commotion no one noticed a slender lad in hunting costume, who watched the play with almost breathless interest.

It was the last scene of the last act; the excitement was intense; everyone stood on tip-toe, and greeted with long applause the distinguished looking actor who rode foremost in the triumphal procession. It seemed to the little green figure that her heart must needs stop beating;—he rode Janetta, her own dear Janetta! The noble animal realized what an important burden she was carrying, for she stepped daintily, with head held high.

Suddenly the Fool ran out, just in front of the procession, brandishing his bauble in mock-hero's fashion. The insulted Janetta gave an angry snort and reared back. Her rider kept his seat with skill, but he was unable to quiet the terrified animal; confusion was resulting on all sides.

Only one thought ran through the mind of the anxious little lad in the rear;—if only someone could whisper those

words of endearment in Janetta's ear! She always understood them and obeyed. This thought recurred with a sort of monotonous despair which was only broken by a gruff voice behind her, saying, "Look to Mun, Jack; i'faith 'a'll not keep 'is seat long, an 'a get not gude aid."

With a terrible fear gripping her heart, and utterly forgetful of self, the slight, green, figure pushed her way through the crowd out into the open space which served for stage. Darting up under the very feet of the horse, she threw her arms about Janetta's neck, and whispered in her ear. Magic words they were for, instantly, the horse became quiet, and the calamity was averted almost before the astonished crowd could realize what had happened.

But alas! The broad hat she had pulled over her face had been lost in the mad rush, and already the 'prentice lads had recognized her, and were vigourously shouting, "hurrah for the Rose!"

Vivid pictures of the disgrace she had brought on the family name passed through her mind in horrible, endless procession. She saw her father coming toward her with a shocked, incredulous expression and, with a last bit of courage, she dared to raise appealing eyes to the face of the man she had saved—her eyes quickly sought the earth again, but the burden was lifting from her heart; perhaps she wasn't such a disgrace after all.

The ride home was in utter silence, but Rose felt reassured; she knew her father's dear, forgiving heart of old, and, somehow, she did not dread her mother's wrath very much. After all, it had been the most exciting experience of her life—humiliating, in a certain sense, but did she regret it? She searched her heart for the answer, and found it in a little hidden corner where it throbbed and throbbed with a strange joy.

* * * * *

Several years had passed and again the little village of Thelsford was happily expectant of a coming event. On the

morrow-night beautiful Rose Aversham, the pride of the place, was to bestow her small hand on Robert Trovenor, the son of a prosperous landowner in the village. The interest was especially keen since there had been no small number of rivals, and, for a full year, the gossips had been in an unquiet state of speculations. Then, too, Squire Aversham had spared no expense in the preparation, and it was rumored that it was to be the greatest wedding that had ever taken place in Warwickshire.

As Rose was standing on the portico, giving directions to some servants, on the eve of her wedding, Old Taby, the village handy-man, shuffled up.

"The post 'as come from London, Mistress Rose, an' 'as brought you this 'ere package, an' I says to myself, Mistress Rose's amarrying the morrow an' I'se fetch mun to her."

Thanking him, Rose paid him for his trouble and went up to her room, wondering what the queer bundle could be.

As she took off the outer wrappings she glanced, with a look half of pride, half of dreamy mystery, about the room with its dainty confusion; on the bed lay a shimmering white satin gown which peeped bewildering billows of lace; there was also a pair of incredibly small jewelled slippers.

Almost reluctantly, she turned her attention to the thick roll of paper in her hand, on the first sheet of which was written in a slender hand——

To you, fair Rose, this little play doth come
Fresh from the hand of him that fashioned it;
If aught is pleasing to you here within,
Know that it was inspired by the thought
And memory of your beauty, grace and charm,
Upon a gladsome May-day long ago.
Trembling it seeks its destiny with you—
Its destiny—for it is "As You Like It."

Overcome by the flood of emotions that rushed over her, the girl unrolled the parchment and, sitting in the western window, read it with that happiness which is tinged with a shade of regret.

The sun sank lower and lower in the bright summer sky, until it disappeared amid glows of purple and crimson and gold. A twilight soft with shades, and balmy with the fragrance of new mown hay descended upon the earth. Darker it grew, and darker, until, above the black outlines of the distant forest, rose the evening star, dispelling the gloom.

A Volume of Keats

BY N. I.

Angell dropped his cue with an air of martyred ennui and started for the club smoking-room.

"Come on, Blake," he exclaimed, with the masterful air which was characteristic of him, "I'm tired of this everlasting pool. Let's hear about that wonderful diary you mentioned to me yesterday, for if my diagnosis of the symptoms is correct, thereby hangs a tale."

"About five months ago," began Blake, several minutes later, speaking drawlingly through a haze of tobacco smoke, "I was the witness of an occurrence which has become too frequent recently, due mainly to the stubbornness with which bloated aristocrats—like you, for instance—insist on driving an automobile at a minimum rate of ninety miles per hour. As I was getting off the car in front of my rooms, an automobile suddenly rounded the corner with terrific speed, ran down an unlucky pedestrian, and was out of sight before I could even take its number, leaving the poor fellow lying there senseless.

"Of course I had him carried into my lodging at once, and ordered an ambulance with all possible speed. His hip had been broken, and I think he had also received severe internal injuries, for the doctor's informed me that he died within an hour after reaching the hospital, without ever having regained consciousness.

"A day later I had temporarily forgotten the accident when I noticed on my couch a book which must have fallen out of the poor fellow's pocket when he was lifted and carried to the ambulance. It was a volume of Keat's poems, and contained the name of Frederick Nethers, Oxford, England. Within the cover there was a circular from the publishers containing a discount sheet and a list of the other

books in the same series. The first part of the book showed signs of considerable usage.

“Lounging in a comfortable chair before an open fire, my examination of the book became less and less interested, and I soon drifted into a lazy kind of reverie in which Keats, Porphyro and the unfortunate owner of the book became hopelessly jumbled together. I would probably have ended by falling asleep, had I not been aroused by the smoking of the publisher’s circular, which had slipped out of the book and fallen upon the hearth.

“I stooped to pick it up before it should catch on fire. As I was replacing it in the book I was astonished to see that the back of the sheet contained several marks in a greenish ink, which certainly had not been there before. This threw me at once into a lively fit of speculation as to what purpose the owner of the book could have in tracing a number of meaningless marks there in disappearing ink. The ink itself did not puzzle me in the least, for having specialized on chemistry while in college I could see at once that it was only a water solution of cobalt nitrate, which makes a mark that is invisible till brought out in green by the application of heat.

“After some vain speculation I was struck with the idea of testing the fly-leaf of the book for evidences of the same writing. I held it before the fire till my hands were scorched but with no result. However I soon discovered that on the broad margins of the other leaves a complete diary had been written in the same ink. Since the writer was dead, I felt not the slightest scruples in reading it, and found it to be nothing more than the ordinary diary of a young Englishman in Portsmouth. So here was the solution to what promised to be a mystery. The writer had simply tried his pen on the circular and then proceeded to write a commonplace diary on the margin of Keat’s poetry, with invisible ink.

“There was just this much to it, I therefore concluded: the man who would write that kind of a diary was either a romantic, feather-brained fool, or else he was concealing

something deep and secret beneath a cloak of apparent silliness.

“I rather inclined toward the first of these conclusions, however, in a spirit of idle curiosity I got out my encyclopedia, my Poe, my Gaborieau, and every other authority I could think of, and applied every cipher system I could discover to that diary—with no result, as I had expected. The only thing that my close investigation brought out was the very interesting and illuminating fact that Mr. Nethers, like most of us, was sometimes very careless about the formation of his vowels, frequently forming an *e* like an *i*, failing to dot an *i*, forming an *o* like an *a* and vice versa, and occasionally compounding his *u*'s and *w*'s. While I was mentally congratulating myself with considerable sarcasm on the momentous weight of this discovery I was suddenly struck with the idea of what an admirable cipher system—easy both to read and write, and little likely to be discovered—could be based on this common carelessness of writing. Filled with the idea of my clever invention I again carelessly cast my eyes over the manuscript when I noticed at once that the words containing a mis-formed vowel, taken consecutively, made sense—and the most startling sense!

“Angell, that ‘feather-brained fool’ was a secret agent of the German government in England, and I had stumbled across his memoranda!

“With few exceptions the concealed entries were abrupt and meagre although the entries to the outside diary were long and rambling. The first hidden entry ran something like this:

“‘October 9—Have just arrived here on the business with which I have been intrusted, and, though contrary to strict orders, have decided to keep these memoranda, partly for their interest to me when this most perilous and important job is completed, but mainly to have a few notes as a check upon and reinforcement of my memory. When one has to memorize innumerable technical details each day a series

of guide words is of incalculable benefit. I haven't the slightest idea that anyone except myself will ever know of my existence. The difficulties of my work have been greatly complicated by the excitement which has been stirred up by that damned play.' "

"I suppose his reference here is to 'An Englishman's Home,' " remarked Angell in rather a tense voice.

"Undoubtedly," returned Blake, dryly. "After this there are no hidden entries for about a month, although the bogus diary still continues. I suppose he is making himself thoroughly acquainted with his field of action.

"Then came several short entries dealing mainly with preparations, such as the purchase of photographic supplies, memorizing a map of the vicinity of the dockyards, and making the acquaintance of several workmen on the royal docks. On November 9 he writes.

"'Have met the stenographer of the inventor Hendrix, whom I have reason to believe designed the special feature of the "Dauntless" which I have been particularly ordered to report upon. E. is an ordinary, red-haired, common-sense girl, whom I believe conceals beneath her practical air the usual stenographer's tendency toward the romantic. The question is—can I reach those blue-prints through her?'

"Rather a cold-blooded cuss, you see. The succeeding entries for several weeks were revelations of infernal skill and knowledge of human nature, through which I could see a sensible but unsuspecting girl led gradually into an affection for a heartlessly efficient human machine which was coldly calculating on turning her affection into a damaging blow against her country. There were also many allusions indicative of the wonderful system and resourcefulness which characterize the German secret service.

"The entry for December 11 marks another important step. 'At length I am actually at work on the "Dauntless." One of the workmen has suddenly turned sick—with a little judicious monetary inducement—and his "brother" has

taken his place. Now I have an opportunity to verify by actual watch camera photographs the reports previously sent in. The risk is a part of the game.'

"In the next entry he mentions recognizing a French agent Duplex, against whom, it seems, he had been engaged at Algeciras during the Moroccan conference there. Not a very favorable commentary on the firmness of the 'Entente Cordiale,' to find a French agent spying on British battleship construction, is it?

"The next month is covered by four or five entries which note mainly the details of several photographs, besides a number of technical details of ship construction. He also notes slow progress with E., and speculates on the wisdom of attempting soon to obtain through her the supreme information in regard to the magazine appliance which is to be the chief feature of the 'Dauntless.' This knowledge he seems to regard as of the utmost importance, in that it would determine the future course of construction to be followed out in the German navy, and probably force important changes in all the ships of the 'Dauntless' type now under construction, thus entailing a considerable loss of money, and what is of vastly more importance in the present strained state of affairs, a still greater loss of time.

"Eight days later there suddenly comes an entry which completely changes the whole situation:

"'Confound these level-headed English girls! E. has found out my real business and reported it. It is even thought that I have discovered the secret of Hendrick's magazine machinery, and it is a miracle I have eluded them so far. The chances are against me, as my capture is of extreme importance.'

"'February 28.—Well, here I am in Edinburgh, on the other side of the island, with every secret agent and Bow Street runner in England hunting me, and every German and Continental liner watched like a drop of water under a

microscope. My only chance is to ship as an immigrant steerage passenger for America.'

"That is the last entry. Evidently his plan succeeded."

Angell remained silent a few minutes, then he remarked thoughtfully, "The question of greatest interest now is whether or not he lived to transmit his information to his government."

Blake nervously knocked his pipe against the table with a sharp rattle.

"On the contrary," he replied, in a voice which he tried to make dull and heavy, but which gradually assumed a rising inflection almost of terror, "On the contrary, the chief question is, was the death of that unknown German accidental—or assassination?"

To An Arbutus

QUINTON HOLTON

Pale tinted flow'rlet of the mountain side,
Half-hidden 'neath your coarse-sered leaves of green,
In lonely nook, huge boulders close beside,
Where wintry winds with withered leaves were seen,
E'en now in wildest revels to have been,—
Did subtle power of Spring the rock divide
Which stood alone, and from it for its bride,
While long it slept, your beauteous being wean?
Here, nestling safe against its mighty base,
Without a kindred flower, you rest content,—
Your radiant tints a softness mild (in place
Of sternness) casting o'er its weathered face,
Until its very scars their pain have spent,
And strength with beauty, grace with grandeur's blent.

Scraps

E. L. JONES

Humor is the best American trait—not the fun arising from cynical jest, or confusing situations, but the laugh that laughs with—not at. The most genial friend possesses humor—the most distasteful acquaintance lacks it. The cheriest smile is founded on humor; the largest heart, the greatest mind is great and large because of humor. The heart, swept by heated blast, dry and baked, dead to all verdant life is the heart without humor. “Brevity is the soul of wit,” great-heartedness is the soul of humor.

January 5, 1911—A memorable day to Trinityites. But out of the fierce hurrying and scurrying, hairbreath escapes, and complete destruction, there is to be gleaned a harvest of humor.

Mr. Macon Epps,—the big-boned, immense, serious mountaineer, glee club singer, debater, and orator,—when asked after the fire if he made good time on the fire escape, said:

“No, I didn’t come down very fast, but I passed some what did.”

When his hands were grasping the last rung, and his feet were dangling one or two inches above the stone steps, he uttered these soul-inspiring words:

“Shall I drop, or shall I not? Shall I drop or shall I not?”

NATHAN

Of the blackest skin, fat, good natured, willing—such a boy is Nathan,—“Jim’s” sweeping and bed-making assistant. Nathan is one of the negroes whom we like to refer to as an “old timey darkey.” Nathan would fit our ideals exactly, were he a product of slavery. Obedient, good natured, hard working, knowing his proper place, Nathan might grow up a prototype of an “uncle.” But Nathan is not the same Nathan who began his college career last November as a janitor

in the "Inn." A small number of little minded, distorted men—seniors as well as freshmen—recognized Nathan's un-failing good nature and have made him a target for all their crude distasteful jokes. Slowly, but surely, a change not for the better, is taking place in Nathan. Someone is going to have a queer feeling some day when he does what Johnson did to Jeffries.

But Nathan has sprung some genuine humor. One day, Mr. P— was trying to frighten Nathan with a gun and the unloaded thing exploded. Nathan retreated down the hallway, and the incident was forgotten until some hours later,

when Mr. Newsom received a phone call from a doctor's office:

"Please Mr. Newsom," said a strangely pathetic voice from the other end of the wire, "this is Nathan. Tell Mr. P— that I aint hurt much, and don't git scared. Hit just busted my mouth en I'll be alright soon."

CLASS SPIRIT

Did you ever think of it? Some fellows' idea of college spirit is mighty queer. College spirit, class spirit,—to them it does not mean a steady continued effort to make their college or their class a better college or class, a more attractive college or class. But rather it means a combination of marvelous antics with legs and arms and hats, properly interpolated with warwhoop and yell—yes, class and college yell; or it means a fierce heaping of imprecations and disparaging remarks upon those of another class. But that is just because no one worthy of the name of a man would belong to any other class than the abuser's own.

Trinity, fortunately, is free from exhibitions between classes of such childish barbarism. But did you see that miniature "Fresh—Soph. Junior rush" at the basket ball game last Fall? The freshmen formed on one side, the other classes on the other side of the gallery. Then with silent haste, they rushed together. See that compact mass! Silently, grimly, they strain, push, strain, push, push. No ad-

vantages on either side—holding on grimly like bull dogs. It is over. Kiker, Brinn, Smith, Hedrick, pulled them apart. No one hurt—good feeling all around. Wasn't it a great exhibition of class spirit?

But the inquisitive student stupidly asks, "Why did they do it? Which class is the winner by it?" O! let the dead bury its dead.

To Paul Lawrence Dunbar

N. I. WHITE.

A race that in the ages long forgot
 Claimed kinship with the Memphian scientists,
 And felt, within the African swamp mists,
The dull reflection of a brighter lot,
Hath given us a poet!—Through the hot
 And fetid wastes of time, adown the lists
 Of withered minds, and hempen-corded wrists
A living spark hath weathered through the blot.

Dunbar, thy pictures of thy brother men —
 Thy clear drawn portraits of a dusky face,
 The dark, pathetic lines thy pen reports
Replete with feeling, call to mind again
 The poets of a fierce, æsthetic race
 In the pale moonlight of Alhambran courts.

Winds of Destiny

N. I. WHITE.

Before my eyes a boundless depth
 Of distance-deepened indigo,
 Where varied wisps of lucent crape,
 In many a nebulous, weird shape
 Drift slowly to and fro.

A reckless wind from far above
 —A wind of vague but varying force,
 Is playing with the moving mass
 In ceaseless eddies as they pass
 Upon an unknown course,

In many a nebulous, weird shape.
 Yet some are seized with careless strength,
 And fiercely tossed in utter fright
 And forced, with cruel, playful haste,
 Backward, across the vaulted waste
 Into the murky night.

While some, at random from the crowd,
 Are drifted lightly on his crest
 To where in scarlet-blended rose,
 An opalescent sunset glows
 Across the fading west.

And long I wondered at the wild
 And brilliant sunset, till I saw
 The glory that the sunset shed
 With inner meaning overspread
 Of an unchanging law:

*I saw the Winds of Destiny
 Sweep o'er the Field of Human Life;
 Whereon, in puny strength arrayed
 A crowd of Great Ambitions played,
 Regardless, in their strife!*

“Little Drops of Water”

“L’HOMME QUI RIT”

Doubtless it is a matter of common remark among the readers of this magazine that in recent years there has been a phenomenal decrease of productions of an imaginative nature among college students. One reads of the extraordinary stories produced within the walls of college dormitories a half century ago, and one’s heart sighs a sigh of melancholy that such days are no more. Now, a college student sits down to grind out an article on some obscure writer of the romantic movement, or dilate upon the various qualifications of such and such a character of modern novels that please, for a place in the hall of literary fame. It is only at rare and irregular intervals that a story is picked out by the keys of the typewriter in the study of the student of to-day.

From far and wide have come various explanations of this deplorable change. The influx of scientific studies and the adoption of scientific methods of work has been one of the multitudinous theories advanced by psychologists to account for the disappearance of imagination among our present college men.

Of all the theories for explaining this, the most remarkable phenomenon of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, none is it seems to me worthy of acceptance at the hands of thoughtful men and men acquainted with modern conditions. They are all too prone to pay over much regard to psychological and philosophical processes and to place too little emphasis on that element in the formation of a man’s character, itself much discussed among gentlemen of erudition, denominated by the word, environment.

My own theory in regard to this matter has been worked out with considerable care and effort and presents the results of long observation of the habits of college men and their actions in the presence of certain conditions.

On rainy days a man is usually most thoughtful and observant. And it has been on rainy days that my attention has been most frequently directed to the momentous question under discussion. Will some one please remind me of what it was. Thank you. I can now proceed with facility to present my conclusions. In bulk they are enormous and if properly tabulated would fill, I am certain, at least ten volumes the size of the latest edition of the Britannica (I mean the one before the latest; our library is not yet the happy possessor of the latest, and therefore I have not seen it).

As I was saying these conclusions are based on personal observation extending over the time since I was a complaisant freshman until the present. I refrain from revealing the position I at present occupy in the journey from the first September to the ultimate June. I believe too, that I remarked that I most often had my attention called to the decadence of the imaginative qualities of the human mind, or to be more explicit, of the mind of the college student of today, when Jupiter Pluvius was exhaling his wrath and indignation on harmless mankind.

Now, the careful observer residing on the college campus has no doubt noticed the fact that on rainy days in their perambulations between their sleeping chambers and the class rooms s—, where they sleep under less propitious circumstances, the students are invariably protected from the elements by certain garments of late adoption, and extensive proportions which pass under the term "slickers." No more does the ardent disciple of classical learning plod to his recitation amid the patter of descending drops, safely sheltered from the dampening effects thereof, by the old fashioned umbrella. He is deprived of the vague impressions that the sound of a winter rain on the top of a cotton parasol can call up in the mind of man. Instead his body is kept dry, while the fire of his imagination is quenched by the infinitesimal particles of moisture, which filter through the threads of his last season's cap. Or it may be that the ardour of his zeal

for the *Epistolae* of Tully, is cooled by the chilling effect of the downpour on a new rubber headdress. At any rate he ceases to feel the glamour of the silent rain and his imaginative powers are diminished in proportion as he deprives himself of the protection of the ancient rain-shade.

Rain coats sell for the excessive price of six dollars. That is, one cannot get one for less than that sum in which he will feel the sense of plutocracy, and one whose yellow semblance will delight his love for the conspicuous. I have seen umbrellas (whose name is deprived from that good old Latin noun *Umbra*) especially since the adoption of these new fangled articles, selling in all the shops for the infinitesimal consideration of 68 cents, or thereabouts. It might be unbecoming on my part to attempt to propose any plan for the removal of these deleterious "slickers" from before our eyes; but seeing the price of the two articles on the same page it immediately occurs to my mind that half a score of umbrellas might be bought for the price of one rain coat and the period over which the use of these might be extended, would far exceed the average life of a "slicker." Of course I wish it distinctly understood that this proposal is only tentative and in no case to be considered as a final solution of the problem; which is far too complicated to be thus dismissed.

Now for the tabulation of my statistics on this matter. In the last three years the merchants of Durham, North Carolina, have sold to students of this institution no less than two hundred and sixty three slickers by actual count. Of these, one hundred and forty-seven were of the saffron-like hue so much in demand, and the remainder were either coloured like the dawn of a cloudy day or tinged with the shading of night. These articles are all of rubber (tho, of late, they have come to be made of a kind of silk-like cloth), and the pieces thereof are cemented together by a sort of gum which presents to the touch, when warmed by throwing over a steam radiator, a sticky feeling. Usually they are accom-

panied by pockets, and are fastened about the body by means of buttons.

On the other hand umbrellas consist of cloth, wood, and steel. The mechanism which serves to render them telescopic is exceedingly ingenious, and deserves the highest commendation, and such commendation can only be given by continuing the articles in common use. The diversity of their composition makes them more likely to call up in the mind a greater variety of thought and this constitutes another argument in favor of their retention. These facts coupled with the remarkable injurious effect of slickers on the human imagination constitute an impregnable fortress for the forces of the rain-shade. Will we of an enlightened age be so untrue to the heritages which have come down to us from our forefathers (I mean traditions; the umbrellas have become worn years ago) as to refuse to retain in our every day life an article so beneficial to them, both physically and in an imaginative way?

But to come back to my original contention, viz: that the decrease in the use of parasols by college students had been the cause of the loss of the imaginative faculty among the aforementioned persons, and to proceed with the tabulation of my carefully collected figures on the use of "slickers." In the last three years the number of Italian gentlemen engaged in the lucrative and honorable employment of mending decrepit and worn down umbrella tissues, has fallen from an average of thirteen per month (lunar month is meant) to the unbelievable figure of only seven for the last fiscal year. This reveals to some extent the enormity of the decline of the umbrella's employment.

Another line of inquiry which I have followed with considerable diligence has been in regard to conditions in other institutions of learning scattered throughout the country. During the month of December last, I mailed to all the colleges and universities in the United States and to three universities in Canada and to five in great Britain and Ireland,

a series of questions designed to procure for me the number of students in each institution and the number of those using raincoats in any form. While the returns from my inquiries are not yet complete, I am able to see with a reasonable degree of assurance that my contentions are holding good in every college from which I have heard. From a total of sixty-seven institutions in this country sending answers, and two in the Dominion, and Oxford and the University of Manchester in England, having, in all, forty-nine thousand seven hundred fifty-four students, there were thirty-five thousand nine hundred five students using raincoats habitually. At the same time and co-incident with the adoption of "slickers" a phenomenal falling off had been noticed in the number and power of imaginative stories published in the college periodicals. The latter circumstance had not been noted, however, until it was called attention to by the inquiries sent out by me.

Encouraged by the sustaining of my contentions in the manner recorded I pursued my investigations still a little farther, in so far as the limited means at my disposal would permit. I found that only two persons in the whole list of colleges submitting answers to my questions wore "slickers" and at the same time were capable of producing a creditable short story, and of these two one slept regularly in a room by a tin roof (which has the same effect; I may deal with this subject in a later paper), and the other had been made deaf six years previously by the explosion of a powder mill. All other stories were either not worthy of mention or were the product of minds unaffected by the use of raincoats. Only one poem of merit had been composed by a habitual user of raincoats and that had been written during a long season of dry weather, such as frequently occurs in the western states.

In the presence of such overwhelming evidence I find it hard to believe that any one could doubt the truth of my final conclusions. They appear so self-evident, on their face, to

my eye that I hardly see the necessity of further inquiry. Should anyone desire further enlightenment, however, I should be happy to respond to such inquiries as may be directed to me in so far as is in my power. Anyone possessing additional information on the subject treated above might forward it to the psychological laboratory of the college where it will, I feel sure, reach my hands.

The matter is one of importance and one requiring delicate treatment if we desire to surmount the difficulty. The tentative plan of action which I suggested in the course of my thesis, might succeed; until it has been given a full and fair test at the hands of experienced persons it will be impossible to assert anything definite regarding its efficacy. In the meantime the brilliantly tinted garments will continue to circulate in response to the festive colours of the rainbow, and will give back to the clouds the various hues they so liberally dispense, when the sun falls aslant their texture thus giving rise to a prismatic effect unexcelled outside the best physical laboratories of Europe and America. And college men will continue to dull their imaginations, by shunning the venerable instruments which once sheltered our fathers, in time of scorn, while the ancient men of Italy, who once formed such a prominent part of our urban topography, will be forced by circumstances to take up some less exalted profession. And until some remedy is proposed, our college magazines will go on giving space in their pages to stories which stand sadly in need of the services of an experienced aviator, in order that they may elevate themselves a few degrees above the sordidness of the world and leave for a moment this "muddy vesture of decay."

Editorial

MUSIC AND LIFE

A few weeks ago, the citizens of the city of Durham, and students of Trinity College, had the opportunity of hearing as fine music, instrumental and vocal, as the United States can to-day produce. The citizens, and the students took advantage of that opportunity. They had heard a great deal in anticipation about Mr. Walter Damrosch and his wonderfully efficient orchestra, and they naturally expected something out of the ordinary in musical rendition. They went, they heard, they—

Well. No one can deny, in the face of the unanimous verdict of the critics of two continents, that the New York Symphony Orchestra is the *ne plus ultra* of the national musical world. But the question we should like to put to your consideration is,—how many of those that heard Mr. Damrosch's great musicians had sufficient knowledge and appreciation, sufficient interpretative power, to really comprehend what they heard,—to really feel the superiority of this wonderful technic over orchestras of less worth and reputation. How many, in other words, of that great audience, did not in their heart of hearts, prefer a blatant brass band to anything they heard there that night?

We are not cynical, but we believe that it is a safe estimate to say that one half of the audience were there in expectation of something which they did not receive because they had not the sensitive ear nor the understanding heart,—that three-fourths the remainder were there because they thought it was the thing to do, because they knew that the most cultured and elite of the city would be here too. The small remainder, we will assume, were of the "initiate,"

the "fit audience though few" who knew, and knew that they knew. The others, let us hope, at least caught glimpses of the gleam.

The coming of that great musician and his great musicians to Durham was a good thing. Each year, as great musicians come to Durham we shall be more and more fit to receive them and understand them; that small remnant of which we spoke shall grow and grow until the ignorant and the hypocritical shall make the minority; until at last this city and this college is educated musically. It is a good thing—a very good thing.

Meanwhile, let us face the unpleasant fact that we of this college, learned as we may become in the books, cultured as we may be on the intellectual side, will leave this institution lamentably ignorant of the finer qualities of that most ideal of all idealistic things, that art of arts, that poetry of pure feeling, that culture-food of the heart,—great music.

We are each of us engaged each minute of our lives *in building something*. The man of business, of the stores and factories, if he is a true man and good, is engaged in building a home,—a something more than four walls and three meals a day. The great financiers are engaged in erecting the complicated fabric of new enterprises, and business establishments,—often forgetting in all their building that no architecture, however strong or vast, is worth anything that does not furnish a sanctuary or a pleasant habitation for human beings. The student is, or ought to be, engaged in fashioning the architecture of his college building,—that true building not made of stone, and mortar, but of high thoughts, and wide outlooks, and worthy aspirations. The materials of that building? All the sciences, that teach man to think, and arts, that teach him to feel,—religion and philosophy, or the knowledge of life and life's source.

And where does or shall music fit in that great fabric, the culture-building of a college? Should it be part of the ever-

lasting foundations, without which any thought structure, any civilization, cannot abide? Or should it be only one of the bright and dazzling pinnacles that adorn the fair exterior? A small flying buttress, off somewhere out of sight? Or a gorgeous stained glass window, to delight the eye of the worshippers in the Cathedral of Life?

Sidney Lanier, our own Southern song-bird among the poets, held Music to be the one essential foundation of a Home. He says:

“To make a *home* out of a household, given the raw materials—to wit, wife, children, a friend or two, and a house—two other things are necessary. These are a good fire and good music. And inasmuch as we can do without the fire for half the year, I may say Music is the one essential.”

And there have been men who have woven into the very fabric of their being the ethereal woof of song. There have been homes built, cities beautiful reared toward heaven, wonderful and sky pointing cathedrals woven, out of pure and unalloyed music. As the “rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass” “the pinnacled glory,” the “palace of music,” that Abt Volger shaped with idle, magic fingers over his organ-keys; as the castle that the sage Merlin with elfin notes made for his king and the knights at Camelot, in the old day; as the bridge that Lowell built from Dreamland; as the pleasure dome that the dreamer might have built

“Could I revive within me
That symphony and song,
To such a deep delight t’would win me
That with music laud and long
I would build that dome in the air
That sunny dome!”

So there *have* been such buildings erected, out of such airy stuff as music. Do you doubt that, you literalist? Then doubt!

In conclusion, let me reverently paraphrase that most wonderful of the psalms:

Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it:

Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman watcheth but in vain:

It is vain for you to rise up early, and sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows:

For so he giveth his beloved,—music.

Wayside Wares

SONNET

(ON THE VICISSITUDE OF THINGS)

Is there no supersensual evanescence,
No incorporeal passion, subtly vast
As sabbath sunsets o'er the mundane waste
Of worlds dehiscant,—were it but the Presence
Of that divinity, which ever lessens
Of dream perennial, which, having past
The lonely ways of fancy, comes at last
Into those halls, belit with incandescence?

If such there were,—but hold, we feel too well
That were it not, or were it otherwise,
Or elsewhere,—were not heaven without hell
Binding the twain asunder,—great the prize
But gainless, as the summer waves which swell
Under some galley, bound on high emprise.

Editor's Note.—We account ourselves fortunate in being able to publish the above sonnet, the most remarkable that ever appeared in a college magazine. The author of the above will, we predict, win for him or her or itself a peculiar and unique niche among the great sonneteers of history. We have never read anything like it.

If the author will call at our office at any time, it will receive from us a glad reception especially prepared for its benefit, and befitting its extraordinary and wild type of genius. We have a warm place in our bosom for thee. Hide not behind thy anonymity. Thou shalt not elude us.

CHEWING

“A man may smile and smile and be a villian,” but no man can chew and chew and be premedately bad—at least not simultaneously with his chewing. Chewing is the participle of the noun placidity. If you doubt this stroll over towards Professor Flower’s back yard and take a look at Doctor Jack’s cow, lying in undisturbed tranquility beneath the flapping clothes line softly, peacefully, contentedly and oh so good naturedly! chewing her cud—or whatever you call that indestructible and highly delectable morsel upon which she so constantly munches—take just one look at her and then deny the above if you will.

Good nature or kindness and chewing are corollaries. When one is feeling cheerful and happy thoughts run to chewing as inevitably as the leading citizen of a borough town runs for mayor. Concisely, when one is chewing, either sun cured or Colgan’s Chips, it depends upon the taste, the world brightens up a bit in the gloomy spots and things don’t look so bad even as they seem.

The same kind and all-wise Providence which provided cuds for cows set out black-gum-trees for folks, and no doubt with an eye singly fixed in both cases on the preservation of harmony and promotion of happiness. Now, since the discovery of tobacco, and invention of chewing gum, “black-jack” twigs are not so popular as they used to be, but that is not to the point. The ancients recognized the psychological effects of chewing. Certain peculiarly shaped bits of wood bearing teeth marks, recently unearthed at Pompeii, prove conclusively that they chewed aside from purposes of nutrition. Why, the very act of mastication has been symbolic of feelings of kindness and good will with the peoples of all ages! All the pictures of the “Dove of Peace,” from the hard sketches of Rameses II to the drawings of Kemble of Collier’s, have depicted this fowl calmly munching away at a wisp of hay or a bit of olive branch (Olive being the classical equivalent for black-gum).

Why have not those high-minded gentlemen of the Hague, procurators of that ideal state which shall harbor no weapons of more concealability or destructability than pruning-shears and pot-hooks, stumbled upon the simple expedient of supplying the world with free chewing gum, plug tobacco or rubber bands, and letting the world achieve its era of universal peace by the extinction of the pugnacious flame within each individual breast? Why hesitate, O Philanthropists, dallying with fragile treaties and an impossible lingo when all of us mortals can chew, will chew, and in chewing forget, forgive and — smile?

AN ACTUAL DIALOGUE.

[The following dialogue as here given is just as it occurred. The murder case is one prominent in the criminal annals of the western part of this state. The article is the contribution of Mr. W. E. Eller.—*Editor.*]

Enoch G.—Sign that mortgage huzzy, or I'll cut your throat before you can git out o' that cheer.

Poll G.—Cut, if you dare, you red-eyed devil; but ——

Jim G.—If you do, I'll blow your brains out, you old thief!

Enoch G.—You keep your mouth shut or I'll put a hole through you. I never raised you to rule me. That old fool will sign this paper or hell will be to pay. I mean to git that money from that bank.

Jim. G.—She don't have to sign it. Here's powder and lead that says she don't. You drunk devil, I'd as soon kill you as to look at you, if you are my daddy.

Enoch G.—You young wolf of your mammy's gang (drawing pistol) take that! (both firing and falling).

Polly G.—Oh, Lord! the infernal devil has killed Jim!

A HEART THROB.

Here is a real heart throb. The fact that it comes from the yearning soul of a first year man mitigates not a whit against its real interest, for a Freshman may suffer as keenly

as any the pangs of a despised love, and even though the heart which here articulates its grief may be wounded by the darts of the "God of Puppy Love," its pain is none the less acute thereby.

The following verses were found in a closet and were written by a man who was a Freshman here not many moons ago:

M——, I think of you often
 With rosy lips curved to a smile
 And eyes whose tender laughter
 All cares from heart can beguile.

I'm lonely to-night, and tired,
 And my heart is heavy and sad,
 But even as I sigh with sorrow
 My heart turns to you — and is glad.

I wish you were here beside me;
 One touch of your soft, white hand

* * * * *

(The page was torn across here.)

WHICH DID IT?

Mollie was a co-ed,
 Mollie was a peach,
 And Mollie had a little man
 Who scarce to her shoulder reached.
 These lovers went to walk one day
 And this is what they said:
 (Perhaps he gave the thing away,
 —Or, was it the co-ed?)
 "Mollie, b'gosh, I love you,
 But really do despair
 Ever to reach those rosy lips
 So far above me there."
 Mollie deeply blushed

And Mollie softly sighed
Then bending low she whispered slow,
“Have you ever really tried?”

—J. CANNON, JR., '14.

FROM A FRESHMAN'S RUBAIYAT.

I sometimes think there never blows so fair
The wind of Fortune on my cold Despair
As when a check from home comes floating in
My compound financial Fracture to repair.

Translations and Reprints

BEHOLD THE SEA!

(From the German of E. Geibel.)

Behold the Sea! The sun upon its breast
 Pours his full light;
 But in those caverns where the pearl does rest
 Is darkest night.

I am the Sea. Restless, and proud of mien,
 My billows roll,
 And like the sungold, my poems spread their sheen
 Upon my soul.

They glisten often with a magic grace
 With joy, and with love's dart;
 But, like the pearl, in the silent, hidden place,
 Bleeds my dark heart.

DRINKING SONG.

(From the Greek.)

The brown earth drinks from the brooklet's brinks
 And out of the earth drinks the tree.
 The ocean sips from the great wind's lips,
 And the sun drinks out of the sea.
 And the moon at night drinks all her light
 From the great sun's foaming cup,—
 If *they* drink their fill, then where is the ill
 If I take a bit of a sup?

PROFESSOR LAMPRECHT'S VIEWS CONCERNING AMERICA.

(From the Leipsig "Tageblatt")

The personal interview of a member of our editorial staff with Councillor Lamprecht, who has just returned home from America, gave him the opportunity to express some of the fundamental ideas concerning his American impressions.

Professor Lamprecht starts from a fundamental distinction between civilization and culture, especially as it is visible in the United States. Civilization is to him outward progress of mankind toward better conditions of life, especially through a strong mastery of nature—in recent time, consequently, especially through the development of technical science. He regards culture as the development of the inner characteristics of man, of the mind, of the heart, the imagination, and their fruits as they appear in poetry and art, religion, and, partially, also in knowledge. The culture values are higher in the world, for they seem particularly transferable from people to people; therefore, they are values for universal history.

Now, high culture can very well, at least to a certain degree, be joined together with less civilization, and, reversely, high civilization with less culture. A relative example of less civilization with higher culture is shown, for example, in Japan before the introduction of European influences.

The characteristic of the United States is that it possesses a high civilization with a still less distinctive culture. For the development of its civilization it has not only taken over European technical science and forms of economy, but has often, doubtless, developed them further independently. The culture which it has, on the contrary, is still essentially only adopted is of European and not a product of a peculiar creative strength. So, especially, in music, the most modern of all the arts, where only the negro song with its unversified rhythm and many other peculiarities, exhibits a tendency

toward something new. So in architecture, which is only beginning to develop new forms in residences and in the "skyscraper": so in art, which, with all its endeavors, as, for example, the reproduction of American landscapes, is still held in the fetters of European technique, and so forth.

What does this condition mean, considered in the light of universal history? And is it tenable? For mankind as a whole, America has as yet accomplished little. Supposing that a horrible catastrophe should happen upon the United States to-day, and annihilate it, then, of all the hitherto existing achievements of the American people, only a few would survive, which would be of value to the future development of humanity. Of course, the Americans are not to be reproached for this state of things for they at first, with the aid of civilization, had to make their country comfortable; and whoever knows the work, which has been accomplished with this view for two hundred years and more, will not deny them the most upright and cleanest astonishment. But just in this connection the question is repeated, "Is this condition tenable without a distinctive culture?"

The Americans, in an unprejudiced view of their condition, should become clear to the fact that this is not the case, and that a sin of omission in this sphere would mean their destruction. This is understood in the simplest manner, in order not to raise still deeper and more universal doubts, from the standpoint of the inner progress of the United States. In this sphere there is no doubt that every American wishes and has to wish for the inclusion into one nation of the great number of men consisting of eighty millions of souls, within the boundaries of all the states. But how can a nation be produced and exist without a native soul? For railways and telegraph lines, banks and factories, do not mould a nation together, but on the contrary, common feelings, perceptions, and opinions. Now how are these, at least in their higher and more important stages, to be reached without common — that is, original — art and poetry, world philosophy, and knowledge? The problem of the

development of nationality is fused together, at least partly, for the Americans, with that of the production of a distinctive culture. If they are going to become the third great Teutonic nation, along with the English and the Germans, which deserve to be so in every sense, they will have to let their mind and heart come quite differently to expression than formerly.

Can they do this? Professor Lamprecht mentioned, that in this aspect, the views of the foreign observer should be shared; and that even among the Americans may be found doubters, although by far the predominant number of those, before whom he laid the question, answered it unconditionally in the affirmative.

* * * * *

There is no doubt that the German element of the United States will come to its own better in the development of the cultural side of the new national temper than in the hurrying life of the technical and economic development.

Editor's Table

THE OPEN SEA.

Between the shores of Time and Space,
 With cypress clothed and yew,
 Upon the stream of Life we race
 And scarce behind us leave a trace —
 Save only where we strew
 A wanton bubble flashing here,
 And there a patch of foam —
 Pale lotus buds for those who fear
 To make the sea their home.

For life is short and time is fleet,
 And fame is frothing foam,
 And love is very bitter-sweet,
 And I am fain for home.

Then come, Love, to the open sea,
 (Oh, love is bitter-sweet!)
 Where only thou and I shall be —
 But thou and I and Mystery,
 And tireless waves that beat
 A stately requiem to the moon
 And distant stars agleam,
 .. And wander-weary winds that croon
 To silent clouds that dream.

The sea and sky in stillness meet,
 The moon and stars and sun,
 And love is very bitter-sweet
 And thou and I are one.

HENRY P. TAYLOR.

TO AN UNKNOWN.

O, thou half-opened, sun-kissed rose!
Thy beauties are not half disclosed;
The stolen light of moonbeams rare
Glint in the lustre of thy hair.

Star-light descended from the skies,
There nestles in your soft sweet eyes,
Like tinted dew-drops in the sun
A web of opalescence spun;

And when thy lashes sweep thy cheek
A wondrous language they do speak
Of modesty and virtue old,
Of height and depth and breadth of soul.

I worship from afar my queen,
All worship, once thy beauty's seen.
Oh! let me waste my heart on thee,
Thou goddess fair and far and free!

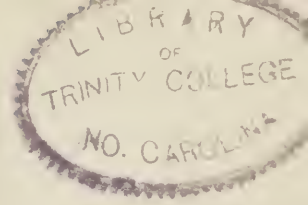
B. G. P.

In looking over the tables of contents of the different magazines, I find the "University of Virginia Magazine" to have the greatest variety of material. And the material is exceedingly good and well arranged. "Summer Song" and "Dream Ghosts" are both dainty bits of verse which comply with Poe's Poetic Principle that a long poem does not exist. "Speed Madness" and "The Open Sea," however, are longer, but not long enough to cause the interest to flag. The first glorifies man's conquest of the air. The poem gives the reader the sensation of going up.

The stories are different from most of those found in the college magazines. They show originality in plot and finish in style. The best of them are "Pickled Cats" and "Why Billy Goes to Bed at Night."

The two essays, "O. Henry" and "Elbert Hubbard" are interesting and are written in a good clear style. The essay "Oriental Drama" deals with a subject with which only a few people, comparatively speaking, are familiar. It gives one a good idea of the drama of China.

"The Magazine" of the University of Texas is neat and artistic in appearance. The literary material is commendable. The best stories are "Jeff"; "A Relic of Other Days" and "Tom Chapman, Detective." The first is really entertaining with its interesting old negro as central figure. The second has an interesting and well developed plot. "Dust to Dust" is a readable story for this time of the year, when "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." The verse is good.



The Trinity Archive



Volume XXIV

Number Seven



MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

Subscription price, \$1.25 per scholastic year. Single copy, 15 cents.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *alma mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., May, 1911

Intra Arcanum

That mortal mind has failed to see
The destiny of things—to scan
At one view all the empyrean
Veiled in blue-silent mystery:

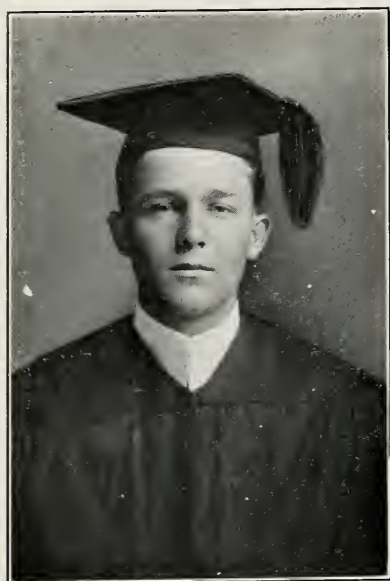
Does such a failure cause thee pain?
Gaze on the quiet face of the dead
Who has the cloak of being shed,
Freed from our tumult, empty gain.

What knows that one of joy or woe,—
At peace, at peace for evermore.
He left at noon his threshing floor,
The voice had spoken, he must go.

And as his mortal eyes grew dim
Then did he not the clearer see?
The tangled web that vexeth thee,
That is no mystery to him!

Think not the hour is far away
When men shall see thy face no more,—
And when from Life's unfathomed door
Death draws the veil and all is day.

Senior Class
1911



HUGH BANDY ADAMS

Four Oaks, N. C.

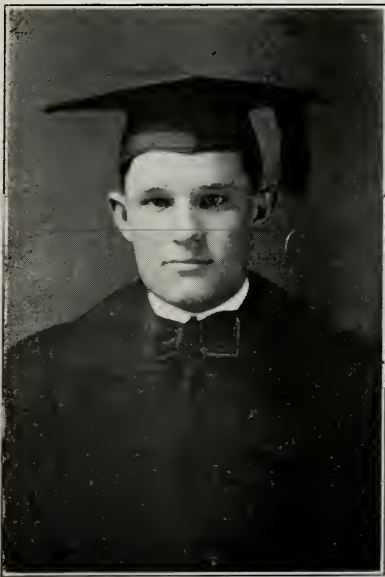
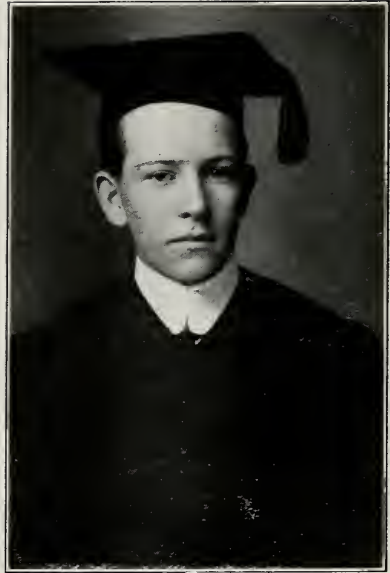
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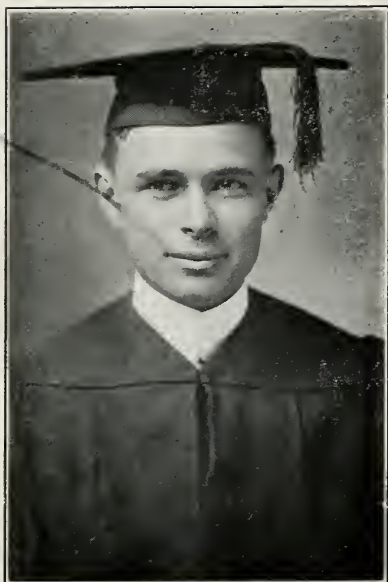
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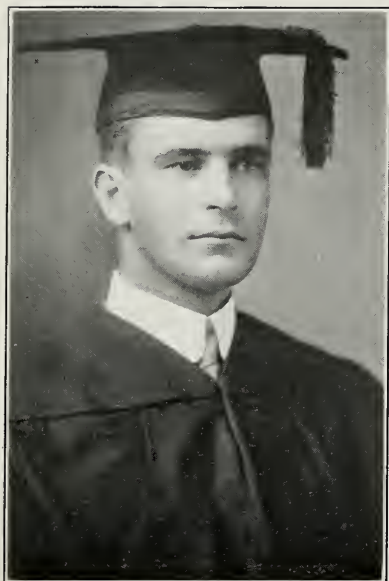
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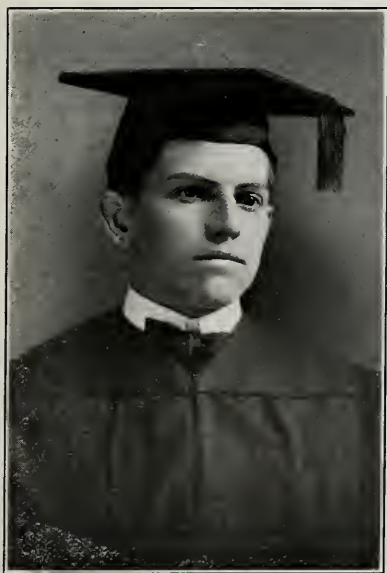
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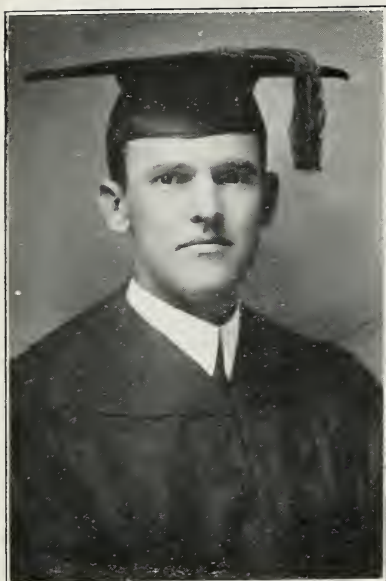
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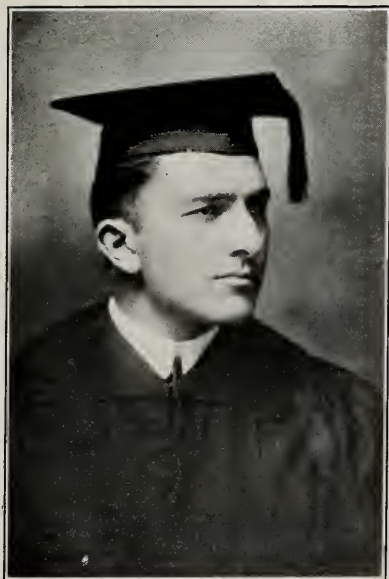
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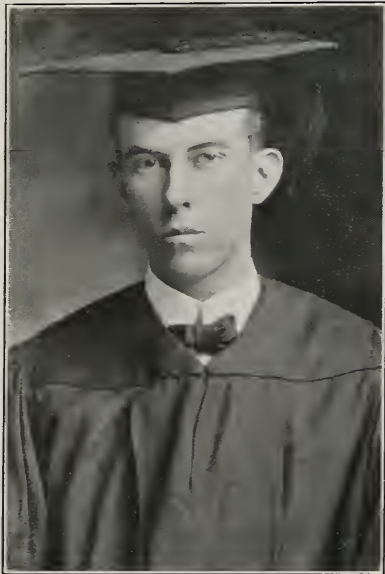
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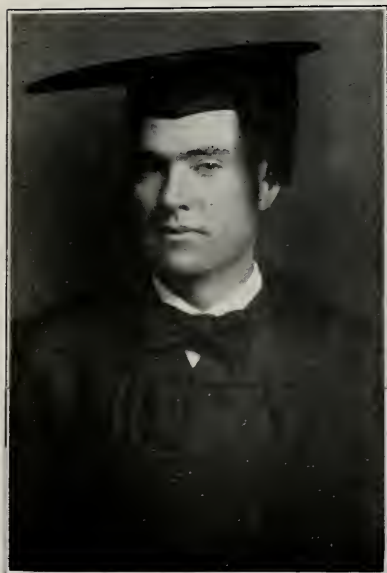
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“The Song of the Soul”

HAL A. HAYES.

On a cot, in the corner of the office of the Associated Charities, was seen the figure of a man. He stirred uneasily, and, by the bright desk-lamp, his face was seen to be that of a man some fifty years of age. It was a wonderful face, strong and resolute, but with a touch of sadness and pathos in the lines deeply graven about the mouth,—unmistakably the signs of a great struggle, and of a sorrow which had left its stamp in these deep sad lines.

Some hours before, this man had been found, ragged and shivering, half-frozen in the snow, and had been brought to the office of the Associated Charities. In his arm he had carried a violin, which he clung to persistently, as a mother presses her child to her breast. And when, with a sigh of content, he had fallen asleep in the warm cot, his last look had been at the violin, as he stroked it caressingly.

Again he stirred, and as a racking cough shook his whole body, he opened his eyes. Anxiously and wonderingly he looked about until he spied the violin. His face lighted up, and grasping the violin feverishly, he staggered to his feet.

“Let me play once more,” he murmured, and drew the bow slowly across the strings.

Back over years and years he goes, with a far away look in his wonderful eyes, and the violin speaks low and falteringly of a great struggle for existence,—of hopes and ambitions realized, of hopes attained, and the songs ring out joyously and triumphantly.

A beautiful woman sits in the box near the stage, and as he plays, she casts wonderful roses at his feet—great red roses that fall in a shower about him, and he stoops and presses one to his lips.

With the hand of a master he plays on, and the violin

throbs and pulsates as it sings of a love successful, of the happiness and glory of a pure woman's love.

'Tis almost holy—the joyousness of this song—but the hand of Fate seems even now to stretch out, touching here and there a string which causes discord. Slowly but persistently this discord takes form, until finally it culminates in a cry of despair, sobbing and moaning in a wail of anguish and misery that tears the soul. With a grief-choked voice, the music tells that she is dead.

And then, in a burst of passion, the bow sweeps back and forth across the strings, drawing from the violin a shriek of horror and terror—the cry of a lost soul. On and on the music rushes, wildly, madly, cursing God and man with a hellish frenzy.

Then suddenly, like the lull after a storm, the song changes and seeking the lower strings, the bow brings forth a sweet minor strain, full of heart-aches and great sorrow, but speaking of a trust in God and in a hereafter. Rich, and full, and deep it sings, sings and swells and dies away; leaving a vision of heavenly purity; leaving on the face of the player the glory of a halo.

Slowly he sank to the floor; his song was ended,—he had gone to join her for whom his soul had sung its song.

A Mountain Romance, or How the Boomers Do It

J. O. RENFRO.

In the mountains of Western Carolina, lives a family of Boomers. The father, mother, one son, and one daughter. The son's name is Jonie. The daughter's name is Sallie. One day little Jonie was being asked how he would like to go to school. He replied by saying, "Sister Sall' is a goin' fer to git married, an' I'll have to stay home an' help Pa, an' ma." Then he was asked to tell all about how it happened that his sister was going to get married. The following is the story that he related:

"You know one night last summer when preacher Jones was a holdin' o' that big meetin' at our preachin' house. Well sar, one night, me, an' Pa, an' Ma, an' sister Sall', we went to preachin'. A'ter preachin' wus over, an' everybody wus a standin' 'round in the yard a shakin' o' hands, an' a talkin' 'bout how good preacher Jones preached, that thor Dick Harr walked right up, an' axed sis' if he mout go home wi' 'er, an' she tol' 'im he mout. A'ter Pa got done shakin' o' hands' an' axin' folks to go home wi' us, he said we'd better be a goin', cause that thor caf mout git to the cow an' git all the milk, then we'd not have none fer supper. Then me, an' Pa, an' Ma, we started on up the road home, an' we looked 'round, an' Dick had sis' right by the arm a fetchin' 'er right on a'ter us. That day Dick he gist went to the gate wi' sis', an' when she axed 'im in he said no he'd have to be goin' on home. Then he axed sis' if he mout come back a'ter dinner, an' she tol' 'im he mout. A'ter dinner Dick wus right thor to see sis', an' that night too, an' it went on this a way fer 'bout two months, til one day I said to myself that I wus a goin' to see what they's talkin' 'bout so much. So I went in tuther room an' hid in under the soffer.

When Dick come, sis' took 'im right in thor where I wus, an' tol' 'im to sot hisself down on the soffer, an' he sot down on one end, an' she sot on tuther end. Then they went to talkin' in a minute, an' Dick wus a tellin' 'er how good he loved 'er, an' sorter a uchin' up to 'er, an' she wus sorter a leanin' over at 'im, an' the fust thing I knowed he hauled loose an' kissed sis' right in the mouth, an' I laughed out big. Sis' reached in under thor, an' got me by the year, an' took me up stairs, an' put me to bed.

A'ter she went back, her an' Dick went out in the yard, an' sot on a bench out thor. I jumped out o' bed, an' wus a lookin' out o' the winder, an' 'bout that time Dick hauled loose an' kissed sis' agin, an' I fell out o' the winder I did. Pa, an' Ma they run out thor an' grabbed me up to see what wus the matter, cause I wus a squallin' like I wus killed. Gist then Dick, an' Sis' they run in the kitchen. Ma lowed they's hongry. Then Pa carried me in the house, an' him, an' Ma wus a workin' o' me, an' Dick hauled loose an' kissed sis' agin. Ma lowed to Pa, an' he lowed what, says she, thor goes that thor stopper out o' that vinegar jug in the kitchen. Then I said, "no 'taint, it's Dick a kissin' o' Sall'. Then she lowed to Pa, an' he lowed what, says she, "that thor ugly Dick Harr's a kissin' o' your gal in youn'er." Pa, he rared 'round like he wus a goin' to tear the top off o' the house if Dick Harr didn't quit kissin' o' 'is gal, an' 'bout that time Dick, an' sis' they come in where we wus. Sis' had 'er finger in 'er mouth, an' Dick had 'is hands stuck in 'is pockets. I seed thor wus somethin' up, but I never said nothin'. 'Bout that time Dick says to Pa, says he, "M-Mr. B-Boomer I-I gist lowed I-I'd come i-in here an' a-ax ye i-if your gal could m-m-marry me, he he." Gist 'bout that time Ma fainted, an' fell on the floor. Dick he run up an' grabbed 'er up, an' put 'er on the bed.

Pa he run a'ter the camfire, an' Dick grabbed it out o' Pa's hand, an' poured it all over Ma's face, an' stuck the bottle up to 'er nose fer 'er to smell uv it. Then she sorter come

to, an' Dick wus a fanin' uv of 'er with 'is straw hat. Ma lowed to Pa, an' he lowed what did she want, an' she lowed fer 'im to let Dick have sis' if he wanted 'er, cause she believed he'd be a purty good hand to look a'ter a woman. Then Pa lowed he guessed Dick mout be a purty good meat an' bread makeshift. Then Dick hauled loose an' kissed sis' agin, an' Pa tol' 'im he'd have to take good care o' Sall', cause she wus the only gal he had. Dick lowed he would. Then Pa he tol' 'em they mout live in our tuther house up on our mountain place, if Dick would pay him half the craps, an' Dick lowed he would. I think they'er goin' to git married sometime in tater digin' time, an' that's all they wus to it."

That night Dick returned home wondering how he could ask the parson to perform the marriage ceremony. However, next morning he rode off toward the parson's home. The nearer he got to the minister's residence the more agitated he became. Finally he decided to give up the idea of marrying. Just then a peculiar feeling ran around his heart, when he thought of Sallie, and how much he loved her, and how much she loved him. So he decided to call on the parson if it killed him. So he rode up in front of the minister's home, alighted, and hitched his mule to the fence. He then yelled out, "Hey Parson," which of course brought the minister from his study. Dick was standing at the gate blushing under his straw hat. The minister greeted him with a cheerful "Good morning Mr. Harr, come right in." To this Dick replied by saying, "I-can't come i-in, I-I aint got t-time, m-my m-mule's a slow mover, an' I-I'll have to k-keep a-a humpin, it, i-if I-I git home by dark. I gist lowed I-I'd come over h-here a-an' see ye on a-a little pint o' business." "All right Mr. Harr, what can I do for you?" Dick blushed and said, "I gist lowed I-I'd come over here an' see you on a-a little pint of business." Here the preacher interrupted him. "Now Mr. Harr if there is anything I can do for you, please tell me what it is. There isn't any use to be timid about it. There is no one here but us. So just say

it. Is it anything concerning your spiritual welfare?" This caused Dick to blush more than ever. He then said: "No 'taint none o' them things. I-I gist lowed I-I'd come over here an' ax ye to see ye on-on a-a—" "Say it quick," says the minister. Dick went on a little faster, "I-I gist lowed I-I'd come over here, an' ax ye to m-marry me, he-he."

Dick looked as if a heavy burden had been lifted from his mind. But when the preacher told him, that marrying him would be a very easy matter, Dick replied, by saying, "Not so easy to me, I-I'd like ding well to git out o' it." Here the preacher told him he should feel good over this matter, that the married life is the only life worth living, and that he would be delighted to perform the marriage ceremony. The minister asked Dick when he was going to get married. Dick said, "I-I don't hardly know. But gist as soon as Sallie can git 'er some new dresses made. I think it will be some time in tater digin' time." The minister then told told him that he would be ready to perform the marriage ceremony any time. To which Dick replied, "thank ye parson," and mounted his mule and rode away.

The Port of Lost Ships

MARY YEULA WESCOTT.

There's an island that lies far away in the mist
Where the skies have forever been gray,
And only the twilight hangs over that shore,
And no sound is heard save the billows low roar;
'Tis the harbor of ships that could come back no more
But at last found their port in the bay.

Their rigging and spars loom black in the mist,
Their crews walk their decks once again,
There are fierce looking boats of pirate bands bold,
There are fisher boat fleets that went down of old,
There are dreamships with treasures far richer than gold
There are freighted galleons of Spain.

And almost each day to the port of lost ships
A newcomer sails on its way,
And comes to its mooring with never a sound.
Its sails are all furled amid silence profound,
Full many a day and night must come round
Ere it can again leave the bay.

When a thousand long years have been spent in this port
They may sail once again o'er the blue,
And O how they long for the bright upper skies!
To sail to the harbor for which each one sighs,
And swift as an eagle each phantom ship flies,
(They are cloud mists to mortal's dull view.)

They sail on through sunshine and hurricane blasts,
Nor fear they of going awrack,
They must only be gone a night and a day,
Or never again can they sail far away,—
And the dreamships must stay there forever and aye,
Alas, they can never come back!

Progress: A Parable

BEN HILLEL.

And it was in my twentieth year that I left the house of my father and went forth among the nations of men, seeking knowledge. And my footsteps bore me through lands whose tongues my fathers knew not, and who bowed them down to gods my fathers served not. And many were the days I traversed the mountains, the vales, and the plains; and many were the days I slept in the tents of Keddar, and crossed the sea in great ships of Tarshish. And everywhere I saw all manner of men toiling with their vintage and their grain or in the forges of the smith, or in the foundries of the iron-masters. But after I had wandered these many days, my feet stood one morning on a steep mountain, itself encompassed and set about by mighty hills that towered high and threatening. And in the east the morning sun was rising behind the purple hills, making red the azure heavens, and making the springs of the valley shine bright as a sapphire fitted in golden casing.

But as I looked deep into the glen below me, my heart was no more glad, for the ground was strewn with slain and the grass in spots seemed red with blood, and in the mighty walls, strong as the tower of David, I beheld breaches broad and wide. And as I looked in awe and wonder men clad in armor from head to foot, some in chariots, some on foot, and some on horses, came from all sides of the valley on that plain. And their armor was black as pitch, and their faces were covered with shaggy, unkempt beards, and as they shook their mighty spears they looked terrible indeed. And their number was countless thousands, as many as the sands of the sea, and when I beheld them, I thought of the men of Egypt who pursued, as my father told me, Israel to the Red Sea. And these men of war raised a cry that resounded from hill to hill and shook the oaks of the forest, and they were exceeding glad



BASKETBALL TEAM, 1911.

First Row (left to right)—Houston, Moore, Puryear. Second Row—Binn, J. E., Binn, Claude, Kiker, Jones. Capt. Hedrick. Third Row—Mr. West, Henderson, Coach Card.

for many of the slain on the ground were of their foes.

And as the sun rose higher, I beheld a second army winding out from the walls and into the plain below me. And I saw that they were clad in white even as those who lay slain on the bloody fields. And their faces were youthful, and they came forward with the spirit of youth, singing their war songs to the sound of the timbrel, the drum and the flute. And when the armies came near one to another, they were drawn up in array. Then the warriors clad in white rushed upon their foes, who with shouts of murderous glee, clashed spear on spear, and met the armored youths, and the battle waxed long and warm, and I beheld many fall, pierced by the blows of the strong. And now the bearded men of war were driving their foes back, and now the white warriors taking heart and increasing in strength came back, even as the great sea in the land of my father turns its tides.

And so in the heat of the sun the armies contended without avail, till the ranks grew thin, and the wail of the overcome host sharp as the cries of the whelp in the forests of Lebanon. All day the men clashed and struggled, and many were they who bit the dust, and I trembled and grew faint. But as the sun went to its setting the black men of war drew back before the onslaughts of the youths of spirit and in tumult and confusion fled the way they had come.

And there fell upon me a faintness, and weakening of my knees, and I sank upon the mountain top, where I slept a sleep sweet and deep. And as I slept a strong hand shook my frame, and I awoke, but it was not day for the morning star was glistening in the eastern heavens. But the hand that shook me grasped my hand, and I arose, asking "Peace unto thee, who art thou?" And he answered, "My name is Zedeck, and I go to praise my creator on the mountain tops." And as the morning brightened, I beheld an old man, stooped and weighted with years, and his air was white and venerable even as the beard of Aaron the Priest.

And I asked "My teacher in what land am I, and whence

came those men who fought so bitterly on yesterday, and why fought they?"

"My son," the hoary sire said as we sat us down in the dawning upon a gray rock, "My son, your feet stand in the Land of the Outskirts of Humanity. Yond plain that dimly stretches between the hills far below us marks the last border of the Fields of the Works of Man, and these Fields are tilled by the brightest youths of mankind, who came from the far-off lands of the unknown, from the isles of the sea on great ships of Tarshish, and beautiful are the gardens and the vineyards they guard, and behind that mighty wall they have built them houses strong and beautiful. Why come they here, you ask. They have left the homes of their fathers' to seek this land where the floors are full of wheat and the vats overflow with wine, and yet where old men may dream dreams and young men may see visions.

"And father," I asked, "Who are those men who come with black armor, with shaggy and unkempt beards?"

"They come from the ends of the earth to struggle with these youths on the Outskirts of Humanity; for they like not these changes, and they seek not Truth and Justice, for they worship things as they are, and they strive to beat down the young men for leaving the homes of their fathers. But though yond wall is built strong, some parts are weak, for the builders have rejected the Experiences of the Past, and followed the plans of their own aspirations. And once every year, the bearded warriors break through the wall, and the armies meet. And often the men in black armor seem to win, but they can lay waste only some of these beautiful fields, for, though many are the homes that lie in the glen below us, the whitened bones of these bitter foes, the youths always take heart, and driving back the forces of darkness, fill up the waste places, and make even the farthest plains green with a new life.

"And whom do these young builders and dreamers serve?"

"Their God, my son, is the God of Things as They Ought to Be."

A Shark Hunt on Bogue Sound

SIDNEY S. ALDERMAN.

It was a perfect morning for the trip. The sun was just rising away to the east and, shining through the fog as through a prism, was touching up the quiet ripples of the sound with a thousand varied colors. Nothing is more exhilarating than the dawn of a perfect day at the seashore. The fresh coolness of the sea breeze, that indefinable sea-smell, the gentle lap-lap of the water 'round the barnacle-covered piles, and the idle flapping of sails and creaking of cordage on the "sharpies" tied to the dock were enough to make a man rejoice that he was alive.

My friend and I were on a two-week's fishing trip and were in for all the sport and excitement we could get. This morning we were up at five o'clock so as to catch the tide right. Our boatman was going to give us something novel, a shark hunt, and from the enthusiasm with which he had told us of it the night before we were in high hopes of a great day.

We waited on the dock, enjoying the freshness of the morning and watching with interest the early awakening of the little fishing village. Off to the east the deep roar from the "Buoy-tender" told that she was just setting out and a mightier, answering call came from the dredgeboat, dimly visible as a black spot gliding out toward the inlet. One after another passed the fishing boats, sails full-bellying to the wind, with swish of water, clack of rigging and merry song of the men. Soon a speck moved out from behind a pier off to the right, the chug-chug of the small engine growing louder and louder, and we recognized our launch by its tawny, hide-colored awning.

As soon as it was in hearing we called out greetings to old Cap. Joe and his boy Linville. Joe was a merry old cuss, if one ever lived, and contributed in a large measure to our

enjoyment of the vacation. He was Irish, and had a whole-souled humor, spiced with the most fluent old-salt profanity I ever heard. Though fifty years old in his trade, he became as excited about fishing as a child. Whenever anyone got a heavy pull, "Great God I do pray in this world!" he would yell, "What a mule, what a mule!"

We jumped on board and were off. I took the wheel in the front while the boy tended the engine. We stopped at the fish house and got a bushel-box of scrap fish for shark bait, and then headed up the sound. Cap. Joe sat beside me to show me the channel, while he got in readiness shark line and harpoon, meanwhile interspersing tales of adventure. He told us of whaling, of sword-fishing, of surf-drumming, and of hunting over on the strip of land, which separated sea from sound, for wild duck, and even bears. So interesting were his stories and so amusing was he himself, sitting there chewing his quid of tobacco, his horn hands deftly tying knots and splicing ropes, and his leathery, salt-bleached face looking for all the world as if it belonged to some marine animal, that we were almost sorry when five miles or so had been covered and we put in toward shore.

The launch was anchored and Cap. and I put out in a little skiff to use the harpoon, while the others stayed on board to use the baited shark line. We paddled into shore and, where the water was two or three feet deep, dumped the bait out; then with the sharp oar cut up all the fish, so as to send a slime out on the water. "See," explained Cap., "when the tide carries that slick out, if one o' the ole boys is anywhere in two mile, he'll get er whiff of it an' come a hicking in here. Then we'll try and crucify him with this harpoon." This harpoon was a dangerous-looking weapon with a head so arranged that when it struck into the fish it would turn at right angles thus fastening itself securely.

Both of us got out and waded alongside the boat. Cap. was at the prow with the harpoon, to which a long rope was attached, the other end of which was fastened securely to a



BASEBALL TEAM, 1911

First Row (left to right)—Maddox, Foushee, Mascot Adkins, Anderson, Thompson, Godfrey.

Second Row (left to right)—Spruce, Henderson, West, Capt. Bob Gantt, Cooper, Sam Gantt, Bundy.

Third Row (left to right)—Rose, Manager Hanes, Director Card, Coach Adkins, Sheppard, Alderman, Spence

1



2



1. New Dormitory

2. Western Approach to Duke Building

ring in the boat. My job was to hold the slack of this rope and to keep the boat up with him, so that, if he speared the shark, we could both get into it. He was explaining why the bait was thrown so near the shore. When the shark would smell it he would follow it into shallow water and here it would be easy to see and follow him. "He's a nervy ole son-of-a-gun," Cap. continued, "and you c'n slip up on 'im afore he skeers if you don't make no lubberly spluttering and gyration."

Suddenly we heard a yell from the launch. "The boy sees him," said Cap., his hands to his eyes. "Yonder comes the devil," he whispered after a moment. Then he lost sight of him.

"I see him," I cried excitedly and pointed out to where a great black fin rose above the surface. He was coming on lazily and surely. Again he disappeared. Then his fin slid up not a hundred yards away. "Great God I do pray, what a whale!" grunted Cap. hoarsely, raising the harpoon and watching intently. I confess a chill of horror ran through me. The first thing that monster would see would be my white legs under the water. An itching agony tugged at these same legs and—well I frenziedly climbed into the boat, disregarding Cap.'s orders. I did, however, have presence of mind enough to keep the skiff up with him by the use of an oar. Suddenly the fin rose close at hand. "Come on with the skiff," growled Cap. and started toward the monstrous black hulk, now plainly visible beneath the water. He crept nearer, harpoon up-raised. Then powerfully he struck.

There was a whirl, then a fountain of spray as the fish shot away with incredible speed. The rope cracked and went straight as a bow-string. I had a momentary vision of Cap., as the rope caught him off his feet, plunging head first into the water. Then I was knocked flat in the bottom of the boat by the jerk, my head receiving a stunning blow.

I have must have been rendered insensible for a few minutes, for, when I came to and sat up clutching madly the

sides of the boat, I was in the middle of the sound, and could only faintly hear the call from the distant launch. That demon at the end of the rope was yanking the slight skiff along with the power of twenty horses. It was bounding and bobbing along at a frightful rate and threatening to throw me out at any moment. Somehow no trace of fear seized me but, instead, a mad fighting rage and desire to overcome the shark. It was a wild nightmare of a ride, there in the lash of the wind and the drenching, blinding salt spray, with my entire strength required to keep me in the boat. I knew it would be some time before the launch could recover Cap. from his plight and start to my aid, and that even then it would have a hard race if the fish kept up his present speed. Manifestly I was captain of my own destiny.

I crept to the bow of the boat with the vain idea that, by pulling on the rope, I might draw the boat up close so as to get a blow at the fish with the oar. Needless to say, such was the resistance of the skiff to the speed of the shark, that I could not draw the line in a foot. He must, however, have felt my frantic efforts. He seemed to hesitate, then he dashed off at right angles. Again I was thrown, this time across the side so that I barely saved myself from going overboard. The counteraction of my weight was all that kept the boat from overturning. As it was, considerable water was shipped.

This time my fish and I were headed straight down the channel, every moment taking me farther from my friends. But now gradually the speed began to lessen. I saw flying past in the water, a dark streak, which might have been blood. More and more slowly we went until suddenly the tight roap slackened and sank. The fish had stopped and only its momentum was carrying the boat on. I grasped the oar and stood up. There, just ahead, the shark's black fin was rising like the turret to a miniature submarine. My every nerve was tingling as I raised the heavy oar. But the

fish caught sight of the boat and darted away again. I barely had time to seize the gunwales before he had drawn out the slack of the rope. Away we flew again and even in my position I could not but admire the fish's great struggle for life. But he was plainly failing fast. Very soon the speed slackened. Then the rope sank again. This time I was wiser by experience. Plying the oar desperately, I turned the boat's course, so that it began to float around in a circle. Then with as little splashing as possible, I backed water, trying to stop it. I could tell where the fish was by the wooden staff of the harpoon which was jerking to and fro as if he were flipping about in pain.

By good fortune and hard work I got the boat quiet in time to keep from frightening the fish and then began to work it toward him. When within twenty feet of him I stood up, and, bracing my feet against the sides of the boat, raised the oar again. Closer and closer I floated until the great body was plainly to be seen, the head turned slightly away from the boat. Then, summoning all my strength, I struck. The keen blade split the water and then thumped dully. The impact was so great that the oar was knocked loose from my grasp and floated away leaving me entirely helpless.

The shark plunged his head up clear of the water, his ugly jaws snapping. Then he dived. Trembling, I braced myself again but no shock came. My blow had struck the spot. Eagerly but with trepidation I hauled on the rope and the great body rose, belly-up. Harpoon and oar had done their work. I could now understand why the fish had been capable of such a fight. The harpoon had struck too far back to be immediately fatal.

Soon I saw the launch hastening to my rescue. When I was safe on board, my friend could only seize my hand and swear softly. Then came gleefully from Cap. as he hauled the body alongside, "Great God I do pray in this world! What a devil!"

Dream City

C. M. H.

I lost them—the paths of old
 To the City of my Dreams—
 Where they wound their way by faery hills
 And haunted streams.

For I would a wanderer be,
 And the ways of the Real World know;
 I heard it calling, the Far-away,
 And I must go.

So I left one day the City,
 To follow a trail unknown,
 While the night winds came and closed me round
 As I journeyed alone.
 * * * * *

It is lost—my fair Dream City,—
 Back there, 'cross the waste of the years,
 And its last dim towers have faded out
 Through the mist of my tears.

I have lost the Homeward way
 And may not find it again
 Though I sought forever down each unknown
 Alluring lane.

I have lost my way somehow
 And yet—in God's world somewhere—
 I know I shall find it again, sometime,
 That city fair.



1. Bivins Dormitory

2. Eastern Terraces

What's Life But a Game? and Alan But a Pawn on the Board?

QUINTON HOLTON.

"Mother!" quavered a trembling voice from the little crib.

"Yes, dear; what does mother's darling want?"

"Is Dr. Jack here still?"

"Yes, dear; and he's going to stay while you go to sleep. That's mother's pet; now let's be still."

The little voice grew quiet, and the tired mother's staring eyes gazed anxiously into the little sufferer's face.

"Mother!" came the plaintive whisper again, "didn't Dr. Jack say I was going to see little brother?"

"No, dear; not now," and the mother's voice shook with tears for Dr. Walton had said those very words, trying to express his awful apprehensions as gently as he might.

A servant appeared, took a message, and hurried off. Dr. Walton crossed the room to the sick child. Urging the mother to take a short nap, he sat down in her place beside the crib, holding in his own hot hand the feverish little hand extended to him. Implicit love and trust flushed the baby face as it gazed once into the kindly brown eyes of the doctor, and then fell quietly asleep with a smile on its lips. Her own Dr. Jack was watching by her crib, and she felt secure. Was it not he who had taken her into his big red automobile many a time with little brother for a ride over town? Was it not he who had brought her a big doll all the way from New York, and brought her candy and ice-cream cones 'most every day? Was it not Dr. Jack who had taken her over to his and "Aunt Flora's" house when dadda and little brother were sick so long till the angels came and took them away; when mother was so sad and broken-hearted and cried so much? And so, the doctor and the little five-year-old were left alone in the dead watches of the lone midnight.

Intense longing and pain drew the kindly features of the physician as he gazed into the fair young face. How like another's it looked to him,—a picture of by-gone days! With a peculiar tenderness, he bent down and gently kissed the fevered brow. Yes, there were the golden curls (what was left of them); there were the silken lashes; there was the perfect mouth; and in all, the loving trust of a cherub face of long—so so long ago. Could they but have looked a moment and have seen his inmost thoughts so clearly expressed in his eyes, the young ladies of Stanford—and the older ones, too, as for that matter—might have picked up a valuable clew to the baffling mystery of Dr. Walton's being a confirmed young bachelor. But they could not see; and by the time the anxious mother returned after a three-hours' rest, the secret was no longer on the surface; and Dr. Walton was the same gentle, courteous man of genial dignity as ever.

Black mammy came in and sat down before the fire, and the doctor left to return at daybreak. The little girl was still sleeping quietly, and he went away with a peculiar sensation of joy in his heart. He had done his best for “auld lang syne”; his prayers would be answered; little Mary Walton would get well.

Hardly had the automobile stopped before the doctor's residence and the occupant reached the sidewalk, when the door of the hall opened with a flood of light and an anxious voice rang out:

“John, is that you? Have you been over at Eggleston's all this time? I got the note, but what kept you so long? There's a fire in your room; now go right to bed, and don't get up till I call you. It's almost morning, child, and you haven't slept half a night in a week!”

Aunt Flora was a dear, little, nervous old maid, with the kindest heart in the world, but she could not see the difference in John Walton now and John Walton twenty-five years ago, when it was her duty to scold him every time he remained out late. The two lived only for each other, as they

had for the forty-two years of the nephew's life; and if circumstances about them had changed, there was at least no change in their affections. The doctor's long absence in New York seemed only to have made the union closer. And so, with a gentle pat on the cheek of the little lady, and a peck of a kiss, the truant boy mounted the stairs to his room.

But there was to be no sleep. He removed his shoes and rested his feet on the fender. His gaze fell upon the red coals; and in what he saw there, he lived over his past life. There came to his mind a sunny Sunday morning in June. The mountain side was a wilderness of bloom. The brook flowed gaily. Daisies of varying hue nodded in the meadow even down to the water's edge. He was strolling beside Aunt Flora, a quiet youth of twenty, drinking deep of nature after a hot, dusty sermon at the little church. Beside them romped two children—one, a bright, cheery boy of seven, his favorite little cousin, Edward Eggleston, who was "going to go to the university to study medicine with Cousin Jack;" the other, a dainty, thoughtful little maid of five, Mary Douglas, a member of Cousin Jack's class of little folks, "Aunt Flora's" pet, and general favorite of the community. She declared that she was "Cousin Jack's little sweetheart, and—yes—"Cousin" Jack said so, too, and tried to explain it, even to himself, that he loved all the children, as he did.

The wind shook the shutters; a shadow passed over the coals; the scene was changed. The night of the children's recitation contest at the little school came up, when little Mary had lost, and had had her child's broken heart healed with "Cousin" Jack's assuring her that she really did the best of all, he thought; and when he had given her a gold piece for it, and, in return, she had given him the first kiss,—a little sweetheart of nine.

Another change. And now comes the memory of the amusing little controversy between the jealous little girl and the white-haired old lady who claimed her sweetheart, and the earnest, serious settlement of it,—Cousin Jack might go to Mr. Marshe's for dinner once a month, if he wanted to,

for *three* years; and the old lady would be dead by that time, surely, for she was sixty-seven years old now. And the old lady must, in return for this concession, stop calling him "sweetheart."

And so old memories came. The young man—for his hair was yet black and his features yet youthful in spite of the constant sad expression—recalled how he had repeatedly tried to put aside the childish fancy; how he had, among other children, tried to persuade himself that Mary Douglas was no more to him than they; how, in his college course, he had formed friendships among the young ladies of his age, who had great confidence in him and great regard for him; how he had almost become engaged to a dear young girl whom he met at a summer resort, and how, nevertheless, his heart eternally yearned for the child of his first peculiar love. He recalled how the childish scrawl of a letter from that little hand affected him ever more thrillingly than all the rest. But he had never hinted it at all to her. How could he? The little girl's simple, trusting love, like a lily, was too pure to be handled.

And now, he lived over the university days, when an unwise investment had reduced Aunt Flora's income to scarcely enough to live on; when he had only by hook and crook and hardest work scraped together barely enough to keep him at his chosen study. A pauper, he could not express his love now. It would be unjust to presume upon the childhood affection of the young maiden even if he were sure she returned his passion. And so his love remained unexpressed, and her implicit, almost filial, love remained—nothing more. Deep in his heart Walton had kept his secret close. Neither Aunt Flora nor his best friend, nor even Mary Douglas herself should know of it; he had resolved, and his resolution had been realized.

A graduate from Hopkins at thirty, Jack Walton had located in New York, and, after five years of struggle, he was at last making his way. He had put Edward through Hopkins, and the two were partners with a large practice.

He could yet express his love, and the time should not now be long. Eggleston could manage the practice alone for a while when he came back from his vacation, and he himself would just run down to Carolina and settle the matter. His sweetheart would graduate from college in June, and he would make that the time. An occasional letter from her hand still found him out, and he was sure there was no change in her affection. The picture on his mantel, he thought, yet revealed the confiding love and trust of old. His plans were laid. The ring was already in his cabinet, and, only today he had purchased a circlet of turquoises as a gift. But even now he was thwarted. A telegram was given him announcing the wedding of his cousin, partner, and dearest chum, to the girl of his heart. Why had John Walton kept his secret so closely that even his partner knew not of it? Why had he so negligently waited? Why had he not known the object of Eggleston's visits to Stanford, and especially when he spoke so tenderly of Miss Douglas? And her letters almost invariably mentioned him! Why had he never realized that Edward was no longer a curly-haired boy and Mary a little girl? He took the little package of letters from his cabinet and read them hungrily. Yes, he might have known it all along. He cursed himself bitterly in his deep despair and disappointment. But Edward would make her happy, and then they were better matched anyway than he himself and Mary would have been. He would seal his broken heart and in it wall up the secret of a life-time. No one knew, anyhow, and he had endured pain and disappointment for more than twenty years. They seemed his portion. He would not complain now. Of course, the vacation was abandoned. The ring remained in the cabinet, but the turquoise circlet and an old watch which Edward had so often admired were forthwith expressed, and a letter of tenderest love and heartfelt good wishes speedily followed to rejoice the happy hearts of the young couple.

Eggleston did not return to New York. His health, never strong, began to fail, and, as there was a good opening in the

little Carolina town, Walton insisted upon his locating there. In truth, he hoped from the bottom of his heart that they might never come to New York. Years of happiness followed. A little girl was born, and, from Eggleston's great admiration for his cousin, it was named Mary Walton, the father remaining in absolute ignorance of the fateful combination of names. He was never to know of the pain his letter bearing the information brought to his cousin, nor could he understand why he so seldom heard from his friend since the marriage. His wife, too, was much concerned, for she shared Edward's sincere love and reverence for Cousin Jack. Now Edward Jr. was born, and the happiness of the little family was complete. Dr. Eggleston was a thoroughly likable fellow and had speedily assumed a large and lucrative practice. Two years later, typhoid fever struck the town, and the much-loved physician contracted the disease. His case became desperate, and he trusted only Walton's skill to save him. Accordingly, a telegram once more found his New York friend in a reverie over the ring in his library.

"My fate again," groaned the distracted man. "God! will it never cease? How can I go?"

But he could not fail his young friend, and, accordingly, Dr. Walton found himself on the morning of the second day once again in the dear little village of vanished bliss. Loyally did he work, and nobly, for the life of the sick man, his only *friend* for whom he had even calmly resigned his dearest hope. But he had arrived too late. What was worse, the baby had been stricken, and, within a season, the grass grew green on the graves of both.

A year passed by. He had remained at Aunt Flora's earnest pleading. He had not taken a vacation in more than ten years, anyway; so he felt content to stay, especially since Eggleston's death had thrown the community without a doctor whom it trusted. He was a wealthy man, besides, and the little place afforded him enough practice to pass his time. He had comforted the young widowed mother as best he

could. He had brought her safely back from the door of death, with the fatherly tenderness of dead memories. In all this time, his full heart had not once overflowed in the least with its passion which would not die, but he felt more and more that he must leave the place and get far from the scenes of old ere it broke with its sorrow. He had packed his belongings and was prepared to start for New York in the morning, when the call came for him to come to the bedside of his little name-sake who had been suddenly stricken. And so he lingered. The stars seemed working in their courses to detain him.

John Walton thought it all over as he looked into the fire. How could he endure to stay longer? Arising from his reverie at last, he turned out the light preparatory to taking a nap across the bed. To his surprise, the dim light of dawn strained through his curtains. Hastily taking his case, he went to the barn, and, harnessing his horse himself, set out in the cool breezy May morning to attend his little patient. He found the child still sleeping and the wan mother's face brightened with gratitude and pleasure when he announced that it was out of danger. The child's eyes opened, and the winning smile played on her lips again as she recognized her doctor friend.

"Dr. Jack," came in feeble tones.

"Yes, rosebud; what is it?"

Unconsciously he had used the very word he had so often used in addressing his pet of all the past, but he did not see the faint tinge of color in the sad face beside him.

"Do you know what I want most of all?"

"Yes?"

"Dadda's gone to live with the angels. Won't you be my *Dadda* Jack, and live with us always?"

Dr. Walton had smiled at the child's covert way of putting the request in the outset. "Like my little Mary again," he whispered to himself as he stooped and kissed the fair forehead. The little arms closed about his neck, and he grasped the full import of the innocent question.

“ Yes, sweetheart, I will,” he answered.

* * * * *

A month later a wedding of unusual interest was solemnized in the little church of the Sunday-school class and dusty sermons of twenty-two years ago, and John Walton was doubly married—in the first place, to the sweetheart of his youth; and in the second place, to the entire community of Stanford. The populace had turned out en masse to honor the event, and the enthusiasm and sincere love and admiration of the crowd had decided Walton’s mind to locate for life in the place. After all, the flowers were blooming on the hillside as of yore, and the daisies were still nodding along the water’s edge. Again as of yore, Walton was walking beside the brook contentedly drinking in the pure draughts of nature this time, with his darling at his side, while two happy children, Mary Eggleston and dear old Aunt Flora, were gathering wild flowers in the field.

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2



1. Driveway Leading to Memorial Hall

2. Epworth Hall

To My Comrade

W. E. ELLER.

When the college year is gone (forever gone),
When I go away to a mountain home,
I'll think of you, my Comrade,
And wish that you were there.

When the squirrel calls his mate to high tree tops,
Where the rainbow trout leaps up to catch the fly,
I'll think of you, my Comrade,
And wish that you were there.

When the orchard spreads its luscious fruits around,
When the humming bird is sucking nectar from the rose,
I'll think of you, my Comrade,
And wish that you were there.

When the showers come, and flowers are in bloom,
When the rainbow spans the evening sky,
I'll think of you, my Comrade,
And wish that you were there.

When the whip-poor-will mourns for his long lost mate,
When the birds sing in the willow trees,
I'll think of you, my Comrade,
And wish that you were there.

When the reapers ply their sickles in the fields,
When the threshers gather to the barn,
I'll think of you, my Comrade,
And wish that you were there.

When the feast is spread by maids of the country-side,
When the revels of the dance begin,
I'll think of you, my Comrade,
And wish that you were there.

At Tama No Hana

Do you know the Tama no Hana ?

No. It is not a new comic opera, nor a patent tooth wash. Your flippancy is both irrelevant and most tiresome.

Tama no Hana, being interpreted, means something like "Flower of the Spirit," or "Soul-Blossom," and is, to put it brutally, a Japanese restaurant. You know those extremely flowery titles the orientals give their joints, — Thousand Pearls, Rose Bloom, and the rest? Well, Tama no Hana is the only one of its kind that to my knowledge in any way comes up to its titles. It is a flower of the Spirit.

Out of consideration for your crass literalism, I called it a Jap restaurant, but the term is curiously inadequate. It is rather,—well—it is rather a pausing place for the favored few who understand the art of taking time gracefully; it is a palace of the old Samurai, not debased by its modern metamorphosis, but instead exalting the art of dining there into a something very select and almost sacred; it is a garden full of blue heron and cherry sprays, brought somehow indoors and fixed upon the lacquer screens which form the mural decoration; it is a magic temple to the great god Peace.

Among the devotees who once made libation there of saki and Japanese tea to the divinity of the place, who still sits in the midst in the form of a fascinating ugly green jade Jozu, was Abbot Falkner, greatest of modern virtuosi, and wizard of the violin.

Perhaps Falkner came there to dine because it is the only place in the city that does not permit a band of half-kempt sons of Hungary to garble forth strange sounds upon the suffering ears of its patrons. Tama no Hana is a place of peace, and Falkner there might escape hackneyed butcheries of "Cavaleria Rusticana" or the barbarous strains of "Every Little Movement." Any music except the finest grows in

time irksome to a constant performer on some instrument, and the near-music of popular restaurants is such a prolonged agony.

One day in early spring it was, when coming in hurriedly one evening to taste a bit of *beche de mere* and rice before his usual hour at the Metropolitan, he found his table already occupied by a slender lady in black. Although that particular table was his by permanent engagement, he very courteously and quietly took an unoccupied place nearby and having given his order, leaned back to wait and watch the play of many colored lanterns upon the jewelled ceiling, and lacquered walls all black and red and green. The lanterns gleamed and swayed; the blue kimonaed waiters went on silent, smiling ways; the pastilles before the little ugly idol bewitched the noiseless hall with pungent, dreamy odors. And Abbot Falkner cast a casual and incurious eye upon the slender lady in black who had usurped his dining place.

It was a white little face which an uplifted veil revealed. Beside the gleaming whiteness of the roses on her corsage, it was almost ghastly white,—that face. It put Falkner in mind of those strange snow women which, so they say, rise to affright the straw-clad farmer along wintry Japanese roads. It was all so cold and still,—lips, cheeks, temples,—that the great musician whimsically bethought himself how he might put that lifelessness into music, in the form of some symbolic dirge in G minor. “That face must have known some great sorrow, once,” he mused, “and have been turned to marble ever since.”

Now eyes he knew whatever of masklike inscrutability the features may assume, can neither hide nor lie. “If I could see her eyes very close and clearly,” he mused, “I might know what manner of sorrow that was that blasted her.”

But he could not see the eyes well, for they were looking downward. And so he sat, staring at the strange lady almost too steadily, and musing the while.

Then suddenly he realized that his dinner was growing

cold; that he was wasting his time very childishly; that his stare was growing quite rude; that he might miss the musicale;—and all because of a strange lady in black. So he ate a little and went out into his car, leaving the lady in black behind at Tama no Hana, and, as he thought, out of his mind.

II.

By the time he had reached the Metropolitan, made up for the blanching footlights, and hurried upon the stage, he had forgotten entirely Tama no Hana and the Lady.

When Falkner endeavors to give a satisfactory interpretation of a piece of music, it is his habit to fix his mind upon some central mental image, around which he builds up the "wonder of the hurrying notes." On this particular evening, for some strange reason, into each of the sound pictures which sprang into being by the reaction between the artist's dream and the audible music, recurred a vision of a pale, pale face, which came and went, with no connection to the other forms before the player's vision,—wove itself strangely into every *sherzo*, every *sonata*, every *caprice*. And there seemed to be always, as if a part of the music and the vision, some mystery of unexplained woe, some old grief, in that pale countenance, which Abbot tried in vain to grasp and to interpret.

It was not until the next night, at the dinner hour of Tama no Hana that the explanation and the memory came back to Abbot Falkner. For this night also the lady in black was there, at his table,—or what had been his table.

He laughed softly to, and at, himself, as he took another place: "What is the matter with me anyhow," he asked himself, "that a strange woman can make me see things, and can play the deuce with my music? Am I going——"

And yet for all that, between the soup and the saki, he again studied quietly the white, unreadable face, with all its nameless sorrow,—the sorrow which he might not guess.

Now, he could see only these many things: That she was a lady of refinement, and of not more intangible something

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1. Memorial Hall Flower Plot

2. Library Building

which some call gentility, some distinction, some character. (Only, she had it.)

That she had been once very, very beautiful,—no, that she was still beautiful, to one with the eye to perceive and to know the spirit beneath the form.

That she was plainly but tastefully dressed; that she was entirely alone; that she seemed unconcerned and indifferent toward her present physical surroundings. What her mental surroundings, her thoughts and feelings, might be, was none of Abbot's business.

But, because he was a great musician, and a dreamer, and possessed of a very vivid, and sometimes very troublesome, imagination, he spent this meal, and the next night, and the next, (for the lady was always, it seemed, there at Tama no Hana at night) in trying to solve just that question,—in trying to read what was being thought inside of that pale forehead, under that changeless, cold, composed mask. And thus he mused and reflected, and made endless suppositions, only to overthrow them all.

And it soon became an obsession with him, that great sorrow which he read in the face of the unknown woman in black,—read but could not read. Even as he labored to solve the hidden meaning of some difficult strains of music, so he sought to solve the soul of a strange and wan faced woman, and could not. Until that face followed him in a thousand guises down the rushing streets of Gotham, and danced before him among the far-off river lights as he watched them from his home on the Palasades,—and most of all haunted his beloved and sweet voiced violin, weaving itself in some strange way into every cascade of notes as they fell from his bow, into the rush and swell of those music-waves, like a tale of sorrow, whose words he could not remember, like a dream he had known of old time, but had forgotten.

Until he and she,—He and She,—seemed in some mysterious wise to have known each other forever,—to have known and, yes, to have *loved*, long ago,—and to have knelt

long ago, before a green jade Jozu in a temple of Nippon.

He was practical enough to make also a few material investigations, which however amounted to nothing. No one at Tama no Hana knew her name even, nor her home, and the rest was silence. True, he could have at any time have intruded himself upon her, like a vulgar cub reporter, or a conceited masher, or an idle inquisitive. But he did not. For many reasons, one of the least being that he was too much of a gentleman.

And thus the nights passed one by one,—wonderful nights at Tama no Hana, full of the soft glow of swaying lanterns, and the opiate scent of burning incense before the green god,—and always the lady in black sat at the table which had been Abbot's. He found her when he came,—he left her there when he went to the Opera House, and his music.

III.

I was waiting for you to ask that question, you commonplace literalist.

Yes, the inevitable and to-have-been-expected happened. When a man gets to the state where he sees always one woman's face in every floating sunset cloud, in every verdant tree, sees it always looking up at him out of a thousand faces in the great audience before which he plays, or sees it in every crowded street,—when in short it is his one thought and one dream,—his condition is not very far from what the vulgar call Love, is it? And even a literalist could have foretold that love was not far absent from Abbot Falkner in those few weeks,—and that it must needs have come. And so it did.

Not that Falkner knew it or realized it. There is a love so deep, that, especially when attended by circumstances as remote and peculiar as existed between Abbot and the Pale Lady, it is not easily recognizable. And so he might have gone on dreaming, and conjecturing, and never have known the truth about her,—and never have known that great pas-

sion which had come so quietly into his heart,—except for what happened one memorable night in June.

It was one of those nights that come like a sweet kiss after the sultry, unbearable day. Tama no Hana was open windowed, and fragrant with growing flowers, whose fresh pure odor had supplanted the old strange smell of incense before the great jade God. But he was still there and lanterns glimmered as quaintly, blue clad waiters glided as silently, as ever,—only the flowers were new at Tama no Hana.

But the pale lady was not there. Her place was prepared, tall white roses set in slender vase upon the table, *hors d'oeuvres* already served. It grew towards eleven o'clock. Abbot, who was not playing at that time, grew impatient, and a trifle worried. He began to wonder at the great part these silent nightly rendez-vous, across two table-lengths, with a woman he had never spoken to, were coming to play in his life. Perhaps, too, he began to see, but as yet dimly and with blinking eyes the great secret of it all, the great mystery which men call love. And so he sat looking as he had looked every night toward the chair where the lady of his dreams sat no longer.

Finally he rose, and without any definite purpose, half unconsciously, moved over to her vacant table. The place seemed redolent of her, as though her personality by some intangible means had stamped itself upon even the inanimate object objects which she daily touched,—the white, smooth napkins, the drooping, pale, white roses, all seemed strangely to resemble her, to breath forth some æsthetic perfume which spoke of her.

As he leant against the table, grown suddenly faint, his arm struck the vase which had always stood in the centre of the table. Down it fell, breaking into splinters upon the floor, and scattering a little cascade of white roses.

And, fluttering out above the ruins, caught and saved by some stray gust of wind, and blown free of the debris, was

a square of folded paper. Snatching it up, unmindful of the broken glass at his feet, he stood reading.

To the gentleman with the ever-watching eyes:

If this should ever by some chance, after I have gone, fall into your hands, let it speak to you for me. For you alone have understood (and yet not understood) and shall I say it? perhaps pitied me. And perhaps, (for no words of yours shall ever tell me otherwise) perhaps I may even dare to believe there was yet more in your look than pity or understanding. Perhaps,—O gentleman with the watchful eyes.

For I have a great secret to tell you, my dear sir. Perhaps you would not care, perhaps you would only laugh, but I am safe from your laughing, and can never know. And so I keep my allusion.

For know, sir, that of all the things the gods might have given me, your love would have been to me the dearest. Don't smile, dear sir. For I have known you a very long time. Longer than Tama no Hana,—longer than you have ever known me. Long ago it was. And in a place which you will have forgotten, though you knew it once. And a girl whom you never knew,—never even looked at,—looked at you, and built an air castle..

And now I am going to be very indiscreet, for you will never see this foolish letter,—only it shall always rest in this vase near you every night. That little girl whom you never even saw, loved you, and came to a great city to see you, many years after, and saw you, and kept silent, because she could not speak, and you never would.

I love you. That is my secret, beloved.

And now, kind sir, forgive this indiscreet note, which the gods forbid that you should ever read. And good bye.

The Lady in Black.

IV.

The great audience throbbed with a nervous expectation; fair and much bejewelled ladies in boxes leveled impatient glasses toward the curtain. Then,—the blare of a full or-



1. Western Campus View

2. Campus and Building at Trinity Park School

chestra,—the quickly rising curtain,—clapping of hands,—excited whisperings,—then silence,—then someone introducing to the great city of Paris “the greatest violinist of America, and perhaps of the world, Monsieur Abbot Falknair.”

All this was as a dream to Abbot Falkner. Yes, and less than a dream. Like a ghost he played, and played, and heard not his own playing; and the whole vast ocean of faces across the footlights was less before his eyes than one little face, white and appealing, which spoke never to him, although he called to it always, with outstretched soul.

Since the evening when that face had disappeared forever from Tama no Hana, he had sought for her everywhere; throughout the city, and then abroad, following the faintest ghosts of clues, not sure of even her name. And as he searched, that love which had come too late, and which she had so desired, grew into an even greater and consuming flame.

He was about to play, for his finale, something less complex than he had been playing: a song of old France, sweet and graceful. Still caught in his dreams of the Unknown, from which he woke not to the loudest applause of the great assembly, he drew his bow with those supple fingers, and strong, across the strings in the first low notes. The swaying sea which he saw but as a thing dim and far away grew strangely silent, as the ocean waiting for a summer rain. **And then—**

As he looked toward the right, in the nearest box to the stage, almost at his hand's reach, he saw HER. Yes it was she. Pale as ever, she was, and still silent,—but her eyes were turned full towards him now, and burned with a brilliance which was not of this earth. And her lips were not drawn tight as of old, but were smiling now, and parted, and now she was whispering something to him. And he knew, though he could not hear her, that she would have him tell of their story, his and hers, in the wonderful heart-music of his instrument. **And then—**

At first leading his little French tune, like a child, by the hand, he soon began to make wondrous and rippling changes, and to play with his theme as with a child. First softly, with legato movement, he began to sing upon his bow of Tama no Hana. And one heard the patter of sandaled feet on the rush floors, and saw the changing lanterns in his changing music, and smelt the strange odors that burn ever before the green jade Jozu.

And then, launching into his heart of the theme, he told of her coming, the lady in black, of her face, with all its hidden, hinted beauty. And of the great sorrow, the great secret which he could not read. And of the sleepless hours, and the visions of the nights, and the dreams of the days. And then,—

In blazing crescendo, like to an eagle with soaring music wings, he told of the night when she came not, and of the waiting—the impatience—the passing hours—the empty chair—the vase of roses—the fall—the crash—the floating flowers—the bit of folded paper—

And with the wail of the bow across the strings, a wail that brought a whole audience to their feet, mad, mad with the sweetness and sadness of his playing, he told of her story, and of her love for him, which he had never known, until too late. And then of *his* love, and his long, long search for her—and how his heart and soul cried out, calling her, across the stretches of time—and yet she came not any more.

And there was in that music which he played that night the call of the great waters and the moan of twilight forests, and the beat of seabird's wings, and all the sad and beautiful cries of all things,—and through it all the call of a heart, the cry of man to woman, the infinite longing, the death which is life eternal, of great love.

And through it all, through all the tears and passion of that playing, she sat and smiled upon him, open-eyed and unafraid, as though to tell him she had heard and understood. And there was in her wide eyes a light not of this earth, and

which thrilled him with a sense of something awful, and very holy, and very dear. And he might not speak to her, nor spring to her, nor stretch out his arms to her, so near,—for something in her look held him and forbade him. And a great fear arose in his heart.

* * * * *

The last notes had died away, and he still sat, bow across his arm, staring into the blackness of the deserted house.

His friend Carruchio, the great singer, was the first to reach him through the heaps of flowers. "Good heavens, my friend, but you were wonderful tonight. *Never* have I heard—why what is the matter—?" For Falkner had stood up white and trembling.

"Tell her—to wait—not to go—I—"

"Tell who to wait?"

"Why She—the girl—the woman in that box tonight," and he pointed to the now empty box.

"Ah, but my friend is sick tonight, is it not? Why, no one sat in that box tonight. It was engaged but the lady did not come. *It was empty.*"

Then Falkner knew that she had heard him, and had come to him, even from the shores of the Great White Country.

To a Musician

N. I. WHITE.

The music of thy organ notes
With me are memories
Faint-blended musically in
The dancing music of your eyes.

So that, could Orpheus come back
To hear thy melody,
I know not which would please him most:
To hear the one, or see,

Within clear blue and merry eyes
A lyric laughter spring —
To see the mirth, in music, rise
At every little thing:

Methinks he'd wonder at thy notes
And keep time with his feet
Declaring strings could never more
Vibrate a tone so sweet;

But, asked whence came the melodies,
He'd start in quick surprise
And swear the sweetest notes of all
Were soundless in your eyes.

The Case of Atgood

EDWIN L. JONES.

Let's see. My most interesting case. Hum—Er—there's one, not the most complex, but the most baffling case of mental abnormality—that of the Hon. George Atgood.

Claude, you remember Edgerte, don't you? During our college, he was always answering us by picking up all kinds of curious facts concerning everyone else. Well, soon after he left college, he became superintendent of the State Insane Asylum at Morganton — he's there yet, but occupying one of the padlocked cells. It was sometime in August, 1922, when he wired me:

“Come at once. One of your peculiar kind just arrived.”

He met me at the depot, but with all my pumping ability I only learned that George Atgood was the sanest insane man ever sent to the State Asylum; and, he's quiet enough at times, but when he is under the spell of one of his hallucinations, he becomes frenzied and is dangerous to approach.

Just as we reached the corridor leading to Atgood's room, an attendant glided noiselessly up to Edgerte and said, “Atgood's got one of them dangerous spells now.” This was what I had been hoping for.

“Doctor,” Egerte whispered, “the reason why I haven't told you anything more about Atgood is because I don't understand him in the least. He imagines two locomotives on a single rail rushing together, but never touching; a knife descending at his throat, but never cutting; a battleship sinking but never going out of sight. Except when under one of the attacks, he is as sane as you or I. It's uncanny; it's baffling; it's ——”

He opened the door at that moment and we stood silently gazing at our patient.

We saw a man crouching behind the opposite side of the bed, his hand grasping fiercely the foot of the bed and his

right arm raised above his head with the hand stretched out like a claw; his head thrust forward, his face distorted with fear:—his whole figure tense and strained, only his eyes were moving.

“Hit! Strike! why don’t you hit!” he rose to his feet screaming, “Hit! Hit!”

Evidently he wanted something to “hit,” and revolving that word in my mind, I stepped to the door, swiftly drew it open and slammed it shut with all my might, making a terrific noise and slightly jarring the room.

At once he became limp, slipped on the bed and lay there as almost dead. “Thank God, that’s the first time it has ever hit.” He closed his eyes and seemed to sink off into sleep, when he suddenly became aware of his visitors, and jumped to his feet and begged our pardon for his inattention and asked us to be seated.

Edgerte spoke first. “Mr. Atgood, this is my friend, Dr. Kifish, the most eminent psycho-brain specialist in our country. I am sure that he will be able to afford you relief.”

I offered cigars, and while we were making ourselves comfortable, I studied Atgood intently. His massive head, huge forehead, intelligent eyes and firm jaws indicated an intellect of no mean proportions. He had a winning face, but one that was marked with an air of dominance, and when Edgerte whispered that Atgood had been Governor of North Carolina I was not surprised.

“Dr. Kifish,” Atgood said, “you are more than welcome. My trouble dates back to my college days when, out of curiosity, while taking a course in experimental psychology, I experimented on myself in this matter of *time length*. You know that along about that time Dr. Wilsac Cran propounded the theory, contrary to that of other psychologists, that the present moment did have a length which can be *measured*, and which can also be *increased* or *decreased* indefinitely.

“I think I can make the meaning of ‘time-length’ and of the ‘present moment’ plain. The smallest speck visible is divisible into a million particles under the microscope, and

in like manner, the second, taking it as the smallest division of time, under certain conditions can be infinitely divided.

“ You have often spent an hour which seemed to be only a minute long — again, you have seen seconds which ticked away as slowly as the time-beats of a funeral dirge. Now we can call the instrument, analogous to the microscope, which magnifies the second or the present moment, the concentrative power of the mind. Instead of having an absolute value, Dr. Wilsac Cran maintained that each second had only a relative value. That the present moment had an absolute and not a relative value.

“ Time exists only for the present moment. As far as we as finite beings are concerned, there is no past or future. This leads to an axiom, That the *present moment is capable of infinite division or contraction.*

“ I had performed many experiments with Dr. Wilsac Cran, and threw myself with whole-souled enthusiasm into the new field which he had opened up. Our results were so paradoxical, so astounding, that I gave it up and even became absorbed in politics.

“ For instance—take your watch and see how long you can watch this letter P. Before a minute has passed it will give you a half-hour vaudeville performance—stand on its head, do the toe-whirl, execute a jag-dance, and twist into a hundred contortions. Again: We caused a fly to fly from one book to another on the table, and measured the time lengths of his flight at every point. Yet the sum total lengths of his flight did not tally with the actual time of his flight.

“ Two years ago Dr. Wilsac Cran died under peculiar circumstances, and because of the strong friendship formed when we made our researches together, he left me his entire library. Among his manuscripts I discovered several volumes of accurate notes giving the entire results of his works. He had demonstrated his problem in every case with but one exception, and mine was the task to verify it there.

“ Before they brought me here, I burned all our notes, and nobody will ever learn the secrets of our discovery. You

see, it's killing me. When I discovered the last principle, it opened my eyes to forces whose principles I had been happily ignorant of before. Gravitation, for instance, or electricity.

"We were forced to conclude that the *time value of the present moment* is the *exact amount of concentration* active at that moment. I perfected a delicate machine to measure this value. This, operative alone, would be a tremendous asset to our business world—for it is an axiom, that the most successful men have the greatest powers of concentrated brain effort. In only a few minutes, the employer could determine the relative value of the services of his different employees.

"I shall not give you all our results. They are crushing me now. They would cause half the world to involuntarily commit suicide. Four of my assistants, with only a fraction of my knowledge, have done so. Remember! I said time could be indefinitely *expanded* and *contracted*. Suppose, as my assistant did, that you would allow your concentration to disperse into the idea that an hour is only a minute long. Enslaved by your mechanical mind, you would starve to death before you could be made to believe that it was time to eat something.

"I showed one brilliant student half of my results. Before I could save him, he conceived of his present moment as eternity! In a flash he was only a pile of dust at my feet, consumed by a blast of Eternity's fire. It's awful. Think! If you could live a day at one moment, your heart would burst you into a thousand pieces!—86,000 times the normal heart would beat in one second!

"It's killing me! It's killing me!" Atgood exclaimed and rose to his feet. "Gentlemen, I'll give you a last demonstration. I say that I am, I am I say, eighty years old."

We recoiled in terror. An eighty-year-old man stoopingly stood before us with a disdainful leer on his face.

"Gentlemen," he gasped out painfully, "Time! There is Time! Do you see Time?" and he pointed a trembling finger. "He and I are partners. Come! I'm living too slow. Now my heart thumps madly. I'm living —" and he



1. Interior View of Gymnasium

2. Athletic Exercise

fell to the floor, blood spouting from his face, hands, feet, from everywhere.

We jumped to pick him up, but found only a frightful mass of wrecked flesh, bones and blood on the floor.

Good night! Explain it? No; and I know I never shall. Good night.

Editorial

LIFE

Come, my dear fellow seniors, and graduates-to-be, let us gather once more around the hearthstone and fireside of our Alma Mater and talk of many things. (In the light of more mature afterthought, that metaphor seems rather sultry for June weather, but let it stand.) Let us

“ . . . Talk of many things.
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
Of why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings.”

And how we are going to pay our laundry bills this time next year. Let us, in fine, talk of life.

Dearly beloved, ye shall hear much about this selfsame animal, Life, in the next few days. All the old alumni (who were students a little while back); all the dear fathers and mothers who have been footing the bills lo these many years; all the learned and distinguished speakers whose blatant platitudes shall be purring in our ears in a little; all the professors who thus rejoice to get a parting lick at us; all who call themselves members of the Society of the Experienced, will be giving us pieces of good advice,— will be telling us about this great bugbear, Life, which waits ready to devour us,— will be stuffing our novitiate brains with all the great secrets which we are not supposed to know, — will be— (I am out of breath).

We are the goats. Every little alumnus of last year's class, every clerk in the corner grocery store, is now privileged to look on us with supercilious contempt for our

innocence and our ignorance, and to tell us about Life.

In the words of Shakspeare, "let us beat them to it." May we not raise our hands against this tyranny of information, and hazard a feeble guess, all our own, as to what Life may be? Are we not entitled to a few opinions on the subject,—incorrect as they may be, yet with the potency which comes from the individual touch and flavor? After all, it is not so much what others may tell us, nor so much what Life really is, but what we think of it, and wish it, and strive to make it, that will determine what we may become. This is a truism, because it is true.

"It is the "personal equation," as they say, which counts. Do you remember Wordsworth's "Peter Bell," the personification of "average man," the horny-handed and horny-headed son of toil?

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Well, and what is it to anybody? you ask. Only a primrose, as far as the mere name goes, but oh, so much more, so many things more, to the man with understanding heart. Life is your primrose by the river's brim; it is your big, pure, Easter lily, if your heart is pure; it is your loathsome, poisonous weed, growing in a slough of filth for those whose thoughts are Death; it is a fair and delicate violet, hidden in green, dark leaves, but oh, so easy to find and to enjoy, if you are looking for *violets*; it is a great, joyous hearted, red rose, lifting its dew-stained face out of purple petals of the dawn, every morning, and looking into the face of eternity with eyes undimmed: if you are looking for *roses*.

"For he that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and he that knocketh, it shall be opened unto him." There is no mere comfort in this saying; there is, moreover, a very sad and terrible truth, a truth which we fain would

forget, or overglaze. Verily, he that seeketh findeth, whether it be flowers of life, or its thorns; whether he seek, untiringly and ever hopefully, high things and noble in a world that often seems so full of things low and ignoble, or whether he seek to find the easiest way,— the husk instead of the bloom, the foul instead of the pure,—or whether in the midst of Life he seek Death. He that will be foul, shall be foul still.

What matter the maddening, ever circling, never resting, question with which the Philosophers seek to befuddle the waters of existence? The materialist would find a world of blind, and ever changing matter, led on by an endless chain of useless causes and effects,— a world of beasts, with man the greatest beast of them all, sucking his belly-full of life for a span of years, and then refertilizing the earth with his putrid flesh. And that is what the materialist *finds*. But ask him what that same matter, of which he boasts, may be, and he cannot tell you.

The idealist builds a fool's paradise of spirit, pure spirit, and finds a futile pleasure in shutting his eyes on the Real, and then is vexed because some little, worrismatic *fact* comes cranking in, and knocks his pretty card castle galley-west. Well for him (he is happier than his brother of molecules and atoms), and if he be a confirmed and cheerful idealist, he will set him to work to build another "mansion, nobler than the rest." But ask him what this same Spirit is, of which he boasts, and he cannot tell you. Words, words, words,—soul and body, subject and object, cause and effect, matter and spirit, self as knower and self as known, thus they prattle and have prattled, ever since Job asked, "If a man die, shall he be born again?"

Meanwhile, one thing is certain and the rest are lies. Whether there be any other life or not, and we would like to think so, (and if thinking so may help any, for God's sake leave him that comfort), this life, concerning which so many have perplexed their brains for an explanation, *is* here, and you have got to make the best of it. You can't get around it, you can't crawl under it, you have got to take your medicine.

God grant you all, my friends, that it be a wholesome dose, and not too bitter, and that there be given you from time to time a little sweetness with the calomel. And whether, after it is all over, and the spoon licked clean, you will fall on sleep, and wake up in the morning well, how well, I know not. At any rate, the man's part is to make no wry faces over your physic.

And now, go gather your primroses,— or your nightbane.

Wayside Wares

POETIC JUSTICE.

Spring is here again,
Spring so soft and mellow,
That turns your thoughts to your affini-
ty, with hair so yellow.

And you dream of the day
Of a year ago
When she called you play-
fully her beau.

And it makes you mad as the devil to be reminded of an unfortunate episode in your budding career, and furthermore you are not at all impressed with the beauty, rhythm, and elusive music of this little lyric. But if we want to sing

And have the gall to try,
Personal grievances are no reason why
We should throttle our muse
And ignore the confusing harmonies that rise
In our soul that flies . .

Like a Curtis bi-plane away from this weary and unappreciative world. And so we insist now, henceforth and furthermore that the right to rhyme is one of the inalienable rights of mankind and in accordance with this belief and in order to assert our boldness in pursuance of the same we have accordingly rhymed.

Taffy is a darn sight better than epitaphy.

* * *

TO MOLLIE.

My Mollie's hair is golden bright ;
 It hangs upon the wall each night.
 Her rosy lips are daily fed
 From out a tiny box of red.
 But what care I for things like these
 If only I may always please.

But why give way to mournful sighing
 When some one tells me she is dyeing ?
 At least, I know her eyes are true ;
 Nothing can change their azure blue ;
 And if her lips are sweet to me
 What care I how rouged they be ?

JAMES CANNON, JR., '14.

* * *

SOME CLASS-ROOM SUGGESTIONS.

Never hurry to class. It reveals a calmness and poise of character to avoid rushing into things.

Don't smile at the instructor ; he may take the action for a sign of self-confidence and fire a question at you.

If asked a question never say, " I don't know." Talk away on some related topic for several minutes in a slow, well modulated voice and the instructor may doze off. This certainly works when he does the talking, so we see no reason why the reverse should not hold true.

Occasionally, during a class-room lecture, look up at the professor and mutter a few incoherent words to yourself. This is very effective. The professor thinks you are endeavoring to impress some phrases in mind and is accordingly flattered.

If your professor is a bachelor of confirmed habits, affect a supreme indifference to the young ladies on class. A feeling of fraternity of spirit is at once established between you.

If he is a married man do the same — for several reasons.

Never sharpen a pencil on class — coming to the point of anything is a function the faculty wish to reserve assiduously for themselves.

* * *

TO THE THOMAS CAT.

(A parody on Milton's "To the Nightingale.")

BY N. I. W.

O, Thomas cat, that on the back-fence
 Warblest at night when all the streets are still;
 Thou with deep hope the sleeper's hearth doth fill
 That some love rival may chase thee hence.
 Thy liquid notes that wake the curse intense
 Heard long before the daybreak rooster's trill
 Portend success in love. O, if Jove's will
 Would'st have thee keep thy love eloquence,
 Now timely flee, ere the rude shoe of hate
 Shall seal thy doom, and stop not nigh!
 As thou from night to night hath sung too late
 For my repose, yet had'st no reason why.
 Whether you sing for me or for your mate
 I care not: no night music lover I.

* * *

He may laugh best who laughs last. But if you like to laugh, laugh first — it's surer.

* * *

MISS MOORE.

Once upon a Sabbath dreary,
 While I loitered long and weary,
 Very near Lank Estes' store;
 Suddenly I saw appearing,
 Rapturous, gorgeous and endearing,
 One the angels named Miss Moore,
 One the angels named Miss Moore.



" 'Tis from Fairyland," I muttered,
 As the vision nearer fluttered,
 And my heart warmed to its core ;
 " Tell me, tell me, angel vision,
 Is this you or does derision
 Mock my brain ? Oh, I implore
 Are you an angel, bird or human,
 Just a lovely, fickle woman ?"
 Quoth the vision : " I'm Miss Moore."
 Only this and nothing more.

And again I sought the vision
 Filled with one unerring decision,
 I would for her hand implore ;
 I would change her name and station,
 Bring her fame and self elation,
 And she'd be Miss Moore no more ;
 And she'd be Miss Moore no more.

But like Edgar Allan's Raven,
 Ever Moore, she wrecked my haven,
 Deathly dealt she with me sore ;
 For she wed a son of Gilead
 With a heart of mush and pill head,
 And his name was also Moore ;
 So she's still forever Moore.

—Contributed by A. T. ABERNETHY.

* * *

MORE PUPPY LOVE.

BY H. A. H.

A man and a maid on a moonlight night,
 Sat close in a hammock together ;
 Sat and swung and all went right
 'Til they chanced to speak of the weather.
 Perhaps the man was bad, and the maid was, too,
 But the moon was to blame for this —
 When it hid in a cloud, what else could they do
 But steal just a wee little kiss ?

Translations and Reprints

A COMPOSITE.

(From fragments of Greek Lyrics.)

Go, violet-tressed, honey-throated maids,
 Dance very softly in our old retreat,
 That not one hyacinth, cowering in blue shades
 Break at the kiss of quivering, dewy feet;
 Move silent now with bare limbs, swallow-fleet,—
 My heart is dry of music. I am old,
 And ye must sing no more to fluting sweet
 Save the hedge sparrow's. Time hath changed youth's
 gold
 Into a leaden weight of years, dumb, palsied, cold.
 No more as of old time, with breast that swelled
 Unto my song, as unto the wind the sea,
 (White sea of passion!) as the thick notes welled
 From the Hymettan pools of melody;
 Let the heart beat softer now, as waves that die
 When the winds of music lull. My lyre is dead
 As the old oak, when the birds to southward fly.
 My lyre is shattered; all its songs are fled
 Save what the east-wind moans through its strings
 when the day grows red.
 Oh, to have flown with them my swallow-songs,
 (That left my heart, their nest of yesterday),
 Leaving the wood-flowers to the wind's wrong,
 And to have sought the fair sea far away;
 For there they rest, my songs, (Though the world's
 gray)
 Among the foam-flowers, plumed porphyrogene
 With new dawn, sway as the wave-trees sway,
 Forgetting us, and the old wood-ways green,
 And drift forever west, and sing in a world serene.

1



2



1. Asbury Building

2. Campus View Near Memorial Hall

KURIOSE GESCHICHTE.

(With apologies to Reinick.)

QUINTON HOLTON.

I once 'pon a time went out for a stroll;
 There came to my sight a thing so droll:
 'Neath a wooded steep, rode a hunter along
 Up and down by the lake, and breathed a song
 To the wood, in a queer, dying, sighing tone.
 And the deer ran out, and he let them alone,
 'Spite his gun on his shoulder and his knife so keen,
 Now tell me, ye scholars, pray what could that mean?

I strolled farther on, and, if you'll believe,
 Another queer thing I chanced to perceive:
 A fisher-maid fair in a little boat there
 On the lake sailed along with a vacant stare
 Toward the wooded hill. In the evening light
 Sprang the fish without fright; they were eager to bite.
 She catch 'em? No, sir! Only sang a sad strain.
 Now tell me, ye scholars, pray what could that mean?

But when I had turned and come back again,
 The strangest thing yet occurred to me then:
 A riderless horse went by in a trot —
 Float'd a boat in the lake with an occupant not —
 And, hark! when I came past an alder-bush,
 I heard two whispering voices — but hush!
 'Twas a late summer eve, and the moon lit the scene.
 Now tell me, ye scholars, pray what could that mean?

THE ANSWER.

R. E. LEDBETTER.

“And do you call me to a life like this?” I said —
 “Chaste as the light and pure as heaven, forsooth —
 Me, in whose veins the hot blood flows, and heart and head
 Are well-nigh drunk upon the fount of youth?”

“ Perhaps, indeed, you would expect my blemished life
 To be as spotless as yon lily’s bloom.”
 For in the lowland meadows, when the flowers were rife,
 We trod the quiet pathway towards our home.

And beside the lily close we paused, all-charmed,
 And deep its fragrance and its beauty drank,
 Into its depths I gazed and saw—yes, half alarmed—
 It grew within the quagmire, foul and dank!

I saw, and more than saw. Fair Virtue’s fairest flower
 Grows ever fairest in the rich, dark sod
 Of human life and passion in life’s darkest hour,
 In struggling hardest towards the light of God.

— *The Vanderbilt Observer.*

A PRAYER.

BY S. W. LONG.

“ I pray thee, Lord, for some great task to do.”
 A task of larger weight and measure than
 The tasks which Thou didst give, at first, to Man,
 When he the joys of Paradise o’erthrew.
 I feel not now a longing for the praise,
 And cheers of men, which come for things achieved.
 I would not stride o’er ruins of things believed;
 Nor seek my light o’er all the rest to raise,
 But I would find some hidden needs which burn,
 With voiceless agony the human heart,
 And lifting then the mystic veil, impart
 A balm for which the tossing spirits yearn.
 O! then, to Thee, may this poor soul return —
 So full of tender, pitying love, Thou art.

—*The Randolph-Macon Monthly.*

Editor's Table

THE SOURWOOD FLUTE.

H. F. PAGE.

When, through the brown swirl of bees,
The gums in the garden were seen,
And the blooms on the orchard trees
Were lost in a smoother of green,
'Twas away to the woods we flew
With never a hat or a boot,
For all of us sunburnts knew
T'was time for the sourwood flute.

What care for the wildering trails
Through brambles that lashed our legs,
Or for buttons lost on the rails—
We'd keen jack-knives—and pegs.
'Twas a quest to make your heart glad—
Talk of your harp, or your lute,
There's nothing for the sunburnt lad
Like the note of the sourwood flute.

Espied on the lee of a hill,
Hard by the edge of a brook,
We hailed—each lad with a thrill—
That wand with never a crook.
It cut, to the water we went,
There seated on an old gnarled root,
We whittled to our heart's content
Till we'd made the sourwood flute.

Then, proud of our craftsmanship, we,
 Our feet stuck down in the stream,
 Blew rhapsodies wild and free,
 Sweeter than those in a dream.
 When I think of it now, I wis,
 The godᶑ that morning were mute,
 Envyng the music that is
 The soul of the sourwood flute.

—*Wake Forest Student.*

The *Georgian* is one of our best exchanges this month. The poetry and short stories are really good. "The Farm Dance," "The Swan Song," and "Eternity," are the longest and best. Especially attractive is the "The Farm Dance" with its short verses so compatible with the conceptions of the poem and with its excellent descriptive touches. "Eternity" is a passionate love poem. "The Atheist" and "The Ghost at Stanley's," are two good readable stories. "Thought Planes in Victorian Verse," whose purpose is to give the dominant ideas in the Victorian verse is a worthy article. And the following in the Exchange Department was pleasing:

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE—"The Trinity Archive" contains some good verse this month. In fact, it is better than the verse usually found among our exchanges. "I'm Uh Ole-Time Darkey," is especially pleasing. The use of the dialect is good and one who knows the old-time darkey realizes how true to life it is. "A Violet by a Mossy Stone" is better of the two stories. Its excellence lies rather in its portrayal of character than in its action; this character drawing is good indeed. The other story, "His Greatest Case," is rather weak. The essay, "Some College Questions" is well written and discusses ably some questions which are vital to all colleges.

The Southwestern University Magazine has the following about the same number:

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE comes to us in its usual attractive color. It is an unusually good number, well-balanced and perfectly arranged, containing four poems, three stories, and two articles. In its verse especially does the ARCHIVE excel our other exchanges this month. Not one of the poems is mediocre, and, in fact, all are so good it is difficult to single out the best. The two which especially caught our attention, however, were "An Idyll in Silhouette," and "Hecate." "The New Year" is pleasing in its form and "I'm Uh Ole-Time Darkey" is a very good piece of dialect verse, a rare thing, by the way. The stories are well worked out and interesting, and the articles are especially good. "Rousseau and the Revolutionary Constitutions" is a paper really worth while and "Some College Questions," show a fairness of mind which is to be commended. The departments for the magazine are notable for their originality and the thoroughness with which they are worked up. "Translations and Reprints" is very appropriate for a college magazine. About the only flaws we find in the whole number are purely mechanical ones, such as "for instances," the omission of one title in the table of contents, and the misspelling of "constitutions."

In the *Vanderbilt Observer* there is an excellently written essay, "Reflections on Pigs." In it the sad lot of the pig, who has ever been a martyr to man's carnivorous appetite is cleverly depicted. Another humorous article is "An Ideal Meal at Kissam." "Out of the Mouths of Babes," a story of marked originality, deals with the career of a young incorrigible whose ultimate goal is prison. The poem, "The Call," is truly noble in sentiment.

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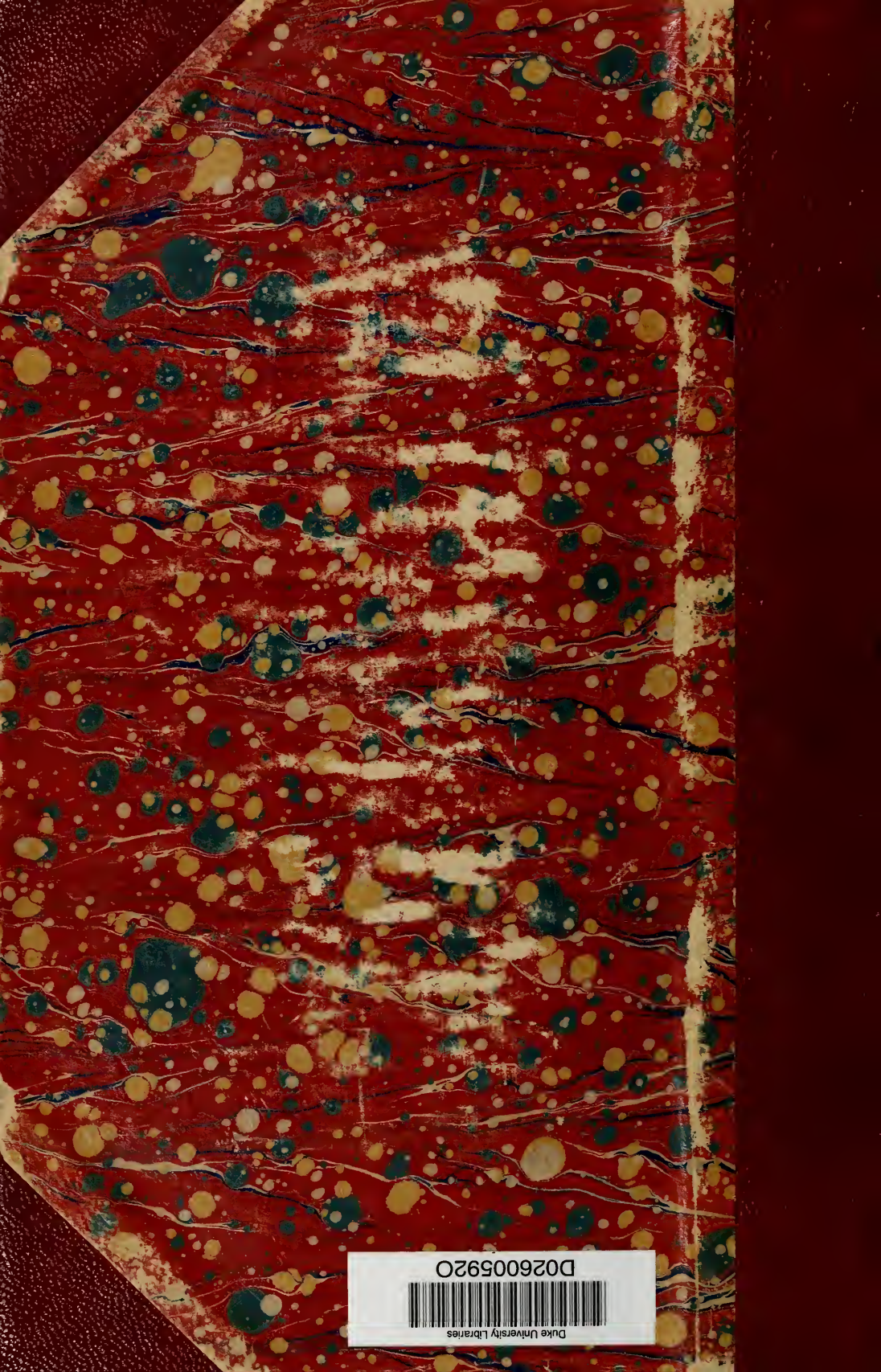
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